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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

EDITED  
BY  
STEPHEN WHEELER

IN  
THREE VOLUMES  
VOLUME III



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# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP .

## PART I

### TO NEÆRA

[Printed in 1800, published in 1802; reprinted with variants 1846, 1863, p. 251. Between *ll.* 6–7 other pieces were wrongly inserted in 1863. See notes at end of volume. Text, 1800–1802.]

#### I.

THANK heaven, Neæra, once again  
Our hands and ardent lips shall  
meet,  
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,  
Scatter ten thousand kisses  
sweet:  
Then cease repeating, while you  
mourn,  
“*I wonder when he will return.*”

#### II.

Ah, wherefor should you so admire  
The flowing words that fill my  
song,  
Why call them artless, yet require  
“*Some promise from that tuneful  
tongue?*”  
I doubt if heaven itself could part  
A tuneful tongue and tender  
heart.

*Title om.* 1846, 1863. 1 Neæra] Ianthe 1846. 3 assert] begin 1863. 4 ten  
thousand] in largess 1863. 5 , while] as 1863. 7 wherefor] wherefore 1846.  
10 promiss] promise 1846, 1863. 11 I . . . itself] Doubt only whether Fate 1863.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; not reprinted.]

SWEET was the maid who hail'd my early lay,  
And waited to receive my vow;  
But Love, blind Love—all hurry, for 'twas May,  
Slipt it—my stars! I know not how.  
Am I inconstant? would I then betray?  
To your own law, dear girls, I bow—  
Sweet are the violets of yesterday,  
And yet, whose bosom wears them now?

### [NANCY]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

HARK! 'tis the laugh of Spring And those as anxious to prevent.  
—she comes, So, now for frolic and for fun,  
With airysylphs and fireygnomes; And swains forsworn and maids  
On cruel mischief these intent, undone;

*Title not in any ed.* In the next poem Nancy is also called Ione. Under that name she is found in *Gebir*, vi. 37 (vol. i, p. 40) and in *Crysaor*, i. 138 (vol. i, p. 60). Landon and this Nancy Jones met at Tenby in or about 1793. [W.] 2 firey] fry 1831, fiery 1846.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

<p>So, now for bridegrooms and for              brides,          And rivals hung by river-sides.          Here the hoarse-wooing dove is              heard,          And there the cuckoo, taunting              bird! <span style="float: right;">10</span>          But soon along the osier vale          Will warble the sweet nightingale;          Amid whose song chaste Eve must              hear          The threats of love, the screams              of fear;          The milk-maid's shriek of laughter              shrill          From hovel close beneath the hill;          Before the door the whirring wheel,          Behind the hedge the ticklish              squeal;          The shepherd rude, the hoyden              wroth,          The boisterous rip of stubborn              cloth: <span style="float: right;">20</span>          The brisk repulse, the pressing              pray'r—  <i>Ah do, and do it if you dare.</i>              But whence, at every field we              pass,          Those hollows in the starting              grass?          The little Loves have gambol'd              there,              8 hung] hang'd 1831, 1846.      19 hoyden] hoydon 1846.      42 th'] the 1846.</p>	<p>Or fought, or wrestled, pair by              pair.          Moist are the marks of struggling              feet,          And the bruised herbage still smells              sweet.          Let Nancy now, if Nancy will,          Return the kiss she took so ill. <span style="float: right;">30</span>          If gentler thoughts thy bosom              move,          Come Nancy, give the kiss of love.          Soft is the bank I rest on, here,          And soft the river murmurs near.          Above, the wandering dimples              play,          Run round, unwind, and melt              away.          Beneath, more regular, more slow,          The grassy weeds wave to and fro:          While the sharp reed, it peers so              high,          Shakes at each swell that passes              by. <span style="float: right;">40</span>          The poor tired bird, who fain              would drink,          But fears th' abrupt and crumb-              ling brink,          Sees that his weight 'twill not              sustain,          And hovers, and flies back again.          My Nancy, thus I thirst for you,          And he flies off, as I may do.</p>
--	--

### [NANCY: AN ELEGY]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

AND thou too, Nancy!—why should Heaven remove  
 Each tender object of mine early love?  
 Why was I happy? O ye conscious rocks!  
 Was I not happy? when Iöne's locks

1 And] Gone! 1846.      2 mine] my 1831, 1846.      4 Iöne's] Ione's 1831, 1846.

## NANCY: AN ELEGY

Claspt round her neck and mine their golden chain,  
 Ambition, fame, and fortune, smiled in vain.  
 While warring winds with deaf'ning fury blew,  
 Near and more near, our cheeks, our bosoms, grew.  
 Wave after wave the lashing ocean chased,  
 She smiled, and prest me closer to her waist.  
 "Suppose this cave should crush us," once I cried;  
 "It cannot fall," the loving maid replied.  
 "You, who are shorter, might be safe," I said;  
 "O let us fly!" exclaim'd the simple maid.

10

Ah memory, memory! thou alone canst save  
 Angelic beauty from the grasping grave.  
 And shall she perish? by yon stars I swear,  
 Here she shall live, though fate hath placed her there.  
 The sigh of soft surrender, and the kiss  
 For absence, doubt, obedience, merit this.  
 Let fears, let fame, the cancel'd vow suggest,  
 Love, to whose voice she listen'd, veils the rest.  
 Though Nancy's name for ever dwell unknown  
 Beyond her briar-bound sod and upright stone;  
 Yet, in the lover's, in the poet's eye,  
 The gentle young Iðne ne'er shall die.

20

7 deaf'ning] deafening 1846. 12 cannot] can not 1845. 13 might] may  
 1831, 1846. 14 exclaim'd] exclaimed 1831. Between ll. 14-15, 1831, 1846,  
 insert four lines:

Springing, she drew me forward by the hand  
 Upon the sunny and the solid sand,  
 And then lookt round, with fearful doubt, to see  
 If, what I spoke so seriously, could be.

ll. 17-20 om. 1846. ll. 21-2 om. 1831, 1846. 23 Though] Tho' 1831, 1846. 26  
 gentle . . . shall] young Iðne hath not bloom'd to 1846.

### [A SHELL]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; for a revised version, published in 1831 and reprinted 1846, see p. 114.]

DARLING Shell, where hast thou been, What far regions hast thou seen; From what pastimes art thou come: Can we make amends at home? Whether thou hast tuned the dance To the maids of ocean,	Know I not—but Ignorance Never hurts Devotion—  This I know, my darling Shell, I shall ever love thee well, Though too little to resound While the Nereids dance around;
--	--

10

*Title not in any ed.*



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

For, of all the shells that are,  
 Thou art sure the brightest:  
 Thou, Ianthe's infant care,  
 Most these eyes delightest—

On my shoulder, on my neck,  
 Still the cherisht mark remains,  
 Well pourtray'd in many a speck  
 Round thy smooth and quiet  
 veins.

Earlier to whose aid she owes  
 Teeth like budding snowdrop  
 rows;  
 Teeth, whose love-incited pow'rs,  
 I have felt in happier hours.      20

Who can wonder then, if thou  
 Hearest breathe my tender vow;  
 If thy lips, so pure, so bright,  
 Are dim with kisses, day and night?

15 Ianthe's [*The poem as here printed can have no reference either to an Ianthe mentioned by Landor in 1795 (see "Birth of Poesy", ii. 109, page 404 post), or to the not mythical Ianthe of so many pieces collected in Part 3 of this section. W.*]

### ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN

*"Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l'ebbe,  
 "Conobbila io chi a pianger qui rimasi."*

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Lines 9–12, 19–28 also printed from a letter in *Forster's Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

AGAIN, my Soul, sustain the mournful page!  
 Is there no difference? none of place? of age?  
 How the words tremble, how the lines unite,  
 What dim confusion floats before my sight!  
 Thrice happy strangers, to whose roving eyes  
 Unwet with tears these public columns rise;  
 Whate'er the changeful world contains of new,  
 These are events the least observed by you.

O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,  
 Must thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end!      10  
 All that could swell thy heart, thy soul elate,  
 Heaven gave; but pond'ring found one gift too great.  
 When marble-cold her meek Eliza lay,  
 Was this the hour to snatch thy love away!  
 When the fond mother claspt her fever'd child,  
 Death hail'd the omen, waved his dart, and smiled:  
 Nor unobserved his lengthen'd wings o'erspread

*Title not in 1806; added in 1831, 1846. Quotation under title (from Petrarch, Sonnet 292, ll. 12, 13) om. 1831, 1846.      1 Soul] soul 1831, 1846.      7 the changeful] this shameful 1831.      10 Must] Do 1869.      ll. 11–12 om. 1846.      12 pond'ring] pondering 1831, 1869.      ll. 13–14 om. 1846.*

## ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

With deeper darkness each devoted head.  
 What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,  
 To shine in science o'er the sons of men: 20  
 Each varying plant, each tortuous root to know,  
 How latent pests from lucid waters flow.  
 All, the deep bosom of the air contains,  
 Fire's parent strength and earth's prolific veins.  
 The last unwelcome lesson teaches this—  
 Frail are alike our knowledge and our bliss.  
 Against the storms of fate and throbs of pain,  
 Wisdom is impotent and virtue vain.

What unknown pow'rs this pausing hand controul,  
 What sacred horrors thrill this alter'd soul! 30  
 What radiant finger points out heaven's decree?  
 'Tis thou, bright angel, and I bend to thee.  
 No blushes now that well-earn'd name can raise,  
 Nor canst thou longer shrink from mortal praise.  
 I feel thy smile of pure celestial love  
 Repress our sorrows, our complaints reprove.  
 Thy bliss forbids us to indulge our woes,  
 And checks each sigh that breathes, each tear that flows.  
 Ere the fresh turf hath closed around thy tomb,  
 Nor thine nor ours will seem the hardest doom. 40  
 Let those who knew thee, spare thy sacred sleep,  
 Those who have never known thee, those may weep.

*Between ll. 18-19, 1831, 1846, insert two lines:*

She knows his silent footsteps; they have past  
 Two other babes, two more have breathed their last.

22 How] What 1869. 24 prolific] o'erflowing 1869. 25 unwelcome] and hardest 1846. 26 are . . . and] is our knowledge, frailer is 1846. 27 and throbs], the racks 1831. ll. 27-42 om. 1846. 32 bright] O 1831. ll. 37-40 om. 1831.

[Dr. Lambe's daughter, Elizabeth, died of scarlet-fever, February 18, 1804, aged 5. Mrs. Lambe died of the same disease on February 21, aged 30. Dr. William Lambe (1765-1847) had succeeded to Dr. Walter Lander's practice at Warwick in 1790, and removed to London about 1800. W.]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

FRIENDSHIP! I place no trust in thee,  
 Tho' flourishing so fair in fable,  
 Or seated with Mythology,  
 Or with a bumper-glass at table.  
 Since first my razor ranged for beard,  
 Friendship! in many another place  
 Thy voice (and loud enough) I've heard,  
 But never have beheld thy face.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## ON THE DEAD

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,  
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,  
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,  
While here and there above the level pews,  
Above the housings of the village dames,  
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.  
I know not why, since we had each our book  
And lookt upon it stedfastly, first one  
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,  
Then tript the other, and limpt far behind, 10  
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.  
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!  
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain  
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,  
While my heart beats as then . . but not with joy!

O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear!  
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few!  
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,  
Commemorating some one torne away,  
Till half the months at last shall take, with me, 20  
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

*Title om. 1846. With other poems under this heading 1831.* 2 Dorothea [Dorothy Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Lyttelton of Studley Castle, near Ipsley; married 1796 Francis Holyoake of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, and died 1811. See 'Dorothea', p. 56. W.] 19 torne] torn 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

IN CLEMENTINA'S artless mien  
Lucilla asks me what I see,  
And are the roses of sixteen  
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,  
Have I not cull'd as sweet before . .  
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall  
I still deplore.

1 Clementina [See "Elegy on a Gnat," l. 17, p. 167]. 2 Lucilla [?Miss Lucy Thuillier, a sister of Mrs. Landor, who died at Richmond in 1895, aged 98.—W.]

## IN CLEMENTINA'S ARTLESS MIEN

I now behold another scene,  
Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light, 10  
More pure, more constant, more serene,  
And not less bright . .

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,  
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,  
And Modesty who, when she goes,  
Is gone for ever.

## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE AT FLORENCE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

CHILDREN! while childhood lasts, one day  
Alone be less your gush of play.  
As you ascend that cloven steep  
Whence Lerici o'erlooks the deep,  
And watch the hawk and plover soar,  
And bow-winged curlew quit the shore,  
Think not, as graver heads might do,  
The same with equal ease could you;  
So light your spirits and your forms,  
So fearful is your race of storms. 10

Mild be the sunbeams, mild the gales,  
Along Liguria's pendentvales,  
Whether from changeful Magra sped  
Or Tanaro's unquiet bed.  
Let Apennine and Alpine snows  
Be husht into unwaked repose,  
While Italy gives back again  
More charms and virtues than remain,  
Which France with loftier pride shall own  
Than all her brightest arms have won. 20

*Title.* Written in] For 1846. at Florence om. 1846. [Count Alfred D'Orsay's sister, Anna, married 1818 to Antoine, duc de Guiche, afterwards de Gramont. Their eldest son, Agenor, lived to be duc de Gramont. W.] 10 fearful] *misprint.* fearless 1846. 12 pendentvales] *misprint.* pendent vales 1846.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## ODE TO A FRIEND

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, December 3, 1834; and with additions and other variants in the same periodical April 15, 1835. The revised version with small variants was reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and in *Works*, 1846. See note at end of vol. Text, December 1834.]

Of all the men living he [Joseph Ablett] is the very best, the most modest and sober-minded. He is very religious, and reads prayers to his servants on the Sunday evening, and one before they go to Church. He has set up a gravestone for himself on the north-side of the Church-yard, to induce other people to overcome their prejudices against this situation. [*Landor to his sister Elizabeth, from Llanbedr Hall, June 6 (? 1832).*]

### I.

LORD of the lovely plain  
Where Celtic Clwyd runs to greet the main!  
How happy were the hours that held  
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)  
Amid those scenes with thee! how far afield  
From all past cares, and all to come!

### II.

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp,—what hath  
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope,  
Nay,—what hath Genius that should cope  
With the heart's whispers in that path  
Winding so idly where the docile stream  
Thro' the tall poplars sheds its playful gleam?

10

### III.

Ablett! of all the days  
My sixty summers ever knew,  
Pleasant as there have been no few,

*Title.* To Joseph Ablett, Esqre, of Llanbedr Hall, Denbighshire, 1835; An Ode. 1832 [*wrongly dated*] 1837; To Joseph Ablett 1846. 1 lovely plain] Celtio [Celtick 1835, 1837] dells 1835–1846. 2 Celtio . . . main] Clwyd [Clewyd 1835] listens as his minstrel tells 1835–1846. [Mrs. Hemans was Clwyd's minstrel. W.] *Between 11.* 2–3 1835–1846 have six lines:

Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance  
The plumes of flashy France,  
Or, in dark region far across the main,  
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

### II.

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,  
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear, [re-appear 1835, 1837]

5 those . . . far] thy . . . wide] 1835–1846. afield] a field 1835. a-field 1846.  
9 Nay . . . Genius] What Genius, 1835–1846. 10 heart's whispers] heart-whispers  
1835–1846. 11 docile] idler 1835–1846. *For l. 12 1835–1846 substitute:*

Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam?

## ODE TO A FRIEND

Memory not one surveys  
Like those we spent together: wisely spent  
Are they alone that leave the heart content.

### IV.

Together we have visited the men  
Whose song Scotch critics vainly would have drowned. 20  
Ah! shall we ever grasp the hand agen  
That gave the British harp its truest sound?  
Yea! my soul augurs, yea!  
For this alone she would not wing away.

### V.

Yet Time now passes hoarse  
And panting in his course;  
Coleridge hath loost his shoe, or bathes in bliss  
Among the spirits that have power like his.  
Live Derwent's guest! and thou where Grasmere springs!  
Serene Creators of immortal things. 30

### VI.

I never courted Fame:  
She pouted at me long; at last she came,  
And threw her arms around my neck, and said,  
"Take what hath been for years delayed!  
And fear not that the leaves will fall  
One hour the earlier from thy coronal!"

### VII.

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand  
I waved away the offered seat  
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted Great,  
The rulers of our land. 40  
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,  
Nor sweeten pleasure's purer cup.

### VIII.

Thou knowest how and why are dear to me  
My citron-groves of Tivoli,

18 heart] soul 1835-1846. 20 Whose . . . drowned] Whom [Whose 1835] Scottish  
critics [Pictish pirates 1846] vainly we'd [would 1837, 1846] have drown'd 1835-1846.  
21 grasp . . . agen] clasp . . . again 1835-1846. ll. 23-8 om. 1835-1846. 29  
where] by 1835-1846. Between ll. 30-1 1835-1846 have twenty-four lines for which  
see notes at end of vol. 31 Fame:] friends or Fame; 1835-1846. 44 Tivoli]  
Fiesole 1835-1846.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

My chirping Africo,\* my beech-wood nook,  
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,  
Which runs away and giggles in their faces—  
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

### IX.

'Tis not Pelasgic wall,  
By him made sacred, whom alone 50  
'Twere not profane to call  
The *Bard Divine*, nor (thrown  
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest  
Of Vallombrosa in the purple east.

### X.

Behold our earth! most nigh the sun,  
Her zone least open to the genial heat,  
But further off, her veins more freely run:  
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great:  
The nearest shrink and shiver; we remote 60  
May, open-breasted, blow the pastoral oat.

\* Africo, a little stream celebrated by Boccaccio in his "Ninfale"; to this place also his *Bella Brigata* retired, to relate the last stories in the "Decameron." The author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the unhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake described there. [L.]

† It is calculated that the Earth is two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand miles nearer the sun in the shortest day than in the longest. [L.]

45 and note Africo] Affrico 1835-1846. 49 Pelasgic] Pelasgian 1835-1846. 54  
purple] crimson 1835-1846. Between ll. 54-55 1835-1846 have twelve lines for which  
see notes at end of vol. 55 earth!] Earth,† 1835, 1846; earth,† 1837; with foot-note.  
56 open] opens 1837, 1846. 57 further] farther 1835-1846. 58 great] Great  
1835, 1837.

## TO CHARLES ELTON, ESQ.

ON HIS BEAUTIFUL POEM, LAMENTING THE LOSS OF HIS TWO  
SONS, DROWNED

[Printed for the Lady Mary Fox in *Friendly Contributions for the benefit of three Infant Schools in Kensington*, 1836; part reprinted 1846. Text 1836.]

ELTON! whose Genius Virtue leads along  
Where the pure passions sing no siren song,  
Nor past'ral pipe allures o'er flowery lea,  
But the dim shore, dark isle, and mournful sea,—  
There too my eyes, not heedless, follow thee.

*Title and sub-title only in 1836 ll. 1-5 and 10-13 only in 1836.*

## TO CHARLES ELTON

Neither the suns, nor storms of rolling years,  
 Dry up the springs, or change the course of tears;  
 Sorrow will mark her stated days,  
 Sacred as those religion claims for praise.  
 No less above our reason than our will 10  
 We may contend, but she must conquer still.  
 For those who cease to grieve, we grieve the most,  
 Nor hear that Heaven has gain'd what Earth has lost.

6 storms] frosts 1846. 8 will] will ever 1846. [Sir Charles Abraham Elton, 6th bart., of Clevedon Court near Bristol, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1842. His two eldest sons were drowned, September 20, 1819, while bathing near Weston-super-Mare. See his book, *The Brothers, a monody, and other Poems*, 1820. W.]

### LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH YARD OF LLANBEDR, ON A VACANT  
 TOMB, 31ST MAY, 1832

[Printed privately in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from a manuscript, postmarked July 12, 1834, in Nicoll and Wise *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. Text, 1837.]

O PARENT Earth! in thy retreats My heart with holier fervour beats, And fearlessly, thou knowest well, Contemplates the sepulchral cell. Guard, parent Earth, those trees, those flowers, Those refuges from wintry hours, Where every plant from every clime Renews with joy its native prime. Long may the fane o'er this lonesod	Lift its meek head toward its God; And gather round the tomes of Truth <span style="float: right;">11</span> Its bending elds and blooming youth; And long too may these lindens wave O'er timely and untimely grave; But, if the virtuous be thy pride, Keep this one tomb unoccupied.
--	--

*Title*: On a vacant tomb at Llanbedr 1846. On a tomb erected in the churchyard at Llanbedr in Denbyshire by Joseph Ablett, Esq. for himself and family 1895 [see "Ode to a Friend," p. 8.] 2 fervour] fervor 1895. 5 those . . . those] these trees, these 1895. 6 Those . . . wintry] These . . . wintry 1895. 11 Truth] truth 1895. 16 [Mr. Ablett died January 9, 1848. W.]

### ANSWER

[TO VERSES BY A LADY ON PRESENTING A PURSE]

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

I SHOULD think it a sin Any Paul to put in A net that the Graces have woven,	And if ever I do't May he kick me whose foot (They say, who have seen it,) cloven.
---	---

*Sub-title*. [With the purse were verses by Mrs. Dashwood, also printed in *Literary Hours*. W.]



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

<p>'Tis already well stored,          For how precious the hoard          Which I never lose or can squander!          Recollections of her                      10          Who has deigned to confer          This treasure on treasureless          Landor.</p>	<p>But care I must take          That its meshes don't break,          And my purse like my money be          ended;          For the magical purse,          Like the magical verse,          By no mortal hand can be mended.</p>
--	---

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1838; reprinted 1846. Also printed from a Manuscript dated Jan. 22, 1838, in Messrs. Maggs's Catalogue, date not now traceable.]

SMILES soon abate; the boisterous throes  
 Of anger long burst forth;  
 Inconstantly the south-wind blows,  
 But steadily the north.

Thy star, O Venus! often changes  
 Its radiant seat above,  
 The chilling pole-star never ranges—  
 'Tis thus with Hate and Love.

W. S. L.

1 throes] throes *mispr.* 1846      6 radiant] genial. *Maggs's Catalogue.*      *Signature om.* 1846.

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 12, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

<p>FATE! I have askt few things of          thee,          And fewer have to ask.          Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be          No more . . . then con thy task.</p> <p>If one be left on earth so late          Whose love is like the past,          Tell her, in whispers, gentle Fate,          Not even love must last.</p> <p>Tell her, I leave the noisy feast          Of life, a little tired;                      10</p>	<p>Amidst its pleasures few possess          And many undesired.</p> <p>Tell her, with steady pace to come          And, where my laurels lie,          To throw the freshest on the          tomb          When it has caught her sigh.</p> <p>Tell her, to stand some steps apart          From others, on that day,          And check the tear (if tear should          start)</p> <p>Too precious for dull clay.                      20</p>
---	---

W. S. L.

11 Amidst] Amid 1846.      *Signature om.* 1846.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[TO . . . 1808]

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1838; reprinted in *The Book of Beauty* for 1842, and *Works*, 1846.]

AGAINST the rocking mast I stand,	Thus were it, never would burst forth
The Atlantic surges swell,	These sighs, so deep, so true!
To bear me from my native land	But . . what to me is little worth,
And Psyche's wild farewell.	The world . . is much to you.
From billow upon billow hurl'd,	
Again I hear her say,	And you shall say, when once the dream
"Oh! is there nothing in the world	(So hard to break!) is o'er,
Worth one short hour's delay?"	My love was very dear to him, 19
"Alas, my Psyche! were it thus,	My fame and peace were more.
I should not sail alone, 10	
Nor seas nor fates had sever'd us . .	
But are you all my own?"	

W. S. L.

*To . . . ] Title only in 1842 which has To Zoë. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. June 1808. [This date may be more than a month too early. Forster quotes a letter said to be postmarked "Falmouth Aug. 8 1808" in which Landor told Southey that he was about to sail for Spain. W.] 1 rocking] groaning 1842. 2 swell,] swel 1842, 1846. 4 Psyche's] Zoë's 1842. 6 Again I] I yet can 1842. 7 Oh!] And 1842. 9 Psyche] Zoë 1842. 11 sever'd] parted 1842. 12 all] all 1842. 14 These . . . true] My sighs, Heaven knows how true 1842. For ll. 15, 16 1842 substitutes:*

But, though to me of little worth,  
The world is much to you.

17 And] "Yes," 1842. 19 My] "My 1842. 20 more.] more." 1842.

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 30, 1838.]

Who would believe it e'er could be	Who then found out how wrong
That one, erewhile so dear to me,	it was
Who, when she found the first	(Where there were seats) to sit on
grey hair	grass;
Kist it, and sigh'd to find it there;	Then suddenly, half-rising, told
Who led me thro' that shady park	How liable she was to cold,
And lookt what beech had smooth-	And seem'd extremely discon-
est bark;	tented
Then wrote our names and wisht	Until such peril were prevented . .
to write	That she who loved that quiet
A little higher if she might;	park,
And then, " <i>O nonsense! let me go!</i>	Those glades, nor cared how lone,
<i>You tumble me and teaze me so!</i> 10	how dark, 20
<i>If I were sure I should not fall . . .</i>	And loved me too a little bit
<i>But . . how can I be sure at all?"</i>	And chided me for doubting it . .

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

<p>Now, if perchance she sees me              pass,          Raises her chin and then her glass,          Stares at me, bows, looks gracious-              grand,          Drives on and half uncurls her              hand!          We both were younger: I am yet</p>	<p>What tenderer bosoms scarce for-              get;          She shines, with coronetted pannel          And husband mummified in flan-              nel, <span style="float: right;">30</span>          Among the haridans and hacks          Who spread their tanneries at          Almack's.</p>
--	---

W. S. L.

### AN ODE\*

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 8, 1840; reprinted 1846.]

Who smites the wounded on his bed,  
 And only waits to strip the dead?  
 In that dark room I see thee lurk,  
 O low and lurid soul of Burk!  
 Begone! . . Shall Southey's head lie low,  
 And unavenged beneath the savage blow?

No, by my soul! tho' greater men  
 And nearer stick the envenom'd pen  
 Into that breast, which always rose  
 At all man's virtues, all man's woes. 10  
 Look from the couch of sorrow, look around!  
 A sword of thy own temper guards the ground.

If thou hast ever done amiss,  
 It was, O Southey, but in this;  
 That, to redeem the lost estate  
 Of the poor muse, a man so great  
 Abased his laurels where the Georges stood  
 Knee-deep in sludge and ordure, some in blood.

Was ever Genius but thyself  
 Friend, or befriended, of a Guelph? 20  
 Who, then, should hail their natal days?  
 What fiction weave the cobweb praise?  
 At last comes She whose natal day be blest;  
 And one more happy stil . . and all the rest!

\* Suggested by verses in the *Globe* of Thursday the 27th ult., grossly reproaching the Laureate [Southey] for his silence on the occasion of the Royal Marriage [*L. om.* 1846].

4 Burk] Burke 1846. [William Burke hanged at Edinburgh, January 28, 1829.]  
 5 Begone! . . . Shall] Begone! Shall ever 1846.      10 man's . . . man's] Man's wishes,  
 all Man's 1846.      11 the] thy 1846.      17 the] some 1846.      24 stil] still 1846.

## AN ODE

But since thou liest sick at heart  
And worn with years, some little part  
Of thy hard office let me try,  
Tho' inexperienced was always I  
To toss the litter of Westphalian swine  
From under human to above divine.

30

No soil'd or selfish hand shall bless  
That gentle bridal loveliness,  
Which promises our land increase  
Of happy days in hard-earn'd peace.  
Grant the unpaid-for prayer, ye heavenly Powers,  
For her own sake, and greatly more for ours.

Remember him who saved from scathe  
The honest front of ancient faith,  
Then, when the Pontine exhalations  
Breathed pestilence through distant nations:  
Remember that mail'd hand, that heart so true,  
And with like power and will his race endue.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Signature in 1840 only.*

## ON THE DEAD

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 8, 1842; reprinted 1846.]

Thou in this wide cold church art  
laid,  
Close to the wall, my little maid!  
My little Fanny Verchild! thou  
Sole idol of an infant vow!  
My playmate in life's break of  
day,  
When all we had to do was play!  
Even then, if any other girl  
To kiss my forehead seiz'd a curl,  
Thou wouldst with sad dismay  
run in,  
And stamp and call it shame and  
sin. 10  
And should some rough, intrusive  
boy

13 My . . . his] That instant I laid fist on 1846.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

That stern man melted into love,      And taught (ah, thou too, thou  
That father traced the line above.\*      didst teach!)

His Roman soul used Roman      How, soon as in our course we start,  
speech,      Death follows with uplifted dart.

January 5, 1842.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

\* In cursu vitæ mors nobis instat. [L. In 1846 the foot-note is: S. Franciscus Verchild, Nat. XV Julii, 1774. In cursu dec.] [The Tablet in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, adds: ob. XIX Aug. 1780. W.]

*Signature and date in 1842 only.*

## ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY

Published in *The Examiner*, March 25, 1843; reprinted 1846, 1858. Also printed in  
*Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Not the last struggles of the Sun  
Precipitated from his golden throne  
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense,  
But the calm exod of a man  
Nearer, tho' high above, who ran  
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!  
Thus, O my SOUTHEY! poet, sage, and saint,  
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.

What voice in anguish can we raise?

10

Thee would we, need we, dare we, praise?

God now does that . . the God thy whole heart loved.

March 23rd.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Title om. 1846. On Southey's death 1858. [He died March 21, 1843.] 3 suspense]*  
*suspense 1858. 5 tho' high] tho' far 1846. but far 1858. 6, when] —now*  
*1869. recalls] recalls 1846. 7 earthly] mortal 1858. 11 Thee . . . praise]*  
*Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise 1846. Or would we, dare we, in thy praise*  
*1858. Date and signature om. after 1843.*

## LINES

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1844; reprinted 1846.]

WHERE Malvern's verdant ridges gleam  
Beneath the morning ray,  
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream  
Roll rapidly away:  
Not even such fair scenes detain  
Those who are cited to the main.

*Title om. 1846.*

## LINES

Impossible: yet youth returns,  
 Who runs (we hear) as fast,  
 And in my breast the fire that burns  
 She promises shall last.  
 The lord \* of these domains was one  
 Who loved me like an only son.

10

I see the garden-walks so trim,  
 The house-reflecting pond,  
 I hear again the voice of him  
 Who seldom went beyond  
 The Roman camp's steep-sloping side,  
 Or the long meadow's level ride.

And why? A little girl there was  
 Who fixed his eyes on home,  
 Whether she roll'd along the grass,  
 Or gates and hedges clomb,  
 Or dared defy Alonzo's tale †  
 (Hold but her hand) to turn her pale.

20

Where is she now? Not far away.  
 As brave, too? Yes, and braver;  
 She dares to hear her hair turns gray,  
 And never looks the graver:  
 Nor will she mind *Old Tell-tale* more  
 Than those who sang her charms before.

30

How many idle things were said  
 On eyes that were but bright!  
 Their truer glory was delayed  
 To guide his ‡ steps aright  
 Whose purest hand and loftiest mind  
 Might lead the leaders of mankind.

\* Fleetwood Parkhurst, of Ripple Court, a descendant of the Fleetwoods, the Dormers, and the Fortescues. [L. Mr. Parkhurst's daughter, Frances, married Anthony Rosenhagen, 2 October, 1821. W.]

† "Alonzo the Brave," by Lewis. [L. *om.* 1846.]

‡ Mr. Rosenhagen lost his sight by unremitted labours in the public service. He was private secretary to two prime ministers, Percival and Vansittart. His lady is lately dead. [L. His . . . dead *om.* 1846. Where the rest of the foot-note refers to l. 36 mankind.‡]

7 Impossible] It may not be 1846.  
 delay'd 1846.

20 fixed] fixt 1846.

33 delayed]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GUERNSEY

By Walter Savage Landor

[Published in *Hood's Magazine*, April 1845; reprinted 1846.]

NAPIER! take up anew thy pen,  
To mark the deeds of mighty  
men.

And whose more glorious canst  
thou trace

Than heroes of thy name and  
race?

No other house hath ever borne  
So many of them to adorn

The annals of our native land  
In virtue, wisdom, and command.

But foremost, and to thee most  
near,

Is he who vanquish'd the Ameer.

And when before his feet was laid  
By fallen power the thirteenth  
blade,

12

With every hilt more rich in gems  
Than Europe's kingly diadems,  
Then, and then only, did he stoop  
To take the spoils of victory up,  
That he might render each again  
To hands which wielded them in  
vain.

"Is *this the race of Clive?*" cried  
they:

"Did *Hastings exercise such sway?*"  
They since have seen him rais'd,  
not more

21

In pride or splendour than before,  
And studious but to leave behind  
The blessing of just laws to Scinde.  
Therefore do thou, if health permit,  
Add one page more to Holy Writ.

Such is the page wherein are shown  
The fragments of a bloody throne,  
And peace and happiness restor'd  
By their old enemy the sword. 30  
Hasten, my friend, the work  
begun,

For daily dimmer grows our sun,  
And age, if farther off from thee,  
Creeps on, though imperceptibly.  
Some call him slow, some find him  
fast,

But all he overtakes at last,  
Unless they run and will not  
wait,

But overleap life's flower-twined  
gate.

We may not leave the lighted  
town

Again to tread our turfy down, 40  
Thence tracing Avon's misty  
white,

The latest object seiz'd by Night,  
Nor part at Claverton when Jove  
Is the sole star we see above;

Yet friends for evermore. If War  
Had rear'd me a triumphal car,  
Imperfect would have been my  
pride

Unless he plac'd thee close be-  
side,

And shouts like these the skies  
might rend,

"See the brave man he chose for  
friend!" 50

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO JULIUS HARE

WITH *Pericles and Aspasia*

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

JULIUS, of three rare brothers, my fast friends,  
The latest known to me! Aspasia comes  
With him, high-helmeted and trumpet-tongued,  
Who loved her. Well thou knowest all his worth,  
Valuing him most for trophies rear'd to Peace,  
For generous friendships, like thy own, for Arts  
Ennobled by protection, not debased.  
Hence, worthless ones! throne-cushions, puffed, inert,  
Verminous, who degrade with patronage  
Bargain'd for, ere dealt out! The stone that flew 10  
In splinters from the chisel when the hand  
Of Phidias wielded it, the chips of stone  
Weigh with me more than they do. To thy house  
Comes Pericles. Receive the friend of him  
Whose horses started from the Parthenon  
To traverse seas and neigh upon our strand.  
From pleasant Italy my varied page,  
Where many men and many ages meet,  
Julius! thy friendly hand long since received.  
Accept my last of labours and of thanks. 20  
He who held mute the joyous and the wise  
With wit and eloquence, whose tomb (afar  
From all his friends and all his countrymen)  
Saddens the light Palermo, to thy care  
Consign'd it; knowing that whate'er is great  
Needs not the looming of a darker age,  
Nor knightly mail nor scymetar begeth'd.  
Stepping o'er all this lumber, where the steel  
Is shell'd with rust, and the thin gold worm'd out  
From its meandering waves, he took the scroll, 30  
And read aloud what sage and poet spake  
In sunnier climes; thou heardest it well pleas'd;  
For Truth from conflict rises more elate  
And lifts a brighter torch, beheld by more.  
Call'd to befriend me by fraternal love,  
Thou pausedst in thy vigorous march amid

1 three . . . brothers] [Julius, Francis, and Augustus Hare.]  
Hare.]

21 He [sc. Francis



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

The German forests of wide-branching thought,  
 Deep, intricate, whence voices shook all France,  
 Whence Blucher's soldiers heard the trumpet tongue  
 And knew the footstep of Tyrtæan Arndt. 40

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from a manuscript dated Clifton, Jan. 30, 1837, in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

THE day returns, my natal day,  
 Borne on the storm and pale with snow,  
 And seems to ask me why I stay,  
 Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.  
 Many were once the friends who came  
 To wish me joy; and there are some  
 Who wish it now; but not the same;  
 They are whence friend can never come;  
 Nor are they you my love watcht o'er  
 Cradled in innocence and sleep; 10  
 You smile into my eyes no more,  
 Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

3 me . . . stay] why I delay 1855. 8 friend] friends 1855. 12 see] heed 1855.

### NANCY'S HAIR

[Published in 1846; another version in 1858. Also printed from manuscript with letter dated February 22, 1839, in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

BEAUTY's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs!  
 Once mingled with my own,  
 While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares  
 Two idle hearts had known.  
 How is it, when I take ye from the shrine  
 Which holds one treasure yet,  
 That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,  
 Shrink from my fond regret?  
 Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye,  
 Start ye before my breath? 10  
 Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,  
 O ye who fear not Death!

*Nancy's Hair.*] 1858. On some Hair of one long dead 1855, 1895. 1 quivering] golden 1855, 1858, 1895. For l. 1 1858 substitutes:

Ye native gems of beauty! golden hairs  
 5, when] that 1858. 7 Nancy] wrongly om. 1855. 9 droop] droopt 1858. 11  
 would] could 1895 tender] fonder 1858. who] that 1858.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from MS. in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; and, with one variant in H. C. Minchin's *Walter Savage Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

SINCE in the terrace-bower we sate  
While Arno gleam'd below,  
And over sylvan Massa late  
Hung Cynthia's slender bow,  
Years after years have past away  
Less light and gladsome; why  
Do those we most implore to stay  
Run ever swiftest by!

1 terrace-bower ["Do you remember our calm nights on the Terrace of the Casa Pelosi, now seven years ago?" *Lady Blessington to Landor, July 10, 1834. W.*] 7  
most] now 1934.

## TO MISS POWER

[Published in 1846.]

I CAN not very plainly tell  
What hair the nearest yours may dwell,  
When with the sweetest blossoms Love  
Shall decorate the blest alcove,  
Which he alone hath skill to raise  
And shelter from all stormy days.

But, lady fair, the reason why  
Its colour hath escaped the eye,  
Is, that your laurel quite obscures  
The hair that ventures nearest yours.\*

10

\* Irish country-girls believe that, when they first hear the cuckoo, if they turn up the nearest stone, they will find a hair under it of the same colour as their future husband's. [L. Miss Margaret A. Power (1815?-1867) daughter of Captain Robert Power, was Lady Blessington's niece. Her portrait was in *The Book of Beauty*, for 1842.]

## ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. ROSENHAGEN

[Published in 1846.]

AH yes! the hour is come  
When thou must hasten home,  
Pure soul! to Him who calls.  
The God who gave thee breath  
Walks by the side of Death,  
And nought that step appals.

Health has forsaken thee;  
Hope says thou soon shalt be  
Where happier spirits dwell,  
There where one loving word 10  
Alone is never heard,  
That loving word, *farewell*.

[In a letter written July, 1843, Landor referred to Mrs. Rosenhagen as then dead. See 'Lines', p. 17.]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO THEODOSIA GARROW

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

UNWORTHY are these poems of the lights  
That now run over them; nor brief the doubt  
In my own breast, if such should interrupt  
(Or follow so irreverently) the voice  
Of Attic men, of women such as thou,  
Of sages no less sage than heretofore,  
Of pleaders no less eloquent, of souls  
Tender no less, or tuneful, or devout.  
Unvalued, even by myself, are they,  
Myself who rear'd them; but a high command 10  
Marshall'd them in their station: here they are;  
Look round; see what supports these parasites.  
Stinted in growth and destitute of odour,  
They grow where young Ternissa held her guide,  
Where Solon awed the ruler; there they grow,  
Weak as they are, on cliffs that few can climb.  
None to thy steps are inaccessible,  
Theodosia! wakening Italy with song  
Deeper than Filicaia's, or than his  
The triple deity of plastic art. 20  
Mindful of Italy and thee, crown'd maid!  
I lay this sere frail garland at thy feet . .

[Theodosia, daughter of Joseph Garrow (see note on p. 75), married in 1848 Thomas Adolphus Trollope and died in Florence, April 13, 1865. W.]

## TO JOHN KENYON

[Published in 1846.]

So, Kenyon, thou lover of frolic and laughter,  
We meet in a place where we never were sad.  
But who knows what destiny waits us hereafter,  
How little or much of the pleasures we had!  
The leaves of perhaps our last autumn are falling;  
Half-spent is the fire that may soon cease to burn;  
How many are absent who heed not our calling!  
Alas, and how many who can not return!

[Writing to Wordsworth in 1823 Landor mentioned "our common friend Mr. Kenyon", but they first met at Fiesole in 1830. In later years Landor visited him at Woodlands near Nether Stowey, at Wimbledon, and Torquay, and at Cowes where he died December 3, 1856. See *D.N.B.*]

## TO JOHN KENYON

Now, ere you are one of them, puff from before you  
The sighs and entreaties that sadden Torquay: 10  
A score may cling round you, and one may adore you;  
If so, the more reason to hurry away.

## TO ANDREW CROSSE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ALTHO' with Earth and Heaven	The rose-wreath from Anacreon,
you deal	And bears to see the orbs grow
As equal, and without appeal,	dim 21
And bring beneath your ancient	That shone with blindest light on
roof	him.
Records of all they do, and proof,	Others there are whose future
No right have you, sequester'd	day
Crosse,	No slender glories shall display;
To make the Muses weep your	But you would think me worse
loss.	than tame
A poet were you long before	To find me stringing name on
Gems from the struggling air you	name,
tore,	And I would rather call aloud
And bade the far-off flashes play	On Andrew Crosse than stem the
About your woods, and light your	crowd.
way. 10	Now chiefly female voices rise
With languour and disease op-	(And sweet are they) to cheer our
prest,	skies. 30
And years, that crush the tuneful	Suppose you warm these chilly
breast,	days
Southey, the pure of soul is mute!	With samples from your fervid
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's	lays.
watery flute,	Come! courage! man! and don't
Which mourn'd with loud indig-	pretend
nant strains	That every verse cuts off a friend,
The famisht Black * in Corsic	And that in simple truth you
chains:	fain
Nor longer do the girls for Moore	Would rather not give poets pain.
Jilt Horace as they did before.	The lame excuse will never do . .
He sits contented to have won	Philosophers can envy too.

16 For foot-note, see notes at end of vol.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [SIX YEARS AGO]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THERE are some wishes that may start  
Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.  
Gladly then would I see how smiled  
One who now fondles with her child;  
How smiled she but six years ago,  
Herself a child, or nearly so.  
Yes, let me bring before my sight  
The silken tresses chain'd up tight,  
The tiny fingers tipt with red  
By tossing up the strawberry-bed;  
Half-open lips, long violet eyes,  
A little rounder with surprise,  
And then (her chin against the knee)  
"Mama! who can that stranger be?  
How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

10

### [TO CLEMENTINA]

[Published in 1846.]

SWEET Clementina, turn those eyes  
On lines that trembling love has traced;  
O steal one moment from the skies,  
With pity, as with beauty, graced.  
So may the Virgin, ever blest,  
Whate'er you hope, whate'er you do,  
Rule o'er your pure and gentle breast,  
And cast her tenderest smile on you.

*Title not in text.* See p. 6 and 'Elegy on a Gnat', p. 167.

### TO E. F.

[Published in 1846.]

No doubt thy little bosom beats  
When sounds a wedding bell,  
No doubt it pants to taste the sweets  
That songs and stories tell.  
Awhile in shade content to lie,  
Prolong life's morning dream,  
While others rise at the first fly  
That glitters on the stream.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO MISS ISABELLA PERCY

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

IF that old hermit laid to rest  
Beneath your chapel-floor,  
Could leave the regions of the blest  
And visit earth once more:  
If human sympathies could warm  
His tranquil breast again,  
Your innocence that breast could charm,  
Perhaps your beauty pain.

7 could] would *MS. emendation.* [Miss Isabella Percy, daughter of the Hon. afterwards Lord Charles Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick, died in 1891. W.]

## FLOWERS SENT IN BAY-LEAVES

[Published in 1846.]

I LEAVE for you to disunite  
Frail flowers and lasting bays:  
One, let me hope, you'll wear to-night,  
The other all your days.

3 to-night] *no stop in 1846.*

[Sent to Lady Blessington in a letter. Published in 1846. Reprinted in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. See note at end of volume.]

I PEN these lines upon that cypher'd cover  
(Gift, I will answer for it, of some lover)  
Which you have open'd for me more than once,  
And when you told me I must write therein  
And found me somewhat tardy to begin,  
Call'd me but idler, tho' you thought me dunce.

Ah! this was very kind in you, sweet maiden,  
But, sooth to say, my panniers are not laden  
With half the wares they bore  
In days of yore.

10

Beside, you will believe me when I say  
That many madcap dreams and fancies,  
As old dame Wisdom with her rod advances  
Scamper away.

1 pen] *misprinted fear, 1855.* 10 days] *the days 1855.* 11 Beside] *Besides 1855.*  
12 fancies] *urohin fancies 1855, 1895.*

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

TURN, pretty blue eyes! wheresoever ye shine  
 May pity persuade you to light upon mine!  
 Our yesterday's glances by silent consent,  
 Alternate from each, swiftly came, swiftly went.  
 My zeal, my intemperate zeal, I deplore;  
 I adored, and I burn'd to make others adore.  
 O pardon, bright idol! Henceforth shall thy shrine  
 Remurmur my sighs, and remurmur but mine.  
 Thy suppliant shall grow more content and more wise,  
 And his first and last prayer be, Turn, pretty blue eyes! 10

[Published in 1846; reprinted with minor variants, 1853 (No. cxxxviii).]

FROM leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts,  
 Which never youthful eyes could safely view.  
 "A book or flower, such are the only gifts  
 I like to take, nor like them least from you."

A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid  
 Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:  
*These* tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,  
*This* the bright truth that genius can not die.

3 or] , a 1853. 5 music's] Muse's 1853. 6 ceast: we] ceast. We 1853. 7  
 bloom] youth 1853. 8 can] shall 1853.

### TO ONE WHO SAID SHE SHOULD LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

[Published in 1846.]

WHEN sea-born Venus guided o'er	Sighs, that with life alone ex-
Her warrior to the Punic shore,	pire,
Around that radiant head she	And flames that light the funeral
threw	pyre. 10
In deep'ning clouds ambrosial dew:	O Goddess! if that peerless maid
But when the Tyrian queen drew	Thou hast with every grace
near,	array'd,
The light pour'd round him fresh	Must, listening to thy gentle voice,
and clear.	Fix at first view th' eternal
Ill-starr'd Elisa! hence arose	choice . .
Her faithless joys, her stedfast	Suspend the cloud before her eyes
woes,	Until some godlike man arise;

6 [See Virgil, *Æneid* i. 586 seq.]

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

One of such wisdom that he knows	Calm courage and firm constancy;
How much he wins, how much he	Whose genius makes the world his
owes;	own,
	21
One in whose breast united lie	Whose glory rests in her alone.

22 in] on *MS. emendation*, 1846.

[Published in *Works*, 1846; also printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise,  
*Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,  
At pleasures slipt away?  
Some the stern Fates will never lend,  
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,  
The dew upon the grass,  
I see them, and I ask not why  
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not  
To call them back; 'twere vain;  
In this, or in some other spot,  
I know they'll shine again.

10

10 To . . . 'twere] And look for them in 1895. [The version printed in 1895 bore the date 'July 5' and was included in a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked Bath, July 12, 1838. Another manuscript dated June 5, 1838, was given either to Miss Rose Paynter or to her mother. Forster's statement that the poem was written during the early years of Landor's first residence in Italy may be a mistake. W.]

[Published in 1846.]

You love me; but if I confess	Whether I love; and as for vow . .
That I in turn love you no less,	You may demand it ten times over,
I know that you will glance aside	And never win from wary lover. 10
With real or affected pride;	Mind! if we men would be as blest
And, be it true or be it feign'd,	For ever as when first carest,
My bosom would alike be pain'd,	We must excite a little fear,
So that I will not tell you now	And sometimes almost domineer.

[Published in 1846.]

OFTEN I have heard it said	When she kist me once in play,
That her lips are ruby-red.	Rubies were less bright than they
Little heed I what they say,	And less bright were those which
I have seen as red as they.	shone
Ere she smiled on other	In the palace of the Sun. 10
men,	Will they be as bright again?
Real rubies were they then.	Not if kist by other men.



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

RIGHTLY you say you do not know	Nor urge me to take all at once.
How much, my little maid, you	You are so young, I dare not say
owe	I might demand from you each
My guardian care. The veriest	day
dunce	Of a long life a lawful kiss.
Beats me at reckoning. Pray,	I, so much older, won't repine 10
permit	If you pay <i>me</i> one, each of mine,
My modesty to limit it,	But be exact; begin with this.

### A MASK ON A RING

Published in 1846; reprinted with minor variant in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, where dated 1843.]

FORSTER! you who never wore  
Any kind of mask before;  
Yet, by holy friendship! take  
This, and wear it for my sake.

1 you who] though you 1869.

### TO JOHN FORSTER

[Published in 1846.]

FORSTER! whose zeal hath seiz'd each written page  
That fell from me, and over many lands  
Hath clear'd for me a broad and solid way,  
Whence one more age, aye, haply more than one,  
May be arrived at (all through thee), accept  
No false or faint or perishable thanks.  
From better men, and greater, friendship turn'd  
Thy willing steps to me. From Eliot's cell  
Death-dark; from Hampden's sadder battle-field;  
From steadfast Cromwell's tribunitian throne,  
Loftier than kings' supported knees could mount;  
Hast thou departed with me, and hast climbed  
Cecropian highths, and ploughed Ægean waves.  
Therefore it never grieved me when I saw  
That she who guards those regions and those seas  
Hath lookt with eyes more gracious upon thee.  
There are no few like that conspirator  
Who, under pretext of power-worship, fell

10

## TO JOHN FORSTER

At Cæsar's feet, only to hold him down  
While others stabb'd him with repeated blows: 20  
And there are more who fling light jibes, immerst  
In gutter-filth, against the car that mounts  
Weighty with triumph up the Sacred Way.  
Protect in every place my stranger guests,  
Born in the lucid land of free pure song,  
Now first appearing on repulsive shores,  
Bleak, and where safely none but natives move,  
Red-poll'd, red-handed, siller-grasping men.  
Ah! lead them far away, for they are used  
To genial climes and gentle speech; but most 30  
Cymodameia: warn the Tritons off  
While she ascends, while through the opening plain  
Of the green sea (brighten'd by bearing it)  
Gushes redundantly her golden hair.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

IN wrath a youth was heard to say,  
"From girl so false I turn away.  
By all that 's sacred, ice shall burn  
And suns shall freeze ere I return."  
But as he went, at least one finger  
Within her hand was found to linger;  
One foot, that should outstrip the wind,  
(But only one) drew loads behind.

[Published in 1846.]

### LADY TO LADY

TELL me, proud though lovely maiden!  
He who heaves from heart o'erladen  
Verse on verse for only you,  
What is it he hopes to do?

#### REPLY

What he hopes is but to please.  
If I give his hand a squeeze,  
Silent, at the closing strain,  
Tell me, does it write in vain.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846, also printed from a manuscript in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

SWEET was the song that Youth      Holds back the blighting wings of  
     sang once,      Time,  
 And passing sweet was the re-      Melts with his breath the crusty  
     sponse;      rime,  
 But there are accents sweeter far      And looks into our eyes, and  
 When Love leaps down our even-      says,  
     ing star,      "Come, let us talk of former days."

2 passing] very 1855.      l. 6 om. 1855.

[Published in 1846. Also printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

"You remember no doubt those [verses] of Lord Byron, 'Give me the dark and lustrous eye'—a young lady very Byronical was pleased to say she should not expect any better *except from me* . . . It cost me no trouble to give her these—" [*Landor to Lady Blessington, in a letter postmarked Bath, Oct. 15, 1838.*]

GIVE me the eyes that look on mine,      Give me the eyes that catch at  
 And, when they see them dimly      last  
     shine,      A few faint glimpses of the  
     Are moister than they were.      past,  
 Give me the eyes that fain would      And, like the arkite dove,  
     find      Bring back a long-lost olive bough,  
 Some relics of a youthful mind      And can discover even now      11  
     Amid the wrecks of care.      A heart that once could love.

9 like] as 1895.      10 Bring . . a] Descried the 1895.      11 And can] In me 1895.

## TO THE REVEREND CUTHBERT SOUTHEY

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 26, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. ccl).]

CUTHBERT! whose father first in all our land  
 Sate in calm judgment on poetick peer,  
 Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warpt . .  
 Again I read his page and hear his voice;  
 I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw  
 Who uttered it, each then to each unknown.  
 Twelve years had past, when upon Avon's cliff,  
 Hard-by his birthplace, first our hands were joined;  
 After three more he visited my home.  
 Along Lantony's ruined ailes we walkt  
 And woods then pathless, over verdant hill

10

2 poetick] poetic 1853.      4 Again] Agen 1853.

## TO CUTHBERT SOUTHEY

And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream  
Of sparkling Hondy.

War had paus'd: the Loire  
Invited me. Again burst forth fierce War.  
I minded not his fury: there I staid,  
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd  
(Tho' sore and bleeding) from my house alone.  
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,  
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps  
Under the walls of Como.

There he came  
Again to see me; there again our walks  
We recommenced . . . less happy than before.  
Grief had swept over him; days darkened round:  
Bellagio, Valintevi, smiled in vain,  
And Monterosa from Helvetia far  
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty  
Above the glittering crests of giant sons  
Stationed around . . . in vain too, all in vain.

Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught  
By him to read, may read my page aright  
And find what lies within it; time enough  
Is there before us in the world of thought.  
The favor I may need I scorn to ask.

What sovran is there able to reprove,  
How then to grant, the life of the condemned  
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?  
Never was I impatient to receive  
What any man could give me: when a friend  
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more . . .  
Serenely glad because that friend was pleased.  
I seek not many, many seek not me.  
If there are few now seated at my board,  
I pull no children's hair because they murch

13 Hondy.] 1853 here inserts five lines as below:

. . . Hondy. Just at close of day  
There by the comet's light we saw the fox  
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed  
Until he trod the pathway of his sires  
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.  
Then both were happy. War . . .

[Comioy (Cwmyoy) three miles nearly south of Lantony (Llanthony).] 14 Again]  
Agen 1853. 18 impell'd] impell'd 1853. 21 Again . . . again] Agen . . . agen  
1853. 22 happy] pleasant 1853.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,  
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;  
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's stout haunch give *me*,  
And wine that time has mellowed, even as time  
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

48

Jan. 17

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

48 stout] broad 1853.

### [IN MEMORIAM. LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 23, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxxxvii).]

AGAIN, perhaps and only once again,  
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes  
And few the friends that there delighted me  
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,  
Tho' changed in features . . friend and scene . . both changed!  
I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud  
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,  
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,  
And stepping forth in very scant attire,  
Timidly, as became her in such garb,  
She hastened prompt to call up slumbering Spring.  
White and dim-purple breath'd my favorite pair  
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,\*  
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;  
Part on the Arno, part where every clime  
Sent its most graceful sons, to kiss thy hand,  
To make the humble proud, the proud submiss,  
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.  
Never, ah never now, shall we alight  
Where the man-queen † was born, or, higher up  
The nobler region of a nobler soul,‡  
Where breath'd his last the more than kingly man.

10

20

Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,  
Beneath the chesnut shade by Saint Germain;  
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,  
Not under Italy's serener sky,

\* Lady Blessington [L. *She died June 4, 1849.*]

† Elizabeth. [L.]

‡ The Protector. [L.]

*Title neither in 1850 nor 1853.*

1 Again . . . again] Agen . . . agen 1853.

## IN MEMORIAM. LADY BLESSINGTON

Where Fiesole beheld me from above  
Devising how my head most pleasantly  
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent  
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,  
(Tho' stood against me stubborn stony knoll  
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)  
And brought together slender cypresses  
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,  
And bade the modest violet bear her part.

30

Dance, youths and maidens! tho' around my grave  
Ye dance not, as I wisht; bloom, myrtles! bend  
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!  
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 26, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. Lxv).]

YEARS, many parti-color'd years,  
Some have crept on, and some have flown,  
Since first before me fell those tears  
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,  
Years not so varied, when from you  
One more will fall: when, carried home,  
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*!

W. S. L.

*Signature in 1850 only.*

## TO THE CONQUEROR OF SCINDE

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, March 29, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. Ccxlvii).]

WELCOME to England, thou whom Peace  
More than triumphant war delights!  
Welcome to England, thou whom Greece  
Had chosen to protect her rights!

Had chosen to arouse her bands  
When Sloth and Pleasure held them down;  
Upon thy brow her grateful hands  
Had often placed the double Crown.

1 [General Sir Charles Napier, who resigned the post of Commander-in-Chief, India, owing to a disagreement with Lord Dalhousie, left Simla in November 1850, and reached England in the following March. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Napier! I praise thee not because  
Of powerful princes overthrown,  
But for those just and equal laws,  
Napier! thy gift, and thine alone.

10

*After l. 12 four lines were added in 1853 as below:*

May years far hence, when British feet  
Tread Waterloo's historick plains,  
Some pious voice these words repeat,  
*Thank Heaven! one hero yet remains.*

### TO THE HON. CAROLINE COURTENAY BOYLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 12, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853  
(No. oolxxi).]

FROM Marston's shady paths what Genius led  
Your later steps to sandy Portishead?  
Has Fortune frown'd? then leave her, and pursue  
Guides, to their holier votary, far more true.  
I call you not, nor would you hear the call,  
Where tasteless fruits and scentless blossoms fall,  
Where plodding Learning ploughs some barren shore  
Or worthless Wealth counts and recounts his store,  
But where, in lovely silence, Nature spreads  
Her heaven-crown'd mountains and submissive meads,  
Rivers, which now stand still, now swiftly run,  
Proud, overjoyed, to catch the stealthy sun,  
And seas, in saddened calm, as day declines  
O'er the broad headlands of umbrageous pines.  
Think not ingenuous Art and virtuous Toil  
Bend down to common peers the stem of Boyle.  
Above the earth are greater than the great  
Whom in his image mortal can create.  
To a stern mother struggling Honor clings  
And sees a sponsor, not a sire, in kings.  
The mine is lower than the fertile sod,  
And Man's best gift than the least gift of God.  
Behold the noblest of the Howard race  
Among the sons of labour take his place.  
Beyond all other claims he claims the right

10

20

[The Hon. Caroline Boyle (1803–1883), daughter of Admiral Sir Courtenay Boyle, had been Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide. See *Mary Boyle: her book*. 1901. W.] 7 ploughs] plows *Last Fruit*. 14 headlands] headland *Last Fruit*. Between ll. 20–21 "*Last Fruit*" inserts two lines:

A name, a bell-hung whistle, kings may give,  
But Toil must brace the creature born to live.

23 Howard [George Frederick, 7th Earl of Carlisle, Miss Boyle's cousin. W.]

## TO CAROLINE BOYLE

And shows the power to teach and to delight.  
 Behold Azeglio; him whose hand imparts  
 A help at once to Freedom and the Arts:  
 He quits the pomp of courts, the pride of power,  
 To spend with Painture an untroubled hour, 30  
 Nor scorns his generous heart, his manly sense,  
 What *we* call tribute, fools call recompense.  
 The pencil is a sceptre in the hand  
 That wields it well, and wide is its command:  
 Exert its sway and (for you can) combine  
 Turner's warm zeal with Poussin's wise design,  
 O'er England's mist bid timid gleams arise,  
 And pour fresh glory from Italian skies.  
 Such o'er Boccaccio's happy valley shone,  
 Valley which I, as happy, call'd my own, 40  
 When my young chivalry begirt your side  
 With Tuscan courtesy and English pride.

Feb. 24.

W. S. LANDOR.

27 Azeglio [Marchese D'Azeglio (ob. 1886) to whom "Last Fruit" was dedicated.  
 W.] 33 sceptre] scepter *Last Fruit*. Signature and date om. in "*Last Fruit*".

### [AN EPITAPH]

[Written 1799; published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXI).]

HERÉ lies our honest friend Sam	So voluble, so eloquent,
Parr,	You little heeded what he meant:
A better man than most men are.	So generous, he could spare a word
So learned, he could well dispense	To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
Sometimes with merely common	So loving, every village-maid
sense:	Sought his caresses, tho afraid. 10

*Title not in text.* [These lines, Landor said, were given to Parr as an epitaph on December 21, 1799. W.] l. 8 [See Parr's preface to *Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian*, 1789. W.]

## TO ANTINÖE IN PARIS, 1802

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXIX).]

I sometimes translate from the Spanish. These are from Don Diaz Labrusca who appears to have been in love with a French lady. [Landor to Miss Rose Paynter, Bath, July 7, 1840.]

I VALUE not the proud and stern  
 Who ruled of old o'er bleak Auvergne,  
 Whose images you fear'd to pass  
 Recumbent under arching brass,

*Introduction.* [See *Letters, &c.*, 1899, p. 61.]



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nor thought how fondly they had smiled  
Could they have seen their future child.  
And yet, Antinœ, I would pray  
Saint after saint to see the day  
When undejected you once more  
Might pass along that chappel-floor;  
When, standing at its altar crown'd  
With wild flowers from the ruin round,  
Your village priest might hear and bless  
A love that never shall be less.

10

### [IN MEMORIAM—SOUTHEY]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXX).]

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)  
In which I wander'd thro a boundless space  
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.  
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,  
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow  
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among  
The many flowers about his wavy curls  
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure  
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.  
Lightly I thought I lept across a grave  
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.  
I would, but must not linger; I must on,  
To tell my dream before forgetfulness  
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.  
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were)  
And lookt around me for some friendly hand  
To guide me on my way, and tell me all  
That compast me around. I wisht to find  
One no less firm or ready than the guide  
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,  
Higher in intellect, more conversant  
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.  
He stood before me . . . Southey.

10

20

"Thou art he,"

Said I, "whom I was wishing."

"That I know,"

Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.

"We may be question'd, question we may not;  
For that might cause to bubble forth again

## IN MEMORIAM—SOUTHEY

Some bitter spring which crost the pleasantest  
And shadiest of our paths."

"I do not ask"

Said I, "about your happiness; I see 30  
The same serenity as when we walkt  
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years  
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,  
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake  
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,  
Thro the crisp waves I urg'd my sideling bark,  
Amid sweet salutation off the shore  
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."  
"Landor! I well remember it," said he,  
"I had just lost my first-born only boy, 40  
And then the heart is tender; lightest things  
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."

The words were not yet spoken when the air  
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck  
An Angel threw his arms: it was that son.  
"Father! I felt you wisht me," said the boy,  
"Behold me here!"

Gentle the sire's embrace,  
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"  
He gazed into my face, then meekly said  
"He whom my father loves hath his reward 50  
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

### [TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xci).]

MEYRICK! surrounded by Silurian boors,  
Against that rabble shut your castle-doors;  
I mean that coarser rabble which aspires  
To square its shoulders in the squad of squires;  
Which holds the scholar under heavy ban,  
And, drunk or sober, spurns the gentleman.  
Meyrick! how wide your difference! hardly wider  
Your mellow claret and their musty cider.

*Title not in 1853.* [Landor visited Sir S. Meyrick at Goodrich Court, co. Hereford, in the summer of 1843, and in 1847 Sir Samuel dined with Landor at Bath. Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, whose *Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour* was published in 1824, died in 1848. A letter to him from Landor was printed in *Notes and Queries*, April 15, 1882. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [GENERAL SIR CHARLES] NAPIER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXV).]

SCINDE conquer'd, England's power restored,  
Napier return'd each prince his sword;  
Knarled with jewels, there were ten,  
And all unsheath'd by gallant men.  
"Give me your honor and take mine"  
Said he. "Behold the terms we sign!"  
He wrote to those at home who stand  
At ease, and give at ease command;  
And much of peace he spake, and more  
Of men who blest the wounds they bore  
For England's glory; of his own  
What word did Napier utter? . . none.  
Ripon was as discreet; he kept  
The letter from all eyes and slept  
Upon that battle-field.

10

"But where

The letter?"

"Letter? I declare

I have forgotten it."

Forget

The blow that rings o'er Indus yet,  
And whose eternal echoes roll  
From sea to sea, from pole to pole!  
To save him his last grain of credit,  
Let us believe he lied who said it.

20

l. 2 [This incident, which occurred on February 18, 1843, a day after the battle of Miani, was related by Sir William Napier in *The Conquest of Scinde*, 1845, p. 321. W.]

### TO GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER

[Published in 1853 (No. CCXLIX).]

OVER these solid downs eight years have past,  
Since, with that man who taught how fields were won,  
By every river of Iberia's realms,  
And under every mountain, and against  
Every beleaguer'd city, I return'd,  
While Jupiter shone forth severely bright,  
Watcher of all things in the world below.

Napier, how art thou changed! The brow, the soul,  
Serene as ever, but deep-biting wounds,

## TO GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER

And, keener than deep-biting wounds, the fangs  
Of malice and ingratitude corrode  
Thy generous heart. Bear bravely up, O friend!  
O glory of all those who call thee so!  
Thy spirit is unchanged. That deathless bird,  
The black Caucasian, hither wings his way,  
Swooping from sunny Scinde o'er foggy Thames,  
And fain would pounce: he may have tugg'd and torn  
Thy breast awhile; it springs again elate,  
And the foul bird flies at the shout of Fame.

10

## ELIOT Warburton

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxix).]

Above what head more hopeful ever closed  
The gates of Ocean, Warburton, than thine?  
Thou mightest in that mansion have reposed  
Where Valor's and where Wisdom's trophies shine:  
God will'd it otherwise; nor anthem swells  
Around thy mortal spoils; but, passing o'er  
The Atlantick wave, in grief the sailor tells  
Where last was seen whom earth shall see no more.

[Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton was a passenger on board the S.S. *Amazon*, burnt at sea on January 4, 1852, and was among the many who lost their lives. W.]

## TO THEODOSIA GARROW AT FLORENCE

[Published in 1853 (No. ccliii).]

Fondler and mourner of *The Two Gazelles*,  
At your approach the heart of Florence swells.  
Nobly, O Theo! has your verse call'd forth  
The Roman valour and Subalpine worth.  
So stored with poetry what British mind  
Have you, departed from us, left behind?  
This makes a pretty garden, which he fills  
With tiny castles and with tinkling rills;  
Then calls the Faeries from their steril ground,  
And ranker funguses spring thick around.  
This, blear and languid, stiff in beak and claw,  
With smaller vermin crams his puffy maw,

10

1 *The Two Gazelles* [Miss Garrow's poem "The Gazelles" was published in *The Book of Beauty* for 1839. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Pursues with flapping wing a hedgerow flight  
And revels in the richness of the night.  
While owls sweep on, and humming-birds flit past,  
Your bower, where cedars spring aloft, shall last.

E. ARUNDELL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxvii).]

NATURE! thou mayest fume and fret,  
There's but one white violet;  
Scatter o'er the vernal ground  
Faint resemblances around,  
Nature! I will tell thee yet  
There's but one white violet.

[Elizabeth, only daughter of Joseph Esdaile, born 1810, married 1832 the Hon. Henry Arundell, third son of the ninth Baron Arundell of Wardour. "White violet" was the name sometimes given to her by friends in Bath. W.]

[TO ELIZA LYNN]

[Published in 1853 (No. lxx).]

OUR days are number'd, O Eliza! mine  
On the left hand have many numerals,  
Few on the right; but while those days decline  
May her's shine bright who graced these lonely halls!

*Title not in text.* [Mrs. Lynn Linton related in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1870, how she first met Landor at Bath in 1847 eleven years before her marriage. W.]

[A DREAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxvii).]

A VOICE in sleep hung over me, and said  
"Seest thou him yonder?" At that voice I raised  
My eyes: it was an Angel's: but he veil'd  
His face from me with both his hands, then held  
One finger forth, and sternly said agen,  
"Seest thou him yonder?"

On a grassy slope  
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,  
A slumbering man I saw: methought I knew

*Title not in text.*

## A DREAM

A visage not unlike it; whence the more  
It troubled and perplexed me.

"Can it be

10

My own?" said I.

Scarce had the word escaped  
When there arose two other forms, each fair,  
And each spake fondest words, and blamed me not,  
But blest me, for the tears they shed with me  
Upon that only world where tears are shed,  
That world which they (why without me?) had left.  
Another now came forth, with eye askance:  
That she was of the earth too well I knew,  
And that she hated those for loving me  
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.  
Of earth was yet another; but more like  
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love:  
She from afar brought pity; and her eyes  
Fill'd with the tears she fear'd must swell from mine:  
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses  
Heav'd her fair bosom; and her hand was raised  
To shelter me from that sad blight which fell  
Damp on my heart; it could not; but a blast,  
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond  
And threw me on the ice-bergs of the north.

20

30

22 twain] so in corrigenda 1853. train in text.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxvi). Also printed from a manuscript in  
Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

Here are some lines which I wrote when I was rather a younger man—date them  
fifty years back. (*Landor to Lady Blessington, February 28, 1848.*)

THE fault is not mine if I love you too much,  
I loved you too little too long,  
Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,  
And the music the heart gave the tongue.

A time is now coming when Love must be gone  
Tho he never abandon'd me yet.  
Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown,  
Our follies (ah can you?) forget.

*For l. 4 1855 substitutes:*

The music so sweet of your tongue

5 A] The 1855.      8 Our . . . you?)] Not even our follies 1855.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxv).]

FAIR LOVE! and fairer Hope! we play'd together,  
When ye were little ones, for many a day,  
Sometimes in fine, sometimes in gloomier weather:  
Is it not hard to part so soon in May?

### SEPARATION

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxviii).]

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,  
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us  
Morning and noon and even-tide repass.  
Between us now the mountain and the wood  
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,  
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

[Published in 1853 (No. xrv).]

I WILL not, dare not, look behind,  
On days when you were true and kind,  
Oh that I now could grow as blind.  
Why did you ever tempt the sea  
And the sea-breeze, if *there* must be  
A lesson of inconstancy.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlv).]

IF you no longer love me,	Recover'd is my freedom,
To friendship why pretend?	And you again are free.
Unworthy was the lover,	I've seen the bird that summer
Unworthy be the friend.	Deluded from her spray      10
I know there is another	Return again in winter
Of late prefer'd to me:	And grieve she flew away.

### MISTAKE RECTIFIED

[Published in 1853 (No. clm).]

'Tis not Lucilla that you see  
Amid the cloud and storm:  
'Tis Anger . . What a shame that he  
Assumes Lucilla's form!

1 Lucilla [Lucy Lynn, born 1820, sister to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and married to Rev. Augustus Gedge.—W.]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TWO ROSES

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. *CLXIV*).]

CAN ye not love more sisterly,  
Ye roses, but must *you* keep down  
The latest-born? *you* under, try  
To push aside your sister's crown?

O shame upon you, envious pair!  
Well may *you* blush; and well may *you*  
Hide your young face. Look! one comes near  
Who by her smile shall shame the two.

[Published in 1853 (No. *CLXXXII*).]

THE wisest of the wise	Alas! and I have not
Listen to pretty lies	The pleasant hour forgot
And love to hear 'em told.	When one pert lady said
Doubt not that Solomon	"O Walter! I am quite
Listen'd to many a one,	Bewilder'd with affright!
Some in his youth and more when	I see (sit quiet now) a white hair
he grew old.	on your head."
I never was among	Another more benign
The choir of Wisdom's song,	Snipt it away from mine, 20
But pretty lies loved I	And in her own dark hair
As much as any king, 10	Pretended it was found . . .
When youth was on the wing,	She leapt, and twirl'd it round ..
And (must it then be told?) when	Fair as she was, she never was so
youth had quite gone by.	fair.

[Published in 1853 (No. *CLXXX*).]

REST of my heart! no verse can tell  
My blissful pride, beloved by you;  
Yet could I love you half so well  
Unless you once had grieved me too?

[Published in 1853 (No. *CLXXXV*).]

THE Wine is murmuring in the	To wing the dove to meet his
gloom,	bride,
Because he feels that Spring is	And not disdainfully to pass
come	Even the snail along the grass;
To gladden everything outside . .	Because he feels that on the slope



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of his own hill the vine-flowers ope;	But murmurs, swells, and beats in vain.
Because he feels that never more Will earth or heaven <i>his</i> past restore.	"Why think about it?" Need I say,
He beats against the ribs of iron Which him and all his strength environ;	Remembering one sweet hour last May?
He murmurs, swells, and beats agen,	We think and feel ('twas <i>your</i> remark)
	Then most when all around is dark.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LIV).]

Too mindful of the fault in Eve, You ladies never will believe, Else I would venture now to say I love you quite as well this day	From your bright eyes, and joys and pains Each other's swelling waves pur- sued, And when the wooer too was wooded.
As when fire ran along my veins	

7 waves] nerves in text, waves in corrigenda 1853.

[Published in 1853 (No. XIX).]

"Why do I smile?" To hear you say  
"One month, and then the shortest day!"  
The shortest, whate'er month it be,  
Is the bright day you pass with me.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXVII).]

THERE is a time when the romance of life  
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:  
Better that this be done before the dust  
That none can blow away falls into it.

[Published in 1853 (No. CLII).]

OUR youth was happy: why repine  
That, like the Year's, Life's days decline?  
'Tis well to mingle with the mould  
When we ourselves alike are cold,  
And when the only tears we shed  
Are of the dying on the dead.

6 on] so in corrigenda 1853, misprinted or in text.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXII).]

WHY do our joys depart  
For cares to seize the heart?  
I know not. Nature says,  
Obey; and man obeys.  
I see, and know not why  
Thorns live and roses die.

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXIII).]

ALL is not over while the shade  
Of parting life, if now aslant,  
Rests on the scene whereon it play'd  
And taught a docile heart to pant.  
Autumn is passing by; his day  
Shines mildly yet on gather'd sheaves,  
And, tho the grape be pluckt away,  
Its colour glows amid the leaves.

### YOUTH

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXV).]

THE days of our youth are not over while sadness  
Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart;  
While Friendship is crowning the banquet of Gladness  
And bids us be seated and offers us part;  
While the swift-spoken *when?* and the slowly-breath'd *hush!*  
Make us half-love the maiden and half-hate the lover,  
And feel too what is or what should be a blush . .  
Believe me, the days of our youth are not over.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIII).]

BIDDEN by Hope the sorrowful and fond  
Look o'er the present hour for hours beyond.  
Some press, some saunter on, until at last  
They reach that chasm which none who breathe hath past.  
Before them Death starts up, and opens wide  
His wings, and wafts them to the farther side.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXVI).]

DEATH, in approaching, brings me sleep so sound  
I scarcely hear the dreams that hover round;  
One cruel thing, one only, he can do . .  
Break the bright image (Life's best gift) of you.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLX). Also printed from a manuscript in Mrs. Andrew Crosse's *Red Letter Days*, 1892. Dated in another MS., March 21, 1853.]

THERE are few on whom Fortune in one form or other,  
So various and numberless, never hath smiled;  
One fountain the sands of the desert may cover,  
Another shall rise in the rocks of the wild.

We leave the bright lotus that floats on our river  
And the narrow green margin where youth hath reposed.  
Fate drives us; we sigh, but sigh vainly, that ever  
Our eyes in a slumber less sweet should be closed:

Ah! while it comes over us let us assemble  
What once were not visions, but visions are now, 10  
Now love shall not torture, now hope shall not tremble,  
And the last leaf of myrtle stil clings to the brow.

3 desert] desert 1892. 4 in] 'mid 1892. 5 lotus] lotos 1892. 9 Ah!] But 1892.

## LOSS OF MEMORY

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXIII).]

<p>MEMORY! thou hidest from me far, Hidest behind some twinkling star Which peers o'er Pindus, or whose beam Crosses that broad and rapid stream Where Zeus in wily whiteness shone And Leda left her virgin zone. Often I catch thy glimpses stil By that clear river, that lone hill, But seldom dost thou softly glide To take thy station at my side, 10 When later friends and forms are near; From these thy traces disappear,</p>	<p>And scarce a name can I recall Of those I value most of all. At times thou hurriest me away, And, pointing out an earlier day, Biddest me listen to a song I ought to have forgotten long: Then, looking up, I see above The plumage of departing Love, And when I cry, <i>Art thou too gone?</i> 21 He laughs at me and passes on. Some images (alas how few!) Stil sparkle in the evening dew Along my path: and must they quite Vanish before a deeper night? Keep one, O Memory! yet awhile And let me think I see it smile.</p>
--	---

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxx).]

WHEN closes overhead the warmer ray,  
And love has lived his little life away,  
How dull and lingering comes the ancient tale,  
How sorrowful the song of nightingale!  
At last by weariness, not pain, opprest,  
We pant for sleep, and find but broken rest;  
A rest unbroken in due order comes,  
And friends awake us in their happier homes.

[Deleted in the proof sheets of *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

Love was running in the head  
Of a youth, and thus he said,  
"Sweetest! sweetest! wouldst thou come,  
Life would then be less hum-drum."

Overjoyed to overhear,  
Stealthily the girl drew near.  
Ere she yet had got half-way  
Suddenly she stopt to say,  
"Now I wonder if that youth  
Ever spoke a word of truth:  
If I thought he ever did,  
Should I shun him? God forbid!"

10

### LORD DUDLEY STUART

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 25, 1854.]

By the grave's coldness palsied is the hand  
Of whoso bends to drop into its loose  
And humid soil the last memorial flower.  
While others sing victorious arms, and wounds  
Staunght by the pennon, graspt until the grasp  
Of Death was stronger, what for me remains  
But languid sorrow and this verse inert?  
Yet thine too, Dudley, thine was warfare, thine  
Battle throughout not one brief day alone;  
'Twas lifelong, more than lifelong; stil it burns  
In mightier hosts than ever Xerxes led,  
Or Gengis, or that prouder one who warred  
Against the Elements and Truth and God.

10

[Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, who had gone to Sweden to advocate the cause of the Poles, died at Stockholm, November 17, 1854. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Dudley! what he undid thou wouldst restore.

O Scandinavia! thou hast borne erewhere  
The bravest of mankind, and mourn'd the best  
Of all the kings that ever ruled on earth:  
His was pure faith, and valor as unstain'd.  
Thus God, whom weak men say they glorify,  
By him was glorified. In foren land  
He fell; in foren land thou fallest too;  
He for his country, thou for all who live.

20

Nov. 22.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### TO ARTHUR WALKER

NEPHEW OF SIR BALDWIN\*

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 27, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

SOLDIER and Saint! go forth. A groan of pain  
Draws unavailing Pity from the slain:  
She points before thee where, on either hand,  
Angels of mercy, mortal angels, stand.  
Go, Arthur! Friends will weep; but sternest Pride  
May shed some tears, some few, he would not hide.  
The path of danger ever was thy path:  
God's children heed not Man's unmanly wrath.  
He call'd thee forth and led thee unappall'd  
Where Pestilence smote cities, vainly wall'd:  
May He who rules the tempest, O may He  
Protect and guide thee on the Euxine sea!

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

\* He left the service some years ago; therefore he will not (as many do) fear disapprobation in high quarters of praise offered by others. [L. om. 1858. Captain Arthur de Noé Walker after resigning his commission in the Indian army qualified as a surgeon and served as such in the Crimea. He was a nephew not of Sir Baldwin but of General Sir George Townshend Walker, Commander-in-Chief, Madras. W.]

9 unappall'd] unapall'd 1858.

Signature in 1855 only.

### JULIUS HARE

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 3, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

JULIUS! how many hours have we  
Together spent with sages old!  
In wisdom none surpassing thee,  
In Truth's bright armure none more bold.  
[Archdeacon Hare died January 23, 1855. W.]

## JULIUS HARE

By friends around thy couch in death  
My name from those pure lips was heard.  
O Fame! how feeblér all thy breath  
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

January 30, 1855.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Date and signature om. 1858.*

### TO THEODOSIA GARROW

WITH *PERICLES AND ASPASIA*

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit? No more beneath Pandion's walls  
Let me conduct thy steps, apart, The purer Muses sigh in vain:  
To her whose graces and whose wit Departed Time her voice re-  
Had shared with thine, Cleone's calls,  
heart. To hear the Attic song again.

4 Cleone's] *misprinted* Cleona's.

### [THOUGHTS ON DEATH]

[Written November 1842; published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

THE happy who are called above,  
Must give the *angels* all their love;  
So when you get there, you will find  
Exactly what you left behind.

*Title* not in 1855, but given to a poem in *The Keepsake* for 1843 by Miss Ellen Power, Lady Blessington's niece. Landor's lines were in answer to Miss Power's query: 'by the friends who loved us here shall we be loved in heaven?' [W.]

### [TO LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, with a Latin version.]

WHAT language, let me think, is meet  
For you, well called the Marguerite.  
The Tuscan has too weak a tone,  
Too rough and rigid is our own;  
The Latin—no—it will not do,  
The Attic is alone for you.

### TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

STAY with me, Time! Stay here and rest,  
Although (grammercy!) 'tis confess't,  
Men find thee an unwelcome guest.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

But thou'rt too weary to go on,  
And twenty years must yet have flown,  
Ere thou canst get to Kensington.

*Dated 1849 in 1895.*

### PREFERENCES

[In first proofs of *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Cancelled.]

It may be true as you declare	Obliged to take for it your word,
That very few on earth there are	Take mine; I'd rather you prefer'd
Whom you prefer to me.	The universe than * * *

### TO SOUTHEY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Also printed with variants in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869. Fourteen lines with variants were included in a poem published 1831, reprinted 1846. See p. 170.]

LAUGH, honest Southey! \*prithee come  
With every laugh thou hast at home;  
But leave there Virtue, lest she sneer  
At one most noble British Peer,  
Who ties fresh tags upon his ermine  
By crying *Aye* and catching vermin:  
Terror of those, but most the foe  
Of all who *think* and all who *know*.  
The passive transferable tool  
Of every knave and every fool  
Whom England's angry Genius sent  
To glut our hungry Parliament;  
A sworn apprentice who, accurst  
With pale ambition's feverish thirst,  
Is doomed to labor all he can  
Yet never to be *master man*.

10

"Such characters, methinks you say,  
We meet by hundreds every day;  
And common dolts and common slaves,  
Distinguisht but by stars or staves,  
Should glitter and go out, exempt  
From all but common men's contempt,  
The hounds that on their dunghills rot,  
Fawners or snarlers, are forgot;  
But not more speedily than those

20

---

\* *Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.* CATULLUS. [L. *Ode*, xxxi. 14.]

*Title om.* 1869. *ll.* 9-16, 23-6 *om.* 1869.

## TO SOUTHEY

Whose pleasures hang upon their nose.  
Ribbons and garters, these are things  
Often by Ministers and Kings,  
Not over-wise nor over-nice,  
Confer'd on folly and on vice. 30  
How wide the difference let them see  
'Twixt these and immortality!"

Yes, oftentimes imperial Seine  
Has listened to my early strain.  
Beyond the Rhine, beyond the Rhone,  
My Latian Muse is heard and known:  
On Tiber's bank, in Arno's shade,  
I woo'd and won the classic Maid.  
When Spain from base oppression rose,  
I foremost rushed amid her foes. 40  
Gallicia's hardy band I led,  
Inspired, and cloathed, and fed.  
Homeward I turn: o'er Hatteril's rocks  
I see my trees, I hear my flocks.  
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless bed,  
A million larches raise the head;  
And from Segovia's hills remote  
My sheep enrich my neighbor's cote:  
The wide and easy road I lead  
Where never paced the harness steed; 50  
Where scarcely dared the goat look down  
Beneath the fearful mountain's frown,  
Suspended while the torrent's spray  
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.  
But Envy's steps too soon pursue  
The man who hazards schemes so new;  
Who, better fit for Rome and Greece,  
Thinks to be *Justice of the Peace!*

*ll. 33-6, 45-54 included in poem published 1831, reprinted 1846.* 33 Yes,] Hence  
*1831, 1846.* 34 Has] Hath 1831, 1846. 35 Beyond . . . , beyond] And past . . .  
*and past 1831, 1846.* 40 amid] amidst 1869. 45 bed] beds 1831, 1846. 46 A  
*. . . head] A thousand cedars raise their heads 1831, 1846.* Ten thousand cedars raise  
*their head 1869.* 48 neighbor's] neighbour's 1831, 1846. 51 scarcely] hardly  
*1831, 1846.* 52 the fearful] her parent 1831, 1846. 53 torrent's] torrent- 1831,  
*1846.* After l. 58 1869 adds four lines:

A Beaufort's timely care prevents  
These wild and desperate intents.  
His grandsons, take my word, shall show for't  
This my receipt in full to Beaufort.

[For Landor's letter to the Duke of Beaufort see Forster, *Landor: A Biography*, i. 341.]



# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## SOUTHEY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SOUTHEY and I have run in the same traces,  
When we break down what pair shall fill our places?

## TO SOUTHEY

[Published in 1858.]

AH Southey! how we stumble on thro' life  
Among the broken images of dreams,  
Not one of them to be rais'd up agen!

## ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH

[Published in 1858.]

FRIENDS! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,  
And cast them into shape some other day.  
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,  
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

## TO SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in 1858.]

NAPIER! I am too prompt to cry	Who crost the Erythræan sea, 10
Against injustice; such am I,	And saw his nation safe and free.
Yet sometimes in a calmer mood	Warrior and Prophet too wast
I cease to think of it: no good	thou,
In anger, little in reproof . .	Long disallow'd, acknowledged
From each then let me stand aloof.	now.
But scorn can ill repress her laugh	In toil and pain ran on thy days,
To see the boobies gild the calf.	At nightfall came thy country's
Warrior and Prophet too was he	praise.

## TO TIME, ON CH. NAPIER

[Published in 1858.]

TIME! seated on thy hoary rock,	With healing on thy wings, O Time,
Let Ages o'er thee roll,	To these shalt thou descend, 10
Their shifting movements calmly	And lift them o'er that mound
mock,	sublime
Above such weak controll.	Where earth and heaven blend.
Yet thou art mortal; men there are	Rise, Napier! thou art call'd away
Immortal; they from heaven	By him who hears <i>my</i> call,
Look down on thee, and little care	By him whom all for once obey,
What scars thy wrath has given.	Beyond that once <i>not</i> all.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### CHARLES AND WILLIAM NAPIER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ONE brother closed the Scindian	Each, who abroad had overcome
war,	His foes, encountered worse at
The other the Peninsular:	home.
One bore his painful wounds few	England! are such rewards for
years,	these
The other his thro' fifty bears.	Who won and wrote thy victories?

### TO SIR HENRY STRACHEY

[Published in 1858.]

STRACHEY! now may'st thou praise thy God  
That thy tired feet long since retrod  
Thy ancient hall, thy native fields,  
And spurn'd the wealth that India yields.  
Millions were grateful for thy care,  
For wrong redrest and guilt laid bare:  
Short-lived is Gratitude, of all  
The Virtues first to faint and fall.  
That court where thy tribunal stood  
Is dyed and drencht with British blood.  
Mothers and infants lie around  
Hewn piecemeal: but from one worse wound  
Brave husbands save a fond chaste breast,  
Pierce it, and there again find rest.

10

[Sir Henry Strachey, 2nd bart., died April 11, 1858. He had retired from the Bengal Civil Service when Landor visited him at Sutton Court. A letter Landor wrote to him shortly after the visit was printed in *The Spectator*, June 20, 1891. W.]

### TO LORD NUGENT

[Published in 1858.]

You ask me, will I come to Stowe;	Of all those chambers which was
I grieve my answer must be, <i>no</i> :	that
Yet, Nugent, I would fain behold	Where Love's exhausted victim
Once more your favorite haunts of	sat,
old,	Until Death call'd him, and he heard
Your native home: but since you	Sad-smiling, and obey'd the word,
say	What care I if a Cobham too
You know not where poor Ham-	Lived there? or, Nugent, even
mond lay;	you?

[This and the following poem were addressed to George Nugent Grenville, Baron Nugent, who died 1850, when the barony became extinct. W.] 6 Hammond [*sc.* James Hammond, ob. 1742. His *Love Elegies* were published 1743. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Come Bath-ward, I have bought a chair, Able your whole expanse to bear; But first examine it, then try	So rare a curiosity: Imperfectly by me 'twas done, With a slight make-weight, scarce ten stone.
---	--

### TO LORD NUGENT

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AH Nugent! are those days gone by When, warm from Chaucer, you and I Beheld our claret's beak dip low, And then felt Moca's breezes blow, Fragrant beyond the fragrant flower Of citron in her dewy hour: We schemed such projects as we might In younger days with better right. Athens was ours; and who but we	Shouted along Thermopylæ? 10 Who shared Olympus with the Gods, Or seized Earth's fairest daughter Rhodes, Or Delos girt with purple seas And peristyles of Cyclades? Alas! alas! my genial friend, There is a night when dreams must end; They, like all mortal things are vain, But 'tis the vainest to complain.
---	--

### KENYON AT COWES

[Published in 1858.]

MY Kenyon! who would live away From Wimbledon a summer day. No, there is nothing worth the sight Where you are in your Isle of Wight. Wimbledon <i>has</i> its charms for me . .	Per Bacco! I would rather see Than all the crowds that crowd the gate Before the greatest of the great The gander and the goose upon Your little mere at Wimbledon. 10
--	---

### ADVICE TO A MUSICAL MAN, NOT YOUNG

[Published in 1858.]

MY dear friend Barry!  
Think ere you marry  
That "*Time is on the wing.*"  
Do you not fear  
That you may hear  
The bride with laughter sing  
*Fa—la?*

1 Barry [? Charles Ainslie Barry or William Vipond Barry, both musicians. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

OCTOBER 1799

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

WHY should sorrow darken over Brow by nature so serene? Come, those lucid gems uncover, Drop those fingers from be- tween.	Sadness is my doom as often As a sigh escapes from you. Let me strengthen, and not soften, Heart so tender and so true.
--	---

It hath spoken: why confess it?  
Those loud sobs have told me thrice. 10  
I would only not possess it,  
O my love! at such a price.

### FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY

[Published in 1858.]

AFAR our stormy vessel flies From all my heart holds dear, But thou art yet before my eyes, And thy far voice I hear.	Had not the Atlantic, cold and rough, Roll'd his wide wave between. Too happy, yes; but ah! how dear The price we should have paid! I fear'd no tempest, there or here, For thee was I afraid. 12
--	---

[Doubtless written, like the poem on p. 13, in 1808. W.]

### GORE-HOUSE LEFT FOR PARIS

[Published in 1858.]

UNDER the lilacs we shall meet no more,  
Nor Alfred's welcome hail me at the door,  
Nor the brave guardian of the hall contend  
In harsher voice to greet his trusty friend,  
Nor on the banks of Arno or of Seine  
Sure is my hope to bend my steps again;  
But be it surer, Margarite, that Power  
May stil remember many a festive hour,  
More festive when we saw the captive free,  
And clasp afresh the hand held forth by thee. 10

["Lady Blessington and the two Miss Powers left Gore House [Kensington] on the 14th of April, 1849. Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris a fortnight previously." Madden's *Blessington*, i. 208.]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## DOROTHEA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

STATELY step, commanding eye,	Swifter now, approaching me,
Attributes of majesty,	And that eye whose one com-
Others may from far adore . .	mand
Adoration! mine is more	Is, " <i>Come here and take my</i>
When that stately step I see,	<i>hand.</i> "

[See 'On the Dead', p. 6.]

## DEATH OF THE DAY

[Published in 1858. Also printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

My pictures blacken in their frames	Death of the day! a sterner Death
As night comes on,	Did worse before;
And youthful maids and wrinkled	The fairest form, the sweetest
dames	breath,
Are now all one.	Away he bore.

"This evening, I took my usual walk a little earlier, and sitting afterwards without candles for about an hour as I always do . . . I watched the twilight darken on my walls and my pictures vanish from before me." Landor to Forster, April 8, 1854.

7 the sweetest] and balmiest 1869.

## TWICE TEN YEARS

[Published in 1858.]

I WAS not young when first I met	I sate as happy in the shade
That graceful mien, that placid	To hear the voice that could
brow:	beguile
Ah! twice ten years have past, and	My sorrow for whate'er I left
yet	In bright Ausonia, land of song,
Near these I am not older now.	And felt my breast not quite
Happy how many have been made	bereft
Who gazed upon your sunny	Of those home joys cast down
smile!	so long.

8 beguile] beguile. mispr. 1858, corrected here.  
corrected here.

10 Ausonia] Ansonia mispr. 1858,

## LATE JEALOUSY

[Published in 1858.]

No, I have never feared that age	To every other cold as stone,
Your generous heart would dis-	But warm to you, and you alone.
engage	I loved your beauty for your
From one you long had valued, one	sake,

## LATE JEALOUSY

My share of pleasure proud to take	To help her forward past her brother,
When younger men your worth could prize,	Distrusting . . me, shame! shame! . . in latin . .
And read their fortunes in your eyes.	The only thing that I am pat in.
But I am jealous now at last . . 10	I know what girls are, eight years
O that your wicked girl should cast	old,
Her teacher off, and take another	And she would laugh if I should scold.

## THE CASKET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SURE, 'tis time to have resign'd	Whose this other, crisp and fair?
All the dainties of the mind,	Whose the slender ring? now broken
And to take a little rest	
After Life's too lengthen'd feast.	Undesignedly, a token, 10
Why then turn the casket-key?	Love said <i>mine</i> ; and Friendship
What is there within to see?	said
Whose is this dark twisted hair?	<i>So I fear</i> ; and shook her head.

## GRAVER SONGS

[Published in 1858.]

GRAVER songs I fain would sing:  
"Ah! 'twill never, never do!"  
Love cries out . . and every string  
Sounds, and sounds again, but you.

## TO A MOURNER

[Published in 1858.]

AWAY with tears and sorrows! bid them cease  
To haunt the lofty mansions of thy soul!  
Shall serpent tongues disturb its heavenly peace?  
Shall puny malice its strong will controul?  
The purest bosoms of thy native land  
Beat, gentle mourner, to partake thy cares:  
O'er Badon's springs let Hermes wave his wand  
And Lethe's waters intermix with theirs.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THERE is a flame that flickers over us,  
Paler, yet not unlike the flame of love:  
It never burns the hand: below the urn  
That holds it, FRIENDSHIP is the word I read.

## THE TIMID

[Published in 1858.]

MAIDENS are timid; were they bolder  
One's head had rested on my shoulder,  
And I above her slender neck  
Had breath'd the thoughts I could not speak.  
Breath'd! and what breath! her own! her own!  
Heaven breath'd it in her breast alone.  
There may be . . . ah there is! . . . a bliss  
Even on our earth, surpassing this:  
He who deserves it, he shall gain it,  
And may he thro' long life retain it!  
Happiest of mortal men! for he  
May rest upon her constancy.  
But let him know that every day  
The fire now bright will ash away  
Unless the sinking flame be fan'd  
With active and unsparing hand,  
And Love, as once, be ever near  
To catch the sigh and wipe the tear.

10

## STUDIOUS

[Published in 1858.]

IN youth, it is true, when my heart was o'erladen,  
I call'd to relieve it a kind-hearted maiden.  
I thought the whole summer was passing me while  
I was told to walk on as she mounted the stile.  
I trembled to touch the most innocent hand,  
And thought it too much to receive a command:  
At last the most hard of commands to obey  
Was whispered in passing me

“Mind me, sir, pray!

If I waltz, if I gallop, you must not come near;  
I once fear'd your eyes, now all others I fear.”

10

## STUDIOUS

But tranquil days were advancing apace,  
And we lookt, tho' not boldly, in each other's face;  
And we sat on the mole-hill, and where there were ants  
A vigilant hand well protected the plants;  
Then I red to my listener; and often her face  
Was turn'd rather nearer to look at the place,  
While her elbow was covering our book; she "had heard  
The rest quite distinctly, but not the last word."  
It *was* the last word, the last word that I red,  
And she found better room for her elbow and head.

20

## TO A LADY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Has there been all the year one	Or you were rather less self-will'd;
day	For in five minutes I could then
In which some rhymes I did not lay	Speak what I hardly write in ten,
Upon your toilet? or, should Love	And all I said you'd make me say
So order, push into your glove?	Again, and throw that scrawl
I wish your paper-case were fill'd,	away.

10

## INCORRIGIBLE

[Published in 1858.]

My hopes and glories all go down,  
Before the shadow of your frown:  
You smile on me, and I am then  
The happiest and the first of men.  
To you is given, and but to you,  
To punish and to pardon too.  
Grave was my fault, yet wish it less  
I can not; I would stil transgress.

## LOVE IN YOUTH

[Published in 1858.]

SOUNDER, sweeter, be your sleep	In that vase: may I alone	10
For the few fond tears you weep!	Suffer, if there aught remain	
But, by all your brief young love	To be suffered yet of pain.	
Pure as any born above,	Spring is past; 'twas mutual then,	
I adjure you! let not me	Share it now with other men.	
Waste away your memory!	I would say too " <i>Make one blest</i> ,	
Half-remember, half-forget,	But <i>that</i> speech within my breast	
What my heart will treasure yet,	(False for once) must be sup-	
Broken words not idly thrown	prest.	



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### FLATTERED ON MY YOUTH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FLATTER me not with idle tales of youth,  
But rather flatter me than tell the truth:  
My youth might not have gone had you been by,  
And you been happy, tho' far less than I.

### LESBIA NOSTRA! LESBIA ILLA!

[Published in 1858.]

Lips! that were often prest on	I wooed to right, I warn'd of
mine,	wrong,
What falsehood ever found ye	I taught the little lore I knew;
there?	She paid me with a siren song . .
I scarcely call'd her half-divine,	Better one breath of pure and
Scarcely the fairest of the fair.	true!

### "ARE YOU MAD OR TIPSY?"

[Published in 1858.]

Tho' the good luck I've often had  
To be a little little mad,  
Yet, save with certain eyes and lips, I  
Have never in my life been tipsy.

### THE GRATEFUL HEART

[Published in 1858.]

THE grateful heart for all things blesses;  
Not only joy, but grief endears:  
I love you for your few caresses,  
I love you for my many tears.

### TO THE GIVER OF AN INKSTAND

[Published in 1858.]

KNOW me better. Do you think	Neither sealing-wax nor note
I will ever stain with ink	That the fairest fingers wrote;
Crystal vase and rosewood stand,	Nor the one I would retouch
Brought me by your bounteous	For too little or too much. 10
hand?	In that drawer shall never rest
In that drawer shall never lie	Naked hand with spear-head
Aught design'd for other eye;	crest:

12 crest [A coat of arms was granted in 1687 to Walter Landor of Rugeley with crest "a hand proper holding a flower-de-lis azure". This Walter Landor, High Sheriff of Staffordshire, is sometimes described as the poet's ancestor, but he died in 1703 unmarried. W.]

## TO THE GIVER OF AN INKSTAND

Whether *spear-head* crest it be  
Or heraldic *fleur-de-lis*  
It is much the same to me:

Only jewels should lie there  
Or the flower you deign'd to  
wear.

## ON LOVE AND IDLENESS,

A SKETCH BY CORREGGIO

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

TROUBLESOME child! do let that youth alone;  
Thy friend and fosterer in thy earliest days  
Was Idleness; without him few or none  
Have hail'd thy presence or have sung thy praise.

## THE SAGE OF SEVENTEEN

[Published in 1858.]

LITTLE have you to learn from me, O sage of seventeen! Wiser I will not boast to be, I can not to have been.	And who to all your charms prefers Your pure and grateful heart. Slowly you'll draw it back again When Love demands his day; Pleasure will hardly conquer Pain To carry you away.
Go, rather place your hand in hers Who acts a mother's part,	12

## ERMININE READING HOMER

[Published in 1858.]

HELLEN was once as fair, Erminine! as you are, And was as fickle too Almost, or quite, as you. When you've turn'd o'er the page Of Greece's poet-sage,	You'll place upon one palm Your head, its thoughts to calm, And dwell upon the best Arising o'er the rest, "Who would not rather be Hector's Andromache?"
	10

## ERMININE

[Published in 1858.]

No Goddess is but seventeen; No Goddess then is Erminine. The Powers above submit to Fate, Even Venus is grown old of late, So that no lover ventures now	To breathe her name before his vow, Earth's fresher bloom the wise prefer In Erminine, and worship her.
---	---

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO A LOVER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

GAZE not at the lights that shine  
From the heaven of Erminine.  
Lover! tremble at those stars,  
Bright as Venus, stern as Mars.  
Tremble, lover! until Hope  
Fixes firm your telescope.

## LOVER'S ANSWER

[Published in 1858.]

GAZE not! By those heavens above!  
By the sacred fire of Love!  
By her purer self, I swear  
I will gaze while *they* shine there.

## A WHIPPING THREATENED A YOUNG LADY BY AN OLDER

[Published in 1858.]

If you design  
For Erminine  
A stroke or so,

I beg you'll make  
Of me the stake  
To tie her to.

## A HEAVY FALL

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1792

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 240; reprinted 1876.]

LUCILLA slapt my hand that day  
Of Christmas when she heard me say,  
What she declared was *like my folly*,  
"O for that little sprig of holly!  
O for that holly sprig to wear  
Within my bosom all the year!"  
For I had noticed who it was  
That shook its rime off on the grass.  
I lept to snatch it from the ceiling;  
It hung too high . . so, tottering, reeling,  
A headlong fall I could not check,  
But fell outright upon her neck.

10

1 Lucilla [See notes at end of volume.]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO GENERAL CLARGES

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 146; reprinted 1876.]

THREESCORE and ten the years since Rugby saw  
My bloody battles on the cricket-ground,  
And, Clarges, you remember that I fought  
Never with any but an older lad,  
And never lost but two fights in thirteen.  
Why wonder then if I so little heed  
The petulance of weaker than myself,  
Who play the judge and take the seat above?  
See you not what they want? they scarce hope wrath,  
It would be something would I but reply. 10  
I let them light on any balder pate,  
As flies do, and forbear to whisk them off;  
To buffet them is but an invitation  
To come again and blacken the repast.

11 pate] so in *corrigenda* 1863. place in text. [Lieut.-General Sir Richard Goddard Hare Clarges, a Peninsula veteran, was at Rugby. He died near Grantham, April 13, 1857. W.]

## TO SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND

[Published in 1863, p. 271.]

DRUMMOND, your praises have been ever dear,  
But most when pour'd into that willing ear  
Which, turn'd away from flattery's voice, would bend  
To catch the slightest word that fell from friend.  
She \* tells me, time and studious hours have bow'd  
That gracile form which shunn'd the ignoble crowd;  
And few even of the learned you admit  
To share your wisdom and enjoy your wit:  
And you expect and watch without dismay,  
As virtuous courage bids, life's closing day: 10  
Long may it linger yet, serenely bright,  
And our last star stil guide us thro' the night.

\* *The Idler in Italy*. [L. Writing at Rome early in 1828 Lady Blessington said "Sir William Drummond spoke to me in high terms of our friend Walter Savage Landor, whom he looks on as one of the most remarkable men of our time." Sir W. Drummond died at Rome, March 29, 1828. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 226.]

<p>GUILFORD! it was not I who broke The promise made when last we met, It was that sharp and sudden stroke You feel no more, but I feel yet. What drove you from your cher- ished ile?</p>	<p>Said I . . . "A <i>Savage</i>," you replied With playful wit and genial smile, "Few could perform that feat beside." Cold is the heart so warm that day, The spirit to its home is fled. 10 Alas! alas! the votive bay Encircles but a sculptured head.</p>
--	--

1 *Guilford* [The fifth Earl of Guilford to whom, though then dead, Landor dedicated volume ii of *Imaginary Conversations*, published in 1829. W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 141.]

LYNDHURST came up to me among  
A titled and untitled throng,  
And after a few words were said  
About the living and the dead,  
Whom we had known together more  
Than half a century before,  
He added: "Faith! your choice was best  
Amid the woods to build a nest.  
But why so seldom wing it down,  
To look at us who toil in town?" 10  
"Would you change place with me?" said I.  
To this a laugh was a reply.

1 *Lyndhurst* [For a different version in prose of the same incident see *Last Fruit*, p. 53. Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, 1841-6, was often among Lady Blessington's guests at Gore House, and Landor met him at dinner there in 1842. W.]

### ON SOUTHEY'S TOMB

[Published in 1863, p. 133.]

Few tears, nor those too warm, are shed  
By poet over poet dead.  
Without premeditated lay  
To catch the crowd, I only say,  
As over Southey's slab I bend,  
The best of mortals was my friend.

[Not Landor's, but Wordsworth's lines, beginning: "Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew," were inscribed upon the base of the Southey memorial in Crosthwaite church. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 145.]

MEYRICK, when I had gazed on all  
The treasures round each trophied wall,  
Where armour of past ages shows  
How brave were some whom no one knows,  
You did not point out, just beneath,  
The house of him \* who conquer'd Death,  
Swift that dragoon who fought with pen,  
Against the chief of black-mail'd men  
Who kickt, headforemost, Truth downstairs  
On grudging him his pence for prayers. 10

\* Swift's family was from Goodrick. [L.]

[Sir Samuel Meyrick had died in 1848. See above, p. 37.] 7 dragoon] *so in errata*  
1863. dragon *in text*.

### ON A STONE IN A FIELD,

GIVEN TO THE POOR BY LUCY LADY NUGENT

[Published in 1863, p. 131.]

THOU liest within the church's door,  
Lucy, thou mother of the poor!  
Nugent, my friend from early years,  
Freshens this turf with daily tears,  
Where many wretches bend the knee  
Who were less wretched once thro' thee.

2 Lucy [Anne Lucy, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Vere Poulett, married Lord  
Nugent in 1813 and died April 18, 1848.]

### [TO LORD NUGENT]

[Published in 1863, p. 242.]

NUGENT! I hope ere long to see	And said, " <i>No help of yours I</i>
In leaf my lately planted tree.	<i>need.</i>
Alas! that there will stand no more	<i>But you may hold it if you will,</i>
She whose weak wrists the burden	<i>And the deep gap let Nugent fill."</i>
bore	Another gap was soon to hold
Half-way down that smooth grassy	That graceful form, that heart
mead,	now cold. 10

*Title not in 1863.*

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO WILLIAM SANDFORD

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 119.]

SANDFORD! the friend of all the brave,  
Whether sent forward to their grave,  
Or whether wearing life away  
With eyes that ache to see that day,  
When freedom's arm shall rend the links  
From him who groans and him who thinks.  
The winds that vex the Appennines  
And hold their children from their vines  
Will soon lie down again, and rest  
On Ocean's gentler-swellings breast. 10  
Then, whether Rhodes your feet detain,  
Or Scio with her merrier train,  
Or Smyrna, proud of him she bore  
And struggled for, in days of yore,  
With six great cities . . . leave them all  
At more than Friendship's distant call,  
For one has promised me to bring  
Her rosebud hither in the spring.  
If you find crowds upon their knees  
And shaking off too festive fleas, 20  
'Tis not in reverence of a saint  
Glorious in gold, sublime in paint.  
Look forward; not far off you'll see  
A saint as female saints should be.  
No glory yet around her head  
Is visible; a ray of red  
There is, this Modesty has given,  
A gift she brought with her from heaven.  
Distant she will not let you stand,  
Nay, you shall even touch her hand. 30  
This promise to you I will keep,  
I can not promise you sound sleep.

[William Graham Sandford, a grandson of Dr. Daniel Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh, after serving in the army and militia was employed under the Foreign Office at Paris, Frankfort, Turin, &c., and died in 1884. W.] 8 their vines] so in *corrigenda*, the *in text*.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [TO JULIUS HARE]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 244.]

JULIUS, dear Julius, never think I splasht the water in their  
My spirits are inclined to sink faces;  
Because light youths are swim- And little hands, now only  
ming by bone,  
Upon their bladders; so did I. Clapt me, and call'd the prize my  
When in our summer we swam races own.

*Title not in 1863.*

### TO SIR RODERIC MURCHESON

[Published in 1863, p. 112.]

WHAT see I through the mist of years? a friend,  
If the most ignorant of mortal men  
In every science, may pronounce his name  
Whom every science raises above all . .  
Murchison! thou art he.

Upon the bank  
Of Loir thou camest to me, brought by Hare  
The witty and warm-hearted, passing through  
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends  
From chamber over chamber; there I dwelt,  
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,  
Books my companions, and but few beside. 10  
After two years the world's devastator  
Was driven forth, yet only to return  
And stamp again upon a fallen race.  
Back to old England flew my countrymen;  
Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill  
Baffled at Chesmè and submerged the fleet  
Of Ottoman,\* urged me to flight with him  
Ere the infuriate enemy arrived.

\* Potemkin had the credit and the reward. The ships were built by Bentham on his own model, and he directed the attack. [L.]

[Sir Roderick Impey Murchison's name is misspelt Murcheson throughout the poem. He died in 1871.] 5 thou] though *mispr. in 1863, here corrected.* 6 Hare [In 1815 Sir Roderick, then Mr. Murchison, was introduced to Landor by Francis Hare. W.] 12 devastator] devastor *mispr. in 1863, here corrected.* 16 Bentham [Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Bentham, Inspector-General of Naval Works, died April 30, 1831. W.]



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I wrote to Carnot. *I am here at Tours,* 20  
*And will remain.*

He prais'd my confidence  
In the French honour; it was placed in *his*.  
No house but mine was left unoccupied  
In the whole city by the routed troops.  
Ere winter came 'twas time to cross the Alps,  
Como invited me; nor long ere came  
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost  
His only boy. We walkt aside the lake,  
And mounted to the level downs above,  
Where if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not. 30  
I led him to Bellaggio, of earth's gems  
The brightest.

*We in England have as bright,*  
Said he, and turn'd his face toward the west.  
I fancied in his eyes there was a tear,  
I knew there was in mine: we both stood still.  
Gone is he now to join the son in bliss,  
Innocent each alike, one longest spared  
To show that all men have not lived in vain.  
Gone too is Hare: afar from us he lies  
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst 40  
Cover his bones with bones of free men slain.  
Again I turn to thee, O Murchison!  
Why hast thou lookt so deep into the earth  
To find her treasures? Gold we thought had done  
Its worst before: now fields are left untill'd,  
And cheerful songs speed not the tardy woof.

How dare I blame thee? 'twas not thy offence,  
And good from evil springs, as day from night.  
The covetous and vicious delve the mine  
And sieve the dross that industry may work 50  
For nobler uses: soon shall crops arise  
More plenteous from it, soon the poor shall dwell  
In their own houses, and their children throw  
Unstinted fuel on the Christmas blaze  
With shouts that shake the holly-branch above.

20 Tours [Before going to Italy Landor lived some time at Tours in 1814-1815. W.]  
39 Hare [Francis Hare. W.]

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO AN ESPOUSED

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 272.]

NEVER has any house pour'd forth	Glad tidings, Nora, to your friend,
On east and west, on south and	That such a race not soon shall
north,	cease,
In any age so many men	But flourish fresh with rich in-
Powerful alike with sword and pen	crease;
As Napier's: from that house you	And the next season may produce
send	A scion to a branch of Bruce. 10

6 Nora [Norah Creina Blanche, youngest daughter of General Sir William Napier, married, August 17, 1854, Sir Henry Austen Bruce, created Baron Aberdare in 1873. She died, aged seventy, April 27, 1897. W.]

## TO THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN

ON THE DECEASE OF GEN. SIR W. NAPIER

[Published in 1863, p. 139.]

You, who can trace with golden	And Sorrow further off has flown,
pen	Show how your father knew to
The features of departed men,	blend
Leave darling Poesy awhile	The sage, the soldier, and the
On weaker, giddier, heads to	friend,
smile.	To make even History love Truth,
Now two less happy years are gone	At variance from their early youth.

[Elizabeth Marianne, second daughter of General Sir William Napier, married, March 1, 1838, the seventh Earl of Arran. She died April 27, 1899. Her father, Sir William Napier, died February 12, 1860. W.]

## FAVOUR

[Published in 1863, p. 173.]

ON holy Westminster's recording-stone  
Hallam has epitaph, and Napier none!

## TO D'ORSAY GOING TO FRANCE

[Published in 1863, p. 233.]

You lose your liberty; no cross  
Or ribbon can supply that loss;  
Naught could your friend bequeath you save  
The less warm welcome of the grave?  
Who was it squandered all her wealth.  
And swept away the bloom of health?

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### MARGUERITE [LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 126.]

AN Marguerite! with you are gone	Nor thought how briefly they
The light and life of Kensington.	would last.
Alone in Florence, griev'd I view	Can Paris ever make amends
Those scenes to which you bade	To <i>you</i> for Italy and friends? 10
adieu.	Can all the world to <i>me</i> atone
Of, gazing from the river-wall	For losing you, and you alone,
Up to the terrace, I recall	Or for that yearly summons . .
The happy evenings there we	<i>Come</i>
past,	<i>While your two lilacs are in bloom?</i>

### ON THE DEATH OF G. P. R. JAMES, AT VENICE

[Published in 1863, p. 223.]

WHERE upon earth shall now be	Come readily at thy command.
found	Again their destinies I read,
Fancy so bright, and thought so	Forwarn'd in vain my breast must
sound,	bleed. 10
As thine, O James! to England	Alighting on some sunnier part,
lost	I think how far from home thou
When England wants thy genius	art,
most.	How far from all who loved thee
What various scenes thy pencil	most,
drew!	Save one, upon Venetia's coast,
What vast creations start to view!	Where even Manin could not
The brave and beauteous, proud	save
and grand,	A people, nor secure a grave.

[George Payne Rainsford James, novelist, &c., died June 9, 1860. W.]

### ON THE DEATH OF G. P. R. JAMES

[Published in 1863, p. 213.]

JAMES! thou art gone, art gone afar,  
To sleep beneath an eastern star,  
Beneath which star Venetia lies,  
Ambition's bleeding sacrifice.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO W. STORY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 268.]

STORY! whose sire maintained the Ah! could he from the grave but  
cause hear  
Of freedom and impartial laws, The voice of Europe, far and  
How would he have rejoiced to near,  
see Extol thy sculptures that retrace  
A field far smoother trod by thee. What Rome has lost of attic grace.

1 Story [William Wetmore Story, sculptor and poet, son of the American jurist, Joseph Story, was among the friends who stood by Landor when the aged poet left Fiesole in the summer of 1869. See an article in *Cornhill Magazine*, April 1915, by Mr. Story's daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi De' Medici. W.]

### TO THE WORTHY SON OF A GREAT JURIST

[Published in 1863, p. 275.]

STORY! could thy good father come  
Again and see his shattered home,  
Then might fraternal discord cease  
And Valour yield the palm to Peace.

### TO ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER

[Published in 1863, p. 115.]

ARTHUR! whose path is in the quiet shade,  
After hot days in the wide wastes of war,  
Where India saw thy sword shine bright above  
The helms of thousand brave. Peace, wooed and won,  
Could not detain thee from that Tauric coast  
Where lay the wounded, festering in their gore,  
And none to raise them up, thou hastenedst  
To succour: often thy strong shoulder bore  
Amid the fiery sleet and heavier hail  
The wretch whom Death lookt down on and past by: 10  
Thou fearedst not, for what hadst thou to fear  
From Death? the standard of his vanquisher  
Thou never hast deserted; thee he call'd  
To work his will, and saw the call obey'd.

9 fiery] *so in errata, freezing in text.* [The late Dr. Walker was with difficulty persuaded by the editor to admit that, during the siege of Sebastopol, he saved an officer's life in the way described. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 279.]

Few verses, and those light, I send, A paltry present to my friend. Heroes and heroines none remain Upon my wide Hellenic plain, While many a weak unthrifty stem Germinates in the place of them. As in Atlantic woods, unsown And not worth sowing, plants are grown	Where ancient forests high and grand Tower'd over leagues of subject land. 10 To your protecting care I trust The scraps you rescued from the dust. Save, you who saved embattled men, The feeble offspring of my pen.
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### TO THE COUNTESS BALDELLI

[Published in 1863, p. 274.]

To-morrow if the day is fine I visit you before you dine. Juliet a little shy may be, But Blanche will sit upon my knee, Just as another some years older Sate once with arms about my shoulder. This is all twaddle, folks will say,	But you are wiser far than they. Head upon head they could not reach 9 The lines of this unspoken speech. Forgive me, Gertrude, if I'm proud, Your hand has rais'd me o'er the crowd.
--	--

[The Countess Baldelli, Dr. de Noé Walker's sister, died at an advanced age in 1903. W.]

### TO K. F.

[Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April 1866 ("Last days of W. S. Landor", by Kate Field).]

Kisses in former times I've seen, Which, I confess it, raised my spleen: They were contrived by Love to mock The battledore and shuttlecock. Given, returned,—how strange a play, Where neither loses all the day, And both are, even when night sets in, Again as ready to begin! Siena, July 1860.	I am not sure I have not played This very game with some fair maid. 10 Perhaps it was a dream: but this I <i>know</i> was not: I <i>know</i> a kiss Was given me in the sight of more Than ever saw me kissed before. Modest as winged angels are, And no less brave and no less fair, She came across, nor greatly feared The horrid brake of wintry beard. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
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## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Written June 1858. Published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

I NEVER more shall have the luck  
To feed again the lonely duck  
Upon the lake of Wimbleton.

Forster, as jovial and as kind  
As Kenyon, finds me less inclin'd,  
Now he and health alike are gone.

[Written January 1854. Published in 1869.]

FORSTER! come hither, I pray, to the Fast of our Anglican Martyr.  
Turbot our Church has allow'd, and perhaps (not without dispensation)  
Pheasant; then strawberry cream, green-gages, and apricot-jelly,  
Oranges housewives call *poi*, and red-rinded nuts of Avella,  
Filberts we name them at home—happy they who have teeth for the  
crackers!  
Blest, but in lower degree, whose steel-arm'd right-hand overcomes  
them!  
I, with more envy than spite, look on and sip sadly my claret.

<sup>4</sup> Avella] Arella in text, Avella in errata. *Nuces Abellanæ have long been famous.*  
W.]

[Written January 1856. Published in 1869.]

I AM, but would not be, a hermit;  
Forster! come hither and confirm it.  
I may not offer "beechen bowl,"  
But I can give you soup and sole,  
Sherry and (grown half-mythic) port . .  
Wise men would change their claret for't;  
Quince at dessert, and apricot . .  
In short, with you what have I not?

### WRITTEN IN 1793

[Published in *Letters*, &c., 1897.]

"TELL me what means that sigh," Ione said,  
When on her shoulder I reclined my head;  
And I could only tell her that it meant  
The sigh that swells the bosom with content.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## THE FEARFUL

(1801)

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

I WOULD not see thee weep but there are hours  
When smiles may be less beautiful than tears,  
Some of those smiles, some of those tears were ours;  
Ah! why should either now give place to fears?

## TO LESBIA

[Published in 1897.]

I LOVED you once, while you loved me;  
Altho' you flirted now and then,  
It only was with two or three,  
But now you more than flirt with ten.

## [TO THE SAME]

[Published in 1897.]

I SWORE I would forget you; but this oath  
Brought back your image closer to my breast:  
That oaths have little worth your broken troth  
Had taught me; teach my heart like yours to rest.

## THE LOVER

[Published in 1897.]

Now thou art gone, tho' not gone far,  
It seems that there are worlds between us;  
Shine here again, thou wandering star!  
Earth's planet! and return with Venus.

At times thou broughtest me thy light  
When restless sleep had gone away;  
At other times more blessed night  
Stole over, and prolonged thy stay.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in 1897.]

How could you think to conquer Scinde,  
And leave no enemy behind?  
Indus rolls onward fifty streams,  
But none so noisome as the Thames.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### EPITAPH FOR GENERAL W. NAPIER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

LAST of the Giants! thou whose vigorous breast  
Bore many wounds, and sank by none opprest,  
Earth covers thee, like all, and War and Peace  
Upon thy tomb from equal discord cease.  
Heard was the trumpet that was blown from Scinde,  
And the true brother would not halt behind.

### ON THE GRAVE OF GARROW AT FLORENCE

[Published in 1897.]

How often have we spent the day  
In pleasant converse at Torquay;  
Now genial, hospitable Garrow,  
Thy door is closed, thy house is narrow.  
No view from it of sunny lea  
Or vocal grove or silent sea.

[Joseph Garrow, M.A. Cantab., was Theodosia Garrow's father. His translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova* was published at Florence, 1846, under the title: *The Early Life of Dante Alighieri* and was reviewed, probably by Landor, in *The Examiner*, October 17, 1846. See *Times Literary Supplement*, May 27, 1920. W.]

### ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER

[Published in 1897.]

ARTHUR, who snatchest from the flames  
Scraps which Oblivion vainly claims,  
And givest honest Newby those  
Which rhyme holds separate from prose,  
Add to the flyleaf or fag-end  
These few last scratches of a friend.

1 snatchest] snatches 1897 (*mispr.*)      3 Newby [*Heroic Idyls, &c.*, 1863, was published by T. Cautley Newby. Most of the manuscript and corrected proofs were sent first to Dr. Walker. W.]

### [TO MRS. WEST]

[Published in *Letters of W. S. Landor, Private and Public*, 1899.]

Stiffly I rise from this arm-chair,  
Even to greet the wise and fair,  
Who daily, one or other, come  
To cheer me in my dressing-room.

[Theresa, daughter of Captain John Whitby, R.N., married in 1827 Mr. Frederick R. West, and died in 1886. Her granddaughter married Prince Henry of Pless. W.]



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I have but thanks to pay for song,  
And March the brave will march to long.  
Rejoice: Caprara has receiv'd  
Him o'er whose wound pale Europe griev'd.

Again his spirit breathes in all  
That host which Death could ne'er appall, 10  
Until he stood above the head  
Of one they deem'd already dead.

The laurel planted for your crown,  
Altho' no moderate breeze shake down,  
You must *refreshen* day by day,  
Or leaves of it will drop away.

6 March [referring to her musical composition, "Garibaldi's March". W.]

### [AN IMAGINARY EPITAPH]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

Our friend (rather fond of causing occasionally a slight trepidation), desired in a laughing way, that I would write his epitaph in case he happened to be lost in the British Channel. [Lander to Miss Rose Paynter, July 1843.]

BELOVED by all Fitzgerald lies  
Where the sea waves for ever moan;  
The dear delight of maiden eyes  
Is now embraced by Nymphs alone.

*Title not in text.* [James Edward Fitzgerald (Fitzgeralds of Coolanowle, Ireland) resigned a post in the British Museum in 1849 to join in starting the Church of England colony in New Zealand, where he became superintendent of the Canterbury province, and afterwards Controller-General. He died in 1896. W.]

### TO EDITH STORY

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897. Printed from another MS. in an article by the Marchesa de' Peruzzi de' Medici in *The Cornhill Magazine*, April 1915.]

With pride I wear a silken twine,  
Precious as every gift of thine;  
Only less precious than the chain  
For which so many sigh in vain.

2 as] is 1915.      3 than] is 1915.      4 For. . . sigh] Hymen is pouting for 1915  
After l. 4 1915 adds two lines:

But in his pouting seems to say.  
Well I must come another day.

## PART II. ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

THE Hon. Rose Whitworth Aylmer, whose death was mourned in the first poem of this sub-section, was the only daughter of the fourth Baron Aylmer, her mother being a daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth. She was born October 15, 1779. Landor first saw her at Swansea in or about 1796. In 1798 she went with her aunt, Lady Russell, to Calcutta, and at Sir Henry Russell's house she died very suddenly, on Sunday, March 2, 1800. Lord Aylmer had died in 1785, and his widow, marrying again two years later, gave Rose Aylmer a half-sister. This half-sister of "Rose the First" married Mr. David Price. "Rose the Second" of Landor's verse was their daughter, Rose Caroline, to whom and to whose daughter, Rose Dorothea Graves Sawle, his "Rose the Third", or "Rosina", most of the poetry which has now to be given was addressed.

### [ROSE AYLMER]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

AH what avails the sceptred race,  
Ah what the form divine!  
What, every virtue, every grace!  
For, Aylmer, all were thine.

Sweet Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of sorrows and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

*Title. Not in any ed.; but in 1806 and 1831 the poem is printed with others under the general heading On the Dead.*

### THE 1846 TEXT.

In *Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems*, 1831, the Elegy with notable variants was among pieces headed "On the Dead". In *Works*, 1846, the 1831 version, with yet another variant, was included in "Miscellaneous poems" then reprinted. When in 1909 a tablet inscribed with the Elegy was affixed to the monument raised more than a century before over Rose Aylmer's grave in Calcutta, the 1846 text was chosen for the purpose. Swinburne, who was consulted, expressed his belief that this would have been Landor's wish; and he was also of opinion that the final emendation was to be commended. The 1846 text is given below:

AH what avails the sceptred race,  
Ah what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

7 and of] and 1831.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER]

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 19, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

To write as your sweet mother does	And bid me then go past the
Is all you wish to do?	nook,
Play, sing, and smile for others,	To sketch me less in size.
Rose!	There are but few consent to look
Let others write for you.	So little in your eyes.
Or mount again your Dartmoor	Delight us with the gifts you have,
grey,	And wish for none beyond:
And I will walk beside,	To some be gay, to some be grave,
Until we reach that quiet bay	To one (blest youth!) be fond.
Which only hears the tide.	
Then wave at me your pencil, then	Pleasures there are how close to
At distance bid me stand 10	Pain, 21
Before the cavern'd cliff, again	And better unpossess!
The creature of your hand.	Let Poetry's too throbbing vein
	Lie quiet in your breast.

W. S. L.

*Title. Not in any ed. 2 do?] do. 1846. 15 consent] content 1846. Signature om. 1846.*

### [TO MISS SOPHY PAYNTER]

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 7, 1838; reprinted with additions 1846.]

BEFORE the graces you disclose	Of vermeil lip or azure eye
By fresh ones are o'ershaded,	Or cheek of blushful May.
And duties rise more grave than	
those,	The gentle temper blessing all,
To last when those are faded,	The smile at Envy's leer,
It will not weary you, I know,	Are yours . . and yours at Pity's
To hear again the voice	call
First heard where Arno's waters	The heart-assuaging tear.
flow	
And Flora's realms rejoice.	Many can fondle and caress . .
	No other have I known
Of beauty not a word have I	Proud of a sister's loveliness,
(As thousands have) to say, 10	Unconscious of her own. 20

W. S. L.

*Title To . . . Paynter] not in any ed. To Lady Caldwell, 1846. [Miss Rose Paynter's sister Sophia married, December 18, 1839, Mr. afterwards Sir Henry Caldwell, Bt, W.] Before l. 1 1846 inserts four lines:*

Sophy! before the fond adieu  
We long but shrink to say,  
And while the home prepared for you  
Looks dark at your delay,

*Signature om. 1846.*

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

### ON THE MARRIAGE OF SOPHIA LOUISA PAYNTER

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, December 23, 1839, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

Directed by the hand of Fate,  
May Love inscribe your lot;  
And, Sophy, be your wedded state  
All that my own is not.

### TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER

ON SEEING HER SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT  
BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Book of Beauty*, 1840; reprinted 1846.]

THE basket upon which thy fingers bend,  
Thou mayst remember in my Tuscan hall,  
When the glad children, gazing on a friend,  
From heedless arm let high-piled peaches fall  
On the white marble, splashing to the wall.

Oh, were they present at this later hour!  
Could they behold the form whole realms admire  
Lean with such grace o'er cane and leaf and flower,  
Happy once more would they salute their sire,  
Nor wonder that her name still rests upon his lyre! 10

*Title.* On seeing a lady sit for her portrait 1846. [The portrait was painted in oils by William Fisher. An engraving by W. H. Mote was published with the verses in *The Book of Beauty*. W.]

### SENT WITH FLOWERS

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1845; reprinted 1846.]

TAKE the last flowers your natal day  
May ever from my hand receive!  
Sweet as the former ones are they,  
And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another in the year to come  
May offer them to smiling eyes;  
The smile that cannot reach my tomb  
Will add fresh radiance to the skies.

*Title.* Sent to a Lady with Flowers 1846. *Sub-title om.* 1846, 1876. *For ll.* 7-8  
*1846 substitutes:*

That smile would wake me from the tomb,  
That smile would win me from the skies.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## [SISTERS]

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Dated in a manuscript August 1838. Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, September 17, 1838, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

To Rose and to Sophy  
A column and trophy  
Ascend at the summons of viols and flutes,  
For adding to-day,  
On the coast of Torbay,  
To the Army of Martyrs a hundred recruits.

2-4

What column, what trophy  
Shall we raise, amid harps, amid viols and flutes?  
Who have added to-day 1895.

5 coast] shores 1895.

## ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MISS ROSE PAYNTER

[Published in 1846. Also printed from a manuscript in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

TELL me, perverse young year!      Away, thou churl, away!  
Why is the morn so drear?      'Tis Rose's natal day,  
Is there no flower to twine?      Reserve thy frown for mine.

*Title. Only in 1855, 1895 where the poem is dated Jan. 19, 1839. 2 morn] day 1855, 1895. For ll. 3-4 1855 substitutes:*

Can'st thou no flowers entwine?  
Then, churl away, away!

*and 1895 substitutes*

Go, brightest flowers entwine.  
Thou churl! away, away!

6 frown] frowns 1855, 1895.      *After l. 6 1855, 1895 add six lines:*

Life hath a verdant base,      The verdant base enlarge  
But higher up we trace      O Heaven! and take in charge  
Rocks, precipices, snows.      Your pure and pious Rose.

## [TO A LADY IN FRANCE]

[Written at Bath in 1839; published in 1846.]

EVERYTHING tells me you are near;      To throw away more smiles and  
The hail-stones bound along      wit  
and melt,      Among the forests of Chantilly.  
In white array the clouds appear,      Her moss-paved cell your rose  
The spring and you our fields      adorns  
have felt.      To tempt you; and your cycla-  
Paris, I know is hard to quit;      men      10  
But you have left it; and 'twere      Turns back his tiny twisted horns  
silly      As if he heard your voice again.

*Title. Not in either ed. [See Sketches from Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle, 1908, p. 40: "I spent the winter of 1838 in Paris, with my uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer."]*

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

### [EXMOUTH]

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Dated in a manuscript Exmouth, September 4, 1840.]

NEVER may storm thy peaceful	Showing too well how Love once
bosom vex,	led the Hours
Thou lovely Exe!	In Youth's green bowers;
O'er whose pure stream that music	Vision too blest for even Hope to
yesternight	see,
Pour'd fresh delight,	Were Hope with me;      10
And left a vision for the eye of	Vision my fate at once forbids to
Morn	stay
To laugh to scorn,	Or pass away.

### A SEA-SHELL SPEAKS

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript Exmouth, September 6, 1840.]

OF late among the rocks I lay,	Both are deprived of all we had
But just behind the fretful spray,	In earlier days to make us glad, 10
When suddenly a step drew near,	Or ask us why we should be
And a man's voice, distinct and	sad:
clear,	Which (you may doubt it as you
Convey'd this solace . .	will)
"Come with me,	To manly hearts is dearer still."
Thou little outcast of the sea!	I felt, ere half these words were
Our destiny, poor shell, is one;	o'er,
We both may shine, but shine	A few salt drops on me once
alone:	more.

### ON RECEIVING A BOOK TO WRITE IN

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript March 5, 1843.]

TOST in what corner hast thou lain?	I may have leapt that ugly fence,
And why art thou come back	Which men attempt to shirk in
again?	vain,
I should as soon have thought to	And never can leap back again. 10
see	But welcome, welcome! thou art
One risen from the dead as thee.	sent
I have survived my glory now	I know on generous thoughts
Three years; but just the same	intent;
art thou;	And therefore thy pale cheeks I'll
I am not quite; and three years	kiss
hence	Before I scribble more than this.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## TO A SPANIEL

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No, Daisy! lift not up thy ear,  
It is not she whose steps draw near.  
Tuck under thee that leg, for she  
Continues yet beyond the sea,  
And thou may'st whimper in thy sleep  
These many days, and start and weep.

1 Daisy [cf. two poems on p. 91. W.]

## LA PENSIEROSA

[Published in 1846. Another version published 1858, of which stanza 2 was also published as a separate poem without title in 1846.]

<p>A PROVIDENT and wakeful fear Impels me; while I read, to say, When Poesy invites, forbear Sometimes to walk her tempting way: Reader is she to swell the tear Than its sharp tinglings to allay.</p> <p>"But there are stories fit for song, And fit for maiden lips to sing." Yes; and to you they all belong, About your knee they fondly cling; 10 They love the accents of your tongue, They seek the shadow of your wing.</p>	<p>Ah! let the Hours be light and gay, With Hope for ever at their side, And let the Muses chaunt a lay Of Pleasures that await the bride, Of sunny Life's untroubled sea, Smooth sands and gently swelling tide.</p> <p>A time will come when steps are slow, And prone on ancient scenes to rest, 20 When life shall lose its former glow, And, leaf by leaf, the shrinking breast Shall drop the blossom yet to blow For the most blessed of the blest.</p>
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*Title. Not in 1846.* 1 A . . . wakeful] It is not envy, it is 1858. 2 read] write 1858. Between ll. 6-7 1858 inserts six lines which are also printed as a separate poem in 1846:

To our first [last 1846] loves we oft return  
When years, that smoothe [choked 1846] our path are past,  
And wish again the incense-urn  
Its flickering flame once more to cast  
On paler brows, until the bourn  
Is reacht where we may rest at last.

7 "But . . . are] "Are there no 1858. 8 sing." sing. 1858. 9 Yes . . . you] To you, O Rose, 1858. 13 light . . . gay] blyth . . . free 1858. 15 lay] glee 1858. 18 gently swelling] gently-swelling 1858. 20 prone] apt 1858. 22, leaf by leaf, the], one by one, your 1858. For ll. 23-4 1858 substitutes:

Hath dropt the flowers refreshing so  
That mansion of the truly blest.

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth	To know your step, if that might be.
"The graves of waiting friends to see."	A verse is more than I am worth, A thought is not undue to
It would be pleasant to my earth	me. 30

25 till] til 1858. 26 quotation marks om. 1858. 29 A bay leaf is above my  
worth 1858. 30 thought . . . to] daisy is enough for 1858.

### [AN OLD SONG]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

DOES your voice never fail you in singing a song  
So false and so spiteful on us who are young?  
When, lady, as surely as you are alive  
We are seldom inconstant till seventy-five,  
And altho' I have question'd a hundred such men,  
They never would say why we should be so then.  
In another six years I shall know all about it;  
But some knowledge is vain, and we do best without it.

*Title. Not in text.* [Lady Graves Sawle could remember, long afterwards, that it was the song beginning "Early one morning before the sun was rising". W.]

### TO A BRIDE, FEB. 17, 1846

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

A STILL, serene, soft day; enough of sun  
To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,  
Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;  
Upon the silent boughs the lissom air  
Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,  
Nor more than under linnet springing off.  
Such was the wedding-morn: the joyous Year  
Lept over March and April up to May.

Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,  
Thyself borne on in cool serenity,  
All heaven around and bending over thee,  
All earth below and watchful of thy course!  
Well hast thou chosen, after long demur  
To aspirations from more realms than one.  
Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!  
Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,  
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,

10



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;  
And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls  
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home. 20  
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears  
Is over; nor believe thou that Romance  
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.  
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,  
Far-sighted bride! look forward! clearer views  
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.  
Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain  
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out  
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown 30  
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.  
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,  
Adding as true ones, not untold before,  
That incense must have fire for its ascent,  
Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.  
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.  
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;  
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

### ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CI).]

BEAUTIFUL spoils! borne off from vanquisht death!  
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,  
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,  
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

### APPEAL TO SLEEP

[Written in 1838. Published in 1853 (No. CCXVI); reprinted 1876.]

Soon to waken, may my Rose	When pale Morn returns again,
Early sink in soft repose!	She returns to gloom and pain, 10
<i>Mine?</i> ah! mine she must not be,	For how many friends will say,
But, O gentle Sleep, to thee	As their pride is torn away,
One as dear do I resign	"Sweetest Rose! adieu! adieu!"
As if Heaven had made her mine.	I may bear to say it too,
Gentle Sleep! O let her rest	But afar from her and you.
Upon thy more quiet breast!	

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

### [TO ROSE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxix).]

To his young Rose an old man said,  
"You will be sweet when I am dead:  
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,  
And there will you be yet more sweet,  
Leaving your winged company  
To waste an idle thought on me."

### PRIMROSE TO BE DRIED IN A BOOK

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlvi). A translation of Italian verses by Landor, dated April 12, 1846, and sent to Mrs. Graves Sawle, the giver of the flower.]

HUMBLE flower! the gift of Rose!	Shalt among these leaves be found,
If today thy life must close,	And the finder shall exclaim
Yet for ever shalt thou be	"Up! arise! awake to fame!
Just as fair and fresh to me;	He who gave thee length of days
And when I am underground	Held her flower above his bays."

### [A LAST REQUEST]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlviii).]

Your last request no fond false hope deceives;  
Your's shall be, Rose! when all your days are o'er,  
"The sighs of Zephyrs 'mid the nestling leaves;"  
"And many more!  
Many shall mourn around you, lovely Rose!  
But there must one be absent; there is one  
Who griev'd with you in all your little woes . .  
He will be gone."

5 lovely] pensive *MS.*

### TO RESTORMEL \*

[Published in 1853 (No. xxvii); reprinted 1863, p. 249. Dated in a manuscript August 1848.]

Known as thou art to ancient Fame  
My praise, Restormel, shall be scant:  
The Muses gave thy sounding name,  
The Graces thy inhabitant.

\* A villa in Cornwall [L. is within sight of the ruined castle. Mr. and Mrs., afterwards Sir Charles and Lady Graves Sawle lived there for a time. Landor spent ten days with them at Restormel in August 1848. W.]

*Title. Only in 1863: name misprinted Ristormel in all edd.*

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [TWO ROSES]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. 1).]

WE have survived three months of rain, O come and bring the sun again; Your <i>Rosebud</i> , tho she treads on air, Is only yet the morning star; Old January's nineteenth day To me is like the first of May. I drink your health . . but Time, alas!	Holds over mine another glass, In which no liquid rubies shine, But whose dry sand drains all the wine: 10 Fain would I turn it upsidedown, It will not do . . I fear his frown; Tho on the whole (now come and see) He has been somewhat mild with me.
---	--

3 *Rosebud* [Rose Dorothea, only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Graves Sawle, was the "Rosina" and "Rose the third" of Landon's verse. She died May 11, 1901. W.]

### TO A CHILD

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxix).]

POUR not, my little Rose, but take With dimpled fingers, cool and soft, This posy, when thou art awake . . Mama has worne my posies oft: This is the first I offer thee, Sweet baby! many more shall rise	From trembling hand, from bend- ed knee, Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs. Before that hour my eyes will close; But grant me, Heaven, this one desire. 10 In mercy! may my little Rose Never be grafted on a briar.
--	---

### A NOTE-COVER WITH SIX OF MY CARDS

[Published in 1853 (No. xv).]

To her old friend does Rose devote  
Sometimes two minutes, rarely three,  
Yet never came there any note  
(However kind) so full of me.

### TO THE LADY OF LT. COLONEL PAYNTER

[Published in 1853 (No. cclxiv).]

THERE is a pleasure the support of grief  
Where duty calls and, listen'd to, directs.  
Sad was the wound to thee which pierced that breast

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

Than which none braver ever breathed the air  
 Of torrid India, when impetuous Gough  
 Order'd the readiest forth to certain death.  
 Among the men he led the higher fell,  
 The lower follow'd: one among the higher  
 Was left alone, transfixt with mortal wound  
 All thought; but Providence decreed, if tears  
 Must flow for him in near and distant lands,  
 From kindred, comrade, friend, the same decreed  
 Tho the wife's must, the widow's should not fall.\*

10

Rejoice then! for thyself and him rejoice!  
 Heaven gave him courage, glory, victory,  
 Adding one gift more precious . . not mere life  
 Rescued when little hoped for, but a life  
 For Love and Honor to partake with thee.

\* He died of his wounds at last. [L. Colonel Howell Price Paynter, C.B., late 24th Regiment, died at Bath, November 13, 1851. He was Lady Graves Sawle's eldest brother and had been dangerously wounded at the battle of Chilianwala, 1849. Lander's poem was written before, the foot-note after, Colonel Paynter's death.]

## AN ALABASTER HAND

PRESENTED BY LORD ELGIN

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and by Lander in 1858. Dated in a manuscript, Bath, Nov. 27, 1839. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

HE who, rais'd high o'er war's	Of purest alabaster, well
turmoils,	Expressing what our speech would
Rescued from Time his richest	tell,
spoils,	Beauteous, but somewhat less
Had laid them at thy feet, O	divine
Rose!	Than Pheidias, taught by Pallas,
But Britain cried, <i>To me belong</i>	plan'd,
<i>Trophies beneath whose shadows</i>	Elgin presents the only hand
<i>sung</i>	That throbs not at the slightest
The choir of Pallas where	touch of thine.
Ilissus flows.	

10

[A letter from the seventh Earl of Elgin to Miss Rose Paynter dated Paris, Oct. 26, 1839, accompanied this gift and is printed in *Sketches from Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle*, 1908.]  
 4-5 *To me . . . sung*] "*To me . . . sung*" 1895. 5 *shadows*] shadow 1895.  
 6 *Ilissus*] *Ilyssus* 1895. 10 *Pheidias . . . plan'd*] *Phidias . . . plann'd* 1895. 12 *slightest* 1858] *gentle* 1855, 1895.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### THE THREE ROSES

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 12, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

WHEN the buds began to burst, Long ago, with Rose the First I was walking; joyous then Far above all other men, Til before us up there stood Britonferry's oaken wood, Whispering " <i>Happy as thou art, Happiness and thou must part.</i> " Many summers have gone by Since a Second Rose and I      10 (Rose from that same stem) have told	This and other tales of old. She upon her wedding-day Carried home my tenderest lay: From her lap I now have heard Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third. Not for <i>her</i> this hand of mine Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine; Cold and torpid it must lie, Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.      20
--	---

W. S. L.

*Signature in 1855 only.*

### ON AN INVITATION TO A WALK IN EVENING

[Published in 1858.]

MAMA! we both are quite agreed That stars are very nice indeed, But, the plain simple truth to tell, We like bright epaulettes as well, And look at partners just as soon As at the man there in the moon.	We girls by nature's hand are made For waltz, quadrille, and gal- lopade, Snails for the garden and the glade.
---	---

[An imaginary conversation between Miss Rose Paynter and her mother. W.]

### ON THE LINES ABOVE

[Published in 1858.]

SOPHY looks grave nor says one word, But Rose's little ire is stirr'd; Such ire as may be thine, O dove Of Venus! when thou'rt vext by Love. "Leave the rude spiteful man to me" She says. "I'll punish him: you'll see.	He is too silly to go mad, Yet not so but he may be sad; And I will bring him to his senses For this and many more offences. Mind! two whole evenings, should he come,      11 I will be blind and deaf and dumb; <i>Bettina</i> he shall hear no more, And offer worlds for <i>Pescatòr</i> .
---	---

13 *Bettina* [Vincenzo Gabuzzi's "*Mi vien da redere*", set to music by Cimarosa, was one of Miss Rose Paynter's favourite songs. See next page. W.]

# ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

## TRANSLATION

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

How can I but weep when I think of the day  
When your voice was so faltering, your step was so slow,  
When you clung to my hand, and tears only could say  
(Rolling down it) how soon and how far you must go.  
Ah why all this sorrow, for sorrow it was,  
And another had then never taught you to feign?  
Before the year passes shall memory pass  
And only one heart true and constant remain?  
I was happy; so happy no other could make me;  
I was proud; and the pride of my soul was in you; 10  
But now you withdraw what you gave, and forsake me;  
May my love, tho' it weeps and yet lingers, go too!  
Bettina! smile on! bright as ever the smile,  
But where is its candor? it vanishes now;  
The moment a beauty allures to beguile  
That crown of all loveliness falls from the brow.\*

\* *Mi vien da piangere* was written by me at the desire of a lady, the translation for another. A score of *Sonnetti* were thrown away as soon almost as written. [L. Landor wrote in Italian and English a "Riposta" to Gabuzzi's song. Whether the Italian version was for Miss Paynter and the English for "Ianthé" or vice versa, is uncertain. W.]

## TORBAY

[Published in 1858.]

AGAIN the rocks and woodlands of Torbay  
Proclaim the advent of their festal day,  
The summer sky with fresher brightness glows,  
And Ocean smiles to meet the smiles of Rose.

## THE MOUNTAIN ASH

[Written c. 1839. Published in 1858.]

THE mountain ash before my pane, Rattling red berries once again, Said, "Where, O where! can Rose remain?"	He shook his head, and in reply, Said only "Well then, you and I May both go on to droop and die."
Hearing him call, I rais'd the sash And answered him, "Sirmountain- ash! At Passy."	"Thanks! thanks! my fellow suf- ferer! 10 I, by your leave, should much prefer To look out here and wait for her."
"Why?" "To cut a dash."	

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### WHAT TO BRING

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LANDOR! what is best to bring	If that flower she never wears,
To the maiden who so long	If she throws this verse aside.
Hath endured to hear thee sing	
(Tiresome man!) her birthday	All that thou hast ever borne
song?	Thou canst surely bear again;
	Flowers neglected, verses torne,
Bring the flower whose name she	Feel not, and should give not,
bears,	pain. <span style="float: right;">12</span>
And repress a wounded pride	

### NINETEENTH OF JANUARY: FLOWERS SENT

[Published in 1858.]

If flowers could make their wishes vocal, they  
Would breathe warm wishes on your natal day:  
Boldly to meet your smile they venture forth  
This winter morn, nor dread the blustering north.

### IGNORANCE OF BOTANY

[Published in 1858.]

I HARDLY know one flower that grows  
On my small garden plot;  
Perhaps I may have seen a *Rose*  
And said, *Forget-me-not*.

### THE ALBUM OPENED

[Published in 1858.]

JUST as opposite in merit  
As in place these lines you see.  
She has pathos, she has spirit,  
Naught but what she gave has he.

Never image springs without her,  
Rose comes first, and last comes Rose,  
And the chaff he throws about her  
Her bright amber-drops inclose.

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

### THE ALBUM CLOSED

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Dated in a manuscript May 1, 1841.]

I NEVER thought to see thee end in blanks  
So soon, O cherisht book!  
Return to her who fill'd a few, with thanks  
Upon thy sadden'd look:  
Bid her in these or other lands be blest  
With health and love and peace:  
Devoting thus one vacant page, we rest . .  
For here our wishes cease.

### DAISY: A SPANIEL

[Published in 1858.]

HIGH as the sofa Daisy's head  
Was rais'd, and thus in whines she said:  
"I am the smallest of the three,  
And will you not make room for me?"

### DEATH OF DAISY

[Published in 1858.]

DAISY! thy lifewas short and sweet;	Awakes the summer and the bird
Who would not wish his own	That sings so lonely and so
the same?	late,
And that his hand, as once thy feet,	A song these many nights I've
Were claspt in hers whose vocal	heard,
name	And felt, alas, it sang my fate.

### A YOUNG LOVER'S RESOLUTION

[Published in 1858.]

I WILL not depose  
The image of Rose  
From the heart that has long been her shrine;  
I know there is one  
Who would say, '*Twere ill done*;  
*He never shall desecrate mine.*

### ON ONE IN ILLNESS

[Published in 1858.]

HEALTH, strength, and beauty, who would not resign,  
And be neglected by the world, if you  
Round his faint neck your loving arms would twine,  
And bathe his aching brow with pity's dew?



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### PROMISE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

I MAY not add to youth's brief days  
Nor bid the fleeting hours stand still;  
No, Rose; but I can waft your praise  
To distant ages, and I will.  
Forgotten be my name if yours  
In its fresh purity endures.

### RESTORMEL

[Published in 1858.]

SUMMER is come, and must I never see  
Thro' its dense leaves, Restormel, aught of thee?  
Never the time-defying castle-wall,  
The fragil bridge, the sparkling waterfall?  
Ah there are other sights, how far more dear  
Than castle, bridge, or river swift and clear,  
Or that green meadow, or that dim retreat  
Under the oaks, or that broad garden-seat,  
Where thoughts were many and where words were few . .  
Must I, Restormel, bid all these adieu? 10  
Above the river's ever-restless flow  
I hear one soothing voice; it whispers *no*.

*Title. Restormel] misprinted in text Ristormel. 3 castle-wall] castlewall in text.*

### ROSINA

[Published in 1858.]

'Tis pleasant to behold	Until at last they dare
The little leaves unfold	Lay their pure bosoms bare:
Day after day, stil pouting at the	Of all these flowers I know the
Sun,	sweetest one.

### ROSINA

[Published in 1858.]

ROSINA ran down Prior-park,	Soon in a flutter she return'd,
Joyous and buoyant as a lark.	And cheek, and brow, and bosom
The little girl, light-heel'd, light-	burn'd.
hearted,	She fairly own'd my full success
Challenged me; and away we	In catching her, she could no
started.	less,

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

And said to her mama, who smiled Yet lovelier on her lovely child, 10 "You can not think how fast he ran For such a very old, old man,	He would not kiss me when he might, And, catching me, he had a right. Such modesty I never knew, He would no more kiss me than you."
---	---

TO ROSE. OCTOBER 13, 1857

QUALIS AB INCEPTO

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FEW the years that wait for me Rounding my centenary; But my latest wish shall be Health and happiness to thee.  Years in age are apt to grow Crabbed; all the rest may go Ere another fall of snow Fill the furrow on my brow.	We shall see thy face again When despotic Winter's chain 10 Clanks upon the pallid plain . . Let him rave; he raves in vain.  Not a floweret fears the cold In thy presence: we are told That the bravest men enrol'd In Fame's record were less bold.
---	--

### THE LAST GIFT

[Published in 1858. Dated in a manuscript Jan. 12, 1857.]

THE shadows deepen round me; take I will not say my last adieu, But, this faint verse; and for my sake Keep the last line I trace for you. The years that lightly touch your head, Nor steal away nor change one hair,	Press upon mine with heavy tread And leave but barren laurels there.  Another year I may not see, I may not all I hope in this, 10 Recieve then on your brow from me And give Rosina's lips the kiss.
---	---

11 Recieve so in 1858.

### THE SPOUSE

[Published in 1858. Also printed from a manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

LADY! whose hand is now about to part  
 No moderate stores of pleasure and of pain,  
 To one the honied hours, to more the smart . .  
 When will return that graceful form again?

*Title. Only in 1858.* [These verses were sent in a letter postmarked 1839 to Miss Sophy Paynter's mother, but her marriage did not take place till 1840. W.] 1 Lady] Sophy 1899.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Glad as I was, or thought I was, when thou  
 Gavest thy faith where love and virtue bade,  
 The light of gladness is oershadowed now  
 When thou art leaving us, O pure-soul'd maid!

Noblest in form and highest in estate  
 Of all our wide-spread western lands contain, 10  
 I see thee lovely and scarce wish thee great . .  
 When will return that graceful form again?

5 when] that 1899.      6 Gavest] Didst give 1899.      9 Noblest] Fairest 1899.  
 11 wish] hope 1899.      For l. 12 1899 substitutes:  
 And almost wish thy talents shone in vain.

### ABERTAWY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 157. For a shorter and most likely  
 an earlier version, see p. 98.]

<p>It was no dull tho' lonely strand              Where thyme ran o'er the solid              sand,              Where snap-dragons with yellow              eyes              Lookt down on crowds that could              not rise,              Where Spring had fill'd with dew              the moss              In winding dells two strides across.              There tiniest thorniest roses grew              To their full size, nor shared the              dew:              Acute and jealous, they took care              That none their softer seat should              share; 10              A weary maid was not to stay              Without one for such churls as they.              I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my              might              To tear them from their roots              outright;              At last I did it . . eight or ten . . .              We both were snugly seated then;              But then she saw a half-round bead,</p>	<p>And cried, <i>Good gracious! how you              bleed!</i>              Gently she wiped it off, and bound              With timorous touch that dread-              ful wound. 20              To lift it from its nurse's knee              I fear'd, and quite as much fear'd              she,              For might it not increase the pain              And make the wound burst out              again?              She coaxed it to lie quiet there              With a low tune I bent to hear;              How close I bent I quite forget,              I only know I hear it yet.              Where is she now? Call'd far away,              By one she dared not disobey, 30              To those proud halls, for youth              unfit,              Where princes stand and judges sit.              Where Ganges rolls his widest              wave              She dropt her blossom in the grave;              Her noble name she never changed,              Nor was her nobler heart estranged.</p>
---	--

["Swansea is called by the Welsh Abertaw6." Borrow, *Wild Wales*, ch. CI. W.]  
 5 fill'd] mispr. fled, corrected in errata 1863.

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

### [TEARS]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 181.]

BLEST are the bad alone while here; Alone they never shed a tear, The wise and virtuous grieve the most . . Southey, until all sense was lost,	Bewail'd a son's untimely end, And Tennyson embalm'd a friend. I dare not place my name with those, But have not I, too, wept for Rose?
---	--

### TO ROSE [THE SECOND]

[Published in 1863, p. 137.]

ANOTHER may despise my verse And cry, <i>What poet could write     worse,</i> <i>With Loves in legions at his beck</i> <i>And looking at them from her     neck.</i> I see them quite as well as they, And haply what I see might say,	But I have always known that you Far beyond all things prize the true, And that you raise your eyes above And list to Virtue more than Love, Tho' amicably both contend   11 To take precedence as your friend.
---	--

### AN UNCLE'S SURMISE

[Published in 1863, p. 227.]

" <i>Landor, now hang me but I     think</i> <i>You are in love with Rose. Don't     blink</i> <i>The question.</i> "	(As suits their age and station) love? But who can leap the gulph between Dark fifty-nine and bright six- teen? Let us both try which loves her most, I shall be happy to have lost.   10
---	---

My good Admiral,

Would you that I alone of all  
Who see and hear her should not  
    prove

3 Admiral [Admiral the Hon. Frederick, afterwards 6th Lord Aylmer. W.]

### [MISTS]

[Published in 1863, p. 232.]

WHY are there mists and clouds to-day?  
It is that Rose is far away:  
The sun refuses to arise,  
And will not shine but from her eyes.

[See poem "On the Birthday of Miss Rose Paynter" on p. 80.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### [TO CAPTAIN ERSKINE, R.N.]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 197.]

SIT on the sofa, gallant Erskine,	The best dissemblers are the
And rest your feet upon the bear-	modest.
skin.	10
Rose, I forsee, will turn away	I never ask her what can ail her
Nor seem to hear a word we say:	Observing her each day grow
Altho' I spangle her with wit	paler.
She will not care a straw for it.	Cruise, conqueror, and when home
Our friends may think she looks	you come,
at me,	Bring back the richest prize, her
Impossible as that must be.	bloom.
Of all odd truths this truth is	Soon as the sails are down the
oddest,	mast
	Let a sheet-anchor hold you fast.

*Title. Not in text.* [Captain, afterwards Admiral, John Elphinstone Erskine (Erskine of Kinross) is mentioned in *Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle*, 1908, p. 23. He died June 28, 1887. W.]

### [LIME OR LINDEN]

[Published in 1863, p. 181.]

MY fragrant *Lime*, I loved thee long before,  
 Rose calls thee *Linden*, now I love thee more.  
 Her breath can make the unripe blossom blow,  
 And Spring revive afresh, entombed in snow.

### TO ROSE

[Published in 1863, p. 167.]

I SEE a man whom age should make more wise  
 Unable to repress his swelling sighs  
 At sight of you. Ah! let him be forgiven . . .  
 Thus swells old Ocean when the queen of heaven  
 In fullest, brightest, majesty appears,  
 Ascending calmly mid attendant stars.

### TO ROSINA, ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY

[Published in 1863, p. 194.]

WHILE you are chirping as the	Perhaps below it your old bard
lark	May be asleep in that churchyard,
We heard above in Prior-park,	Our races to the bridge all past

For ll. 1-8, 14 see next poem, versions *A* and *B*. 2 heard above] listened to *A*  
 3-4 Remember Widcombe, its churchyard  
 May keep away your friend and bard. *B*  
 4 be] lie *A* 5 His races be for ever past, *A* His races with you now are past *B*

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

And dust upon his dust be cast; Not such as once your nimbler feet Threw back on his. Soon friends will meet Your beauty and your growth to praise.	And wish you many natal days. 10 To make her happier some may dare To tell mama how like you are; And some will press to kiss her brow, As in fond fancy I do now.
---	--

6 upon his dust] on dust may soon *B*    7 nimbler] swifter *A*    nimble *B*    8 Threw  
 back on] Cast over *B*    on] o'er *A*    Soon friends] Friends long *A*    But friends *B*

### JANUARY 19. 1857

[Now first printed from a MS. (*A*) found in Landor's desk. Another version  
 (*B*) in a different hand has the variants noted below the poem.]

WHEN happy friends again are met  
 And dinner in due order set,  
 The youngest eyes may look around  
 For one who is not to be found;  
 And then the little Rose will say  
 "On January's nineteenth day  
 "Mama! why is that one away?  
 "He knows your birthday, and should know  
 "It ought not to be treated so:  
 "He never did the like before . . .  
 "Ask him, mama, to mine no more"

10

Let not my little Rose complain  
 Altho' I do the like again,  
 It may not be with my free will,  
 And less so if you take it ill.  
 While you are chirping as the lark  
 We listened to in Prior-park,  
 Perhaps below it your old bard  
 May lie asleep in that churchyard.  
 His r ces be for ever past,  
 And dust upon his dust be cast;  
 Not such as once your swifter feet  
 Threw back o'er his!

20

Friends long will meet

6 nineteenth] twentieth. *Between 7, 8:*

Let him make what excuse he will  
 Tell him I take it very ill

12 my] the

13 Altho' I do] Even tho' he does

14-17 not in *B*

III. 917.22

H

97

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

24

To wish mama joy many days,  
And some will even dare to praise,  
To press her hand, to kiss that brow,  
(As in fond fancy I do now)  
Until a fellow Angel come  
And take her to as blest a home.

*For 24-9 B has:*

And January shine more bright  
Surrounded with eternal light  
Late to those regions Rose will come  
And fellow Angels greet her home.

### [ROSE AYLMER]

[Published in *Letters, &c. of W. S. Landon*, 1897.]

WHERE all must love, but one can win the prize,  
The others walk away with tears and sighs.  
With tears and sighs let them walk off, while I  
Walk for three miles in better company.

After beating my brains, I picked up the only lines I wrote about her, until I heard, two years later, of her death. . . . I will transcribe them. [*Landon to Mrs. Paynter, Bath, February 1853.*]

*Title. Not in manuscript.*

### ABERTAWY

[Published in 1897.]

ALONG the seaboard sands there	I hid it; for it bled indeed.	10
grows	"Now do not hold it back," said	
The tiniest and the thorniest rose,	she,	
And tawny snapdragons stand	"No, nor deny it; let me see."	
round,	With gentle violence she prevail'd,	
Above it, on the level ground.	For when has gentle violence	
"Here," said I, "sit, or you will	fail'd?	
weary	How sat we down? who smooth'd	
Before you come to Briton Ferry."	the sand?	
And I began to pluck away	Who cured, and how was cured,	
The stubborn twisting roots.	that hand?	
"Stay! stay!"	It was a dream; which to ex-	
She cried; "your hand begins to	plain	
bleed."	I try (and so will you) in vain.	

6 Briton Ferry [This poem and the longer version on p. 94 recall a walk with Rose Aylmer near Swansea. See "The Three Roses", p. 88, l. 6. W.]

# ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

[FOR ST. AGNES'S DAY, 1839]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

When Southey was appointed Poet-Laureate, it was understood that he should not be obliged to write any birthday verses . . . You shall have as little as ever was offered on a similar occasion. [*Landor to Miss Rose Paynter, Bath, December 1838.*]

SLAIN was Agnes on the day  
That we bless for Rose's birth;  
Heaven, who took a saint away,  
Sent an Angel down to Earth.

*Title. Not in Text.* [The poet forgot that January 21 is St. Agnes's day. He says: "I believe the 19th was the martyrdom of St. Agnes—never mind if I am wrong." W.]

## TO ROSE

WITH A PORTRAIT OF PETRARCH'S LAURA \*

[Published in 1897.]

IN her green vest and golden hair,  
Laura is coming, so prepare:  
The chaste Restormel can alone  
Replace the loss of Avignon.

\* By Simone Memmi [Martini], on the inner cover of a missal. [L. The portrait was given to Mrs. afterwards Lady Graves Sawle. W.] 3 Restormel] *misprinted* Ristormel 1897.

## TO ROSE

[Published in 1897.]

IF by my death I win a tear,  
O Rose, why should I linger here?  
If my departure cost you two,  
Alas! I shall be loth to go.

## TWO BIRTHDAYS

*January 19, 1838.*

[Published in *Letters of W. S. Landor: Private and Public*, 1899. From a manuscript in Lady Graves Sawle's album.]

TEN days, ten only, intervene  
Within your natal day  
And mine, O Rose!—but wide between  
What *years* there spread away.

*Sub-title 19] 18 1899.*



# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## [VEGLIA DI PARTENZA]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

Did Mama ever let you into the secret that she sometimes writes Italian poetry? She wrote these about midnight on *the Friday*. [Italian verse] . . . I have attempted to give the following as much the air of an original as possible. [Landon to Miss Rose Paynter in Paris, from Bath, December 16, 1838.]

CALMLY fall the night's repose  
On your eyelids, blessed Rose!  
When pale morning shines again,  
It will shine on bitter pain.  
Friends who see you go away  
(Ah how many friends!) will say,  
"Blessed Rose! adieu! adieu!"  
I may bear to say it too . . .  
But alas! when far from you.

*Title.* Heading of the Italian verse as published in *The Book of Beauty for 1847*, with sub-title *By Walter Savage Landon*.

## [ROSA VICTRIX]

[Published in 1899; alluded to in the same letter to Miss Rose Paynter in Paris, where she was spending the winter with Lord and Lady Aylmer. The MS. is in Lady Graves Sawle's album.]

"CONQUER (and then give conquest o'er)  
The fickle realms of Charlemagne;  
But bring us to your native shore  
A Briton worth his golden chain."

## [TO ROSE]

[Published in 1899; from a letter dated September 23, 1839, to Miss Rose Paynter in France.]

I NEVER sprain,  
Dear Rose! my brain;  
And if I did,  
The Lord forbid  
That you should set it strait again:  
For I have seen,  
O haughty Queen!  
The tears and sighs  
That fall and rise  
Where your ungentle hand hath been.

# ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

## TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

Paris, Hôtel Vittoria, Rue Chateau Lagarde, *Half-past Twelve, May 1841.*

WELL, on Sunday I parted,  
Not very light-hearted.  
At midnight we stand  
Upon Gallic land.  
I rise very soon,  
For on Monday, at noon,  
Light or heavy my heart,  
Perforce I must start.

A little more cost  
Attends the *malle-poste*;  
But then, as to comfort,  
We surely get some for't.  
With a nymph by my side,  
As blythe as a bride,  
All the day thro'  
And all the night too.  
As we talk'd the whole day,  
We had nothing to say,  
Or little to think,  
Ere in slumber we sink.  
But this morn I'm as tired  
As could be desired.  
I, who boasted that naught  
Can tire me, am caught.  
No excuses to offer  
Against you, fair scoffer!

10

20

"Will you permit me a little digression?"

Says Rose, "We have brought the old fox to confession!"

Pooh! nonsense! all stuff!

Tho' I did not look gruff,

There was for confession little enough.

At Paris the quietest lady would laugh,

And the quietest man say "too little by half!"

30

I did not half praise the *malle-poste* as I should.

In England no public conveyance so good;

There is plenty of room for the feet and the knees,

And the arms on each side may extend as they please.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Whereas, in this matter, a thousand reproaches  
May justly be cast on our cramping mail coaches.

And now to continue. Pursuing our way 40  
From the Madeleine into the Rue St. Honoré,

What should I see,  
Fixt upon me,  
But those two bright eyes  
Which confounded the wise,  
And fix'd that FitzGerald, whom fifty beside  
To fix or to soften  
Often and often  
Vainly have tried.

"Is it *you*? "Is it *you*?" we cry both of us. "It 's 50  
An incredible time since I saw you and Fitz."

"Come and dine with us."—"No, not to-day?" "Will you fix  
On to-morrow? Be sure you're no later than six.  
Well! I find you as lively and youthful as when  
*I* was brightest of maids, and *you* boldest of men!"  
"Alas! my sweet lady! no very great praise!  
You hardly were born in the best of my days,  
When eyes bright as yours, and voices as sweet,  
With *my* voice and my *eyes* were happy to meet."

"Of my praise or my thoughts how unworthy are you! 60  
*I* was born in those days, and remember them too."

With a little less pleasure Jane looks in her glass,  
But Fitz is as hearty as ever he was.  
A wrinkle the more, or a wrinkle the less  
May creep on us men, and cause trifling distress,  
But thirty years hence you may witness how sad is  
A suspicion or shadow of one upon ladies.

And now a few words on my Florentine guest,  
Who is gone, as I wish'd, rather early to rest.  
I find my poor Walter as thin as a lath, 70  
And wish he were quietly with me at Bath,  
At morning and evening taking his fill  
Of health and fresh air upon your Primrose-hill.  
He would find, I suspect, even health and fresh air  
The sweeter for one certain nymph being there.

Tho' here is brave Walter, methinks I would rather  
My Julia, dear Julia, were now by her father,

## ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

With her fair open forehead, eyes modest and mild  
And a voice, I do think, like my own, when a child:  
I fancy her (what will not fathers suppose?)  
As beauteous, and nearly as graceful as Rose.  
Now waltzes are over, and arms disengage,  
Rose, write to me twice, if not thrice, in an age,  
And I who have almost as little to do,  
Will write, if you let me, as often to you.

80

### [TO THE SAME]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

PARIS. May 26, 1841.

ROSE, one day *walking* with her beau,  
Not *flirting*—for she walks not so—  
As we—who often see her know,

Cried, “See that vain old man! Last May  
I do declare I heard him say  
That he can march three miles a day.

He now is going into France:  
How they will quiz him if perchance  
He hazards such extravagance.

Ah! his poor head has got a twist;  
He fancies he can use his fist  
As you would, if he should be hist.

10

See how he totters in his gait!  
Neither his walk nor sight is strait:  
We soon shall earth him, sure as fate!”

### [BAY AND MYRTLE]

[Published in 1899, from a letter to Mrs. Paynter, dated January 20, 1854: “I write a quatrain to her” Mrs. Graves Sawle “which you will see on the other side.”]

No leaves adorn my writing-screen,  
And no more sunny days are mine;  
Your bays are fresh, your myrtles green,  
And gracefully they intertwine.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## [AN OPEN GRAVE]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899; and, with one variant, in H. C. Minchin's  
*Walter Savage Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

I will transcribe a few lines written when I thought I was about to die. Surely they will be my last. [*Landor to Mrs. Graves Sawle, Florence, December 23, 1859.*]

THE grave is open, soon to close	It checkt wild Youth and cheer'd
On him who sang the charms of	dull Age,
Rose,	Her truth when others were untrue,
Her pensive brow, her placid	And vows forgotten.
eye,	Friends, adieu!
Her smile, angelic purity,	The grave is open . . . O how far
Her voice so sweet, her speech so	From under that bright morning
sage	star. 10

4 smile,] smile's 1934.

## [ROSA MAJOR, OCT. 1796]

[Here printed from a manuscript; also published with minor variants in the  
catalogue of the Browning sale, 1913.]

SHE who inspires this verse shall be  
Unrival'd evermore with me,  
Until the happier man draws nigh  
Who loves her half so well as I.

*Title. Only in 1913.*

## [FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

AH what happy days were those  
When I walkt alone with Rose;  
They were days of purest gold,  
Days when mortals grow not old.

## [FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

SEE a heart of fragil shell!  
It may last tho (who can tell)  
When a sound one and a true  
May not even last for you.

## [FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

WHY does the sun	Because he knows
O'ershadow'd run	The brighter Rose
So soon to-day?	Is on her way.

April 14, '58.

W. S. LANDOR.

### PART III. IANTHE

IN a preface to *Simonidea*, 1806, Landor warned the reader to "beware of hoping he can trace, to any object within his view, the source of those affections he may discover here and there". Yet in all but one or two of the *Simonidea* poems in which Ianthe is named, and in others reprinted under the heading "Ianthe" in 1831, there is little risk in tracing at least some of the affection that inspires them to Jane Sophia, daughter of Richard Swift and wife by her first marriage, c. 1803, to her cousin Godwin Swifte, a descendant like herself of the Dean's uncle; always remembering, however, that Landor sometimes indited verses to one lady which he afterwards thought fit, with or without emendation, to offer to another. Beside poems printed in 1806 or 1831 there are some published later in which Ianthe is named and others which appear in a manuscript list of poems said by the poet to have been addressed to or inspired by her.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806.]

SOMETIMES the tempest, with departing wing,  
Has toucht the bosom of the tender Spring:  
But, though the blossom trembled on the spray,  
It smiles again and owns the cheerful day.  
So, doubts and fears o'erclouded her, whose eyes  
In every heart can make them set or rise.  
O be they banisht from a brow so fair,  
And rather come to me, than settle there.  
What other angel ever fail'd to know  
That, life once past, are neither tears nor woe? 10  
Call'd from our world, Ianthe, you shall find  
No woe, no tears—unless you look behind.

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe".]

SHE leads in solitude her youthful hours,  
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain,  
O when will Health and Pleasure come again,  
Adorn her brow, and strew her path, with flowers;  
And wandering Wit relume the roseate bowers,  
And turn and trifle with his festive train!  
Grant me, O grant this wish, ye heavenly powers,  
All other gifts, all other hopes, restrain.

3 O] Oh 1831.    5 Wit] wit 1846.    roseate] roseat 1831.    8 gifts] hope 1846.  
hopes] wish 1846.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## WRITTEN AT MALVERN

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

COME back, ye Smiles, that late forsook Each breezy path and ferny nook. Come Laughter, though the sage hath said Thou favor'st most the thought- less head: I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd To love the vacant easy mind: But now am ready, may it please, That mine be vacant and at ease. Sweet children of celestial breed, Though much invoked, repress your speed.	Laughter, though Momus gave thee birth, And said—"my darling, stay on earth." Smiles, though from Venus you arise, And live for ever in the skies. I order that not one descend But first alights upon my friend. When one upon her cheek appears, A thousand spring to life from hers. Death smites his disappointed urn, And beauty, health, and joy, return.	3 10 20
--	--	---------------

*Title. Om. 1831, 1846, but in 1831 the poem is among those headed "Ianthe".* 3  
*sage] Sage 1846. 4 favor'st] favourest 1831, 1846. 10 Though . . . invoked,] Be*  
*ruled by me . . . 1831, 1846. 15 I . . . that] Softly! and let 1831, 1846. 20*  
*beauty . . . joy] spirit, pleasuro, wit 1831, 1846.*

## [IANTHE WEEPS]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Flow, precious Tears! thus shall my rival know  
For me, not him, ye flow.  
Stay, precious Tears! ah stay: this jealous heart  
Would bid you flow apart:  
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,  
And think you rise for him.  
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,  
Nor, though I'm absent, weep.

*Title. Not in any ed. but in 1831 the poem is among those to Ianthe. 6 think]*  
*hope 1831, 1846.*

## [TO A MYRTLE]

[Published in 1806; reprinted with variants 1831, 1846. Included in 1831  
among poems headed "Ianthe".]

My little Myrtle, tell me why You threaten me that you will die. My little Myrtle seems to say	"I'll tell you that another day." Ah, while the sparing Fates allow, My little Myrtle tell me now.
--	--

*Title. Not in any edition. ll. 1-10 om. 1831, 1846.*

# IANTHE

"Well, cruel, since you will not wait

"To see how very just is Fate;

"I'll tell you what its books in-fold—

"But will you thank me when I've told? 10

"Remember then the guilty night

"You snatcht and seized me pale with fright.

"At every swell more close I prest

"With jealous care that lovely breast:

"At every tender word you said

"I cast a broader, deeper shade;

"So trembling, that I fell between

"Two angel-guards that rose unseen:

"There, pleasures, perils, all forgot,

"I clung and fainted—who would not? 20

"Yet surely, this wild transport over,

"I should, for who would not? recover.

"Yes! I was destined to return,

"And sip anew the chrystal urn;

"Where, with four other sister sprays,

"I bloom'd away my pleasant days.

"Ah, well! however that may be,

"Though sister sprays, and parent tree,

"Forced by your tyrant hand I leave,

"You greatly more, unforced, will grieve. 30

"My veins with feverish anguish burn,

"And tranquil scenes can ne'er return:

"Yet less and less, and less again,

"Each day, hour, moment, is the pain

"My little shrivell'd heart endures—

"Now can you say the same for yours?

"I, snatcht from her, and she from you,

"What wiser thing can either do,

"Than, with our joys our fears renounce,

"And leave the vacant world at once? 40

"When she you fondly love must go,

"Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease—

"I ne'er again shall wake to woe, "Nor you to happiness or peace."

11 then] you 1831, 1846. *Between ll. 11–12 1831, 1846 insert one line:*

A dying [downcast 1846] myrtle said,

12 seized] held 1846. *fright.] fright?" 1831. Between ll. 12–13*

She paused; I bowed my head. 1831.

Till life almost had fled? 1846

15 At . . . said] Of every tender word afraid 1831, 1846.

trembled so, 1831, 1846. 18 that rose] by you 1831, 1846.

1831 inserts two lines:

17 So . . . that] And

*Between ll. 18–19*

Or else your hand had never dared

To strip me from their holy ward . .

21 surely . . . wild] certainly, this 1831, 1846.

ll. 27–32 om. 1831, 1846.

33 Yet] But 1831, 1846.

24 Chrystal] crystal 1831, 1846.

37 snatcht] torn 1831, 1846.

43 I . . . wake] I never shall awake 1831, 1846.



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest,  
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:  
Ah, there the wanton would not rest,  
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay.

### ON DRAWING LOTS

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe".]

I DRAW with trembling hand my doubtful lot;  
Yet where are Fortune's frowns, if she frown not  
From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?  
O gentle Love, if there be aught beyond  
That makes the bosom calm, yet leaves it fond,  
O let her give me that—and take back this!

*Title.* Twelfth-Night 1846. [A copy of these lines was sent to Mrs. Paynter in a letter which seems to prove that they were written in 1799 and then referred to a Twelfth Night party at which Rose Aylmer was present. See *Letters, &c., of Landor*, p. 70. W.] 5 yet] and 1831; but 1846.

### TO IANTHE

WITH PETRARCH'S SONNETS.

[Published in 1806; reprinted, in part, 1831, 1846.]

BEHOLD what homage to his idol paid  
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.  
Often his lively fancy tried to cheat  
Passion's fixt gaze with some assumed conceit;  
Often behind the mould'ring column stood,  
And often started from the laureate wood.\*  
His verses still the tender heart engage,  
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age.  
Some are to nature and to passion true,  
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

10

*Title.* To Ianthe *om.* 1846      Petrarch's] Petrarca's 1846.      ll. 3-6 *om.* 1831-1846.      9 Some] Many 1831.      1806 has footnote [*om.* 1831, 1846] at end as follows:

\* Often behind the mould'ring column stood,  
And often started from the laureate wood.

He was remarkably fond of playing on the words *Colonna* and *Lauro*: in the one alluding to his patron, in the other to his mistress. [L.]

## IANTHE

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room,  
 And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;  
 While indistinct lie rude and cultur'd lands,  
 The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;  
 Alone, and destitute of every page  
 That fires the poet, or informs the sage,  
 Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove—  
 Rest upon past or cherish promist love?  
 Alas! the past I never can regain,  
 Wishes may rise and tears may flow—in vain. 10  
 Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom,  
 Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.  
 What then would passion, what would reason do?  
 Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.  
 Here will I sit, 'till heaven shall cease to lour,  
 And the bright Hesper bring the appointed hour;  
 Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,  
 Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

11 shews] brings 1846.      15 'till] till 1831, 1846.      16 the bright] happier 1831, 1846.

## TO LOVE

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846 (*Pericles and Aspasia*, 2nd ed.). Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WHERE is my heart, perfidious boy?  
 Give it, ah give it, back again!  
 I ask no more for hours of joy,  
 Lift but thy arm and burst my chain.

"Fond man, the heart we idly gave  
 "She values not, yet won't restore:  
 "She passes on from slave to slave—  
 "Go too—thy heart is thine no more."

*Title.* 1846 also has between ll. 4-5 Love's Reply.      2 ah] O 1846.      4 arm] hand 1846.  
 5 idly] rashly 1846.      6 values] prizes 1831.      8 too—] to .. 1831; , go; 1846.

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## [WITH IANTHE AT CLIFTON]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted in part 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite,  
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;  
 The sheep, that starting from the tufted thyme,  
 Untune the distant churchis mellow chime;  
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,  
 And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.  
 Pleasant I've thought it, to pursue the row'r,  
 While light and darkness seiz'd the changeful oar;  
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below  
 A net of silver round the black canoe. 10  
 Now, the last lonely solace let it be  
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,  
 Then join my friends, and let those friends believe  
 My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.  
 What voice can charm us, or what view can cheer,  
 Removed from her the restless heart holds dear!  
 Ah why then, self-tormenter, why removed?  
 Say, thou who lovest, art thou not beloved?  
 Resume thy courage, give thy sorrows o'er—  
 Will not her bosom press thy bosom more! 20  
 Her clasping arms around thy neck entwine,  
 Her gentle hand be linkt again in thine!  
 Will not her lips their honied dews impart,  
 And will not rapture swell her answering heart?  
 Soon shall thy exile and thy grief be closed,  
 By whom but thee, for whom but her, imposed!  
 Through seven days, imperfect, waste and wild,  
 In seven days the whole creation smil'd.

*Title.* Not in any edition. 2 height] hight 1831, 1846. 4 churchis] church's 1846.  
 5 horror] horror 1831. 7 row'r] rower 1831, 1846. 8 seiz'd] seize 1831, 1846.  
 9 Naiads] Naids 1831. 11 let] must 1831, 1846. ll. 15-28 om. in 1831, 1846.

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WILL you not come, my little girl!  
 What on this sand-hill can I do?  
 What, but around my finger twirl  
 The sever'd lock I stole from you?

## IANTHE

Come, or the wanton wind shall have it,  
 And every whispering breeze shall tell—  
 How, when you snatcht it back, you gave it,  
 And pouted that you snatcht so well.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

I OFTEN ask upon whose arm she leans,	Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul—
She whom I dearly love;	But never break its rest.
And if she visit much the crowded scenes	O let some faithful lover, absent long,
Where mimic passions move.	To sudden bliss return; 10
Then Landor's name shall tremble	
There, mighty powers! assert your just controul,	from her tongue,
Alarm her thoughtless breast;	Her cheek through tears shall burn.

5 controul] control 1846.

## TO MY WATCH

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, and in part with added lines 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

Go, sole companion of a joyless bed,  
 Nor drive the slumbers from this frantic head.  
 Point not how slow malignant Time departs,  
 How ill agree thy motion and my heart's.  
 Why so averse, ye hours, to Cambria's coast?  
 Why cannot sleep still hang o'er treasures lost?  
 O might I dream, thus, meeting on the way,  
 The sweet Ianthe chides my long delay!

"Ah, why this absence! why, when men possess,  
 "Prize they the gift, but love the giver less! 10  
 "Perhaps some rival I have lived to see,  
 "Or hear some other youth has charms for me.  
 "No—in this bosom none shall ever share,  
 "Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!  
 "If, wing'd with amorous fear, the unfetter'd slave

*Title. Om. 1846. ll. 1-10 om. 1846. 7 O . . . thus] And let me dream that 1831. 8 The . . . chides] Ianthe chides, as once, 1831. 10 Prize] Hold 1831. In 1846 the poem begins with two lines followed by two more recast from earlier versions as below:*

Could but the dream of night return by day  
 And thus again the true Ianthe say,  
 "Altho' some other I should live to see  
 As fond, no other can have charms for me.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

"Stole back for you the heart she rashly gave,  
 "O call it feeble, call it not untrue—  
 "Its destination, though it fail'd, was you."

So, to some distant isle, the unconscious dove  
 Bears at her breast the billet dear to love;  
 But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,  
 On some hard rock, or desert beach, between.

20

16 for . . . the] the struggling 1846. For l. 17 1846 substitutes:

Weak they may call it, weak, but not untrue;

18 you." you. 1831, 1846. [Ianthé is the imaginary speaker in 1806 of ll. 9-18; in 1831 of ll. 9-22; in 1846 of 2 added + 2 recast ll. + ll. 13-22. Quotation marks before first words of ll. 10-18 as in 1806 are om. in later edd.] 19 isle] ile 1831.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted with addition 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

As round the parting ray the busy notes In eddying circles play'd, A little bird pour'd many plaintive notes Beneath an elder's shade.	Silence and soft inaction please as much The self-abandon'd breast, Which the chaste Muse hath ever deign'd to touch, And Love hath once possess.
---	--

My soul was tranquil as the scene around, Ianthe at my side: Both leaning silent on the turfy mound, Lowly, and soft, and wide.	"Hark! hear you not the night- ingale?"—I said, To strike her with surprise— "The nightingale?" she cried, and raised her head, And beam'd with brighter eyes—
--	---

I had not lookt, that evening, for the part One hand could disengage, 10 To make her arms cling round me, with a start My bosom must assuage.	"Before I knew him, as he piped above, 21 "At every thrilling swell "I loved him—for he seem'd to sing of love— "So constant, and so well."
--	--

3 A . . . plaintive] Some little bird threw dull and broken 1846. 4 Beneath]  
 Amid 1846. 14 The self-abandon'd] Sometimes the stiller 1846. For l. 15 1846  
 substitutes:

Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch

16 hath once] in peace 1846. 21 I . . . he] you said 'twas he that 1831, 1846.  
 23 "I . . . sing] He pleas'd [pleased 1831] me more and more, he sang 1831, 1846.  
 24 constant, and] plaintively, 1831, 1846. After l. 24 1831, 1846 edd. have four  
 lines written in 1827:

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird

Pour'd love in every strain!

Ye days, when [love 1831 misprint] true was every idle word,

Return, return again!

# IANTHE

## [TO A PORTRAIT PAINTER]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé". A longer version with variants noted below has been found in a letter to the poet's sister written about 1808. See note at end of volume.]

O THOU whose happy pencil strays	What mists athwart my temples
Where I am call'd nor dare to gaze,	fly,
But lower my eye and check my	Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
tongue;	With torturing care her graceful
O, if thou valu'st peaceful days,	zone!
Pursue the ringlets sunny maze,	For all that sparkles from her eye
And dwell not on those lips too	I could not look while thou art by,
long.	Nor could I cease were I alone.

*Title. Not in any ed.* 2 am . . . to], forbidden, dare not *MS.* 5 ringlets] ringlet's  
 1846. sunny] airy *MS.* 6 And] But *MS.* Between ll. 6-7 *MS.* has six  
 lines:

With steady hand I watch thee stain  
 Each opening flower thro beauty's reign  
 And think thee bold, but own thee blest.  
 How motionless my feet remain!  
 With what amazement with what pain  
 I envy thee thy power, thy rest.

8 Now] As *MS.* 12 could . . . cease] cease to look *MS.*

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

AWAY my verse; and never fear,	Some happier graces could I lend
As men before such beauty do;	That in her memory you should
On you she will not look severe,	live,
She will not turn her eyes from	Some little blemishes might blend..
you.	For it would please her to forgive.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

Ask me not . . a voice severe  
 Tells me . . for it gives me pain.  
 Peace! sweet maid! the hour is near  
 When I cannot ask again.

3 sweet . . . hour] the hour, too sure, 1846. 4 cannot] can not 1846.

[Published in 1831, where printed, perhaps in error, among poems headed "Ianthé".]

My basil, to whose fragrance, from the breast  
 Of Venus, even the myrtle bends her head,  
 Say that I broke upon thy sunny rest  
 And dreams perhaps by quiet fancies fed,

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Not thoughtless nor in malice; the desire  
 That courtly hands should take thee, prompted mine.  
 His only daughter thus some country squire  
 Sends to her town-bred cousins, spruce and fine:  
 He looks for something . . can it then be grace?  
 The want that wounds it, softens too his heart; 10  
 The blushes leave his clear bald brow apace,  
 And the stiff steed in bearded pride may start.

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted in *Imaginary Conversation*, "Dante and Beatrice", *Hood's Magazine*, March 1845, and so in 1846.]

BID my bosom cease to grieve!      What, my freedom to receive?  
 Bid these eyes fresh objects see!      Broken hearts, are they the free?  
 Where 's the comfort to believe      For another can I live  
 Nonewouldoncehaverival'dme?      If I may not live for thee!  
 1 my] this 1845, 1846.      4 would] might 1845, 1846.      8 If] When 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

PLEASURE! why thus desert the      O'er every youthful charm to  
 heart      stray,  
 In its spring-tide!      To gaze, to touch . .  
 I could have seen her, I could part,      Pleasure! why take so much away,  
 And . . but have sigh'd!      Or give so much!

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; part printed 1846.]

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,      The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
 Alcestris rises from the shades;      In distant ages you and me.  
 Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse      The tear for fading beauty check,  
 that gives      For passing glory cease to sigh;  
 Immortal youth to mortal maids.      One form shall rise above the  
 Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil      wreck, 11  
 Hide all the peopled hills you see,      One name, Ianthe, shall not die.

8 In . . . ages] These many summers 1846.      11. 9-12 om. 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846. For an earlier version see p. 3.]

DARLING Shell, where hast thou      Whether thou hast tuned the  
 been?      dance  
 West or east what heard or seen?      To the maids of ocean  
 From what pastimes art thou come,      Know I not . . but Ignorance  
 Can we make amends at home?      Never hurts devotion.

2 east what] East? or 1846.

## IANTHE

<p>This I know, Ianthe's Shell,          I must ever love thee well,     10          Tho' too little to resound          While the Nereids dance around;</p> <p>For, of all the shells that are,          Thou art sure the brightest:          Thou, Ianthe's infant care,          Most these eyes delightest.</p>	<p>To thy early aid she owes          Teethlike budding snowdrop rows:          And what other shell can say,          On her bosom once I lay?     20</p> <p>That which into Cyprus bore          Venus from her native sea,          (Pride of shells!) was never more          Dear to her than thou to me.</p>
--	--

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

<p>FROM heaven descend two gifts          alone;          The graceful line's eternal zone          And Beauty, that too soon          must die.          Exposed and lonely Genius stands,          Like Memnon in the Egyptian          sands,          At whom barbarian javelins fly.</p>	<p>For mutual succour heaven de-          signed          The lovely form and vigorous mind          To seek each other and unite.          Genius! thy wing shall beat down          Hate,     10          And Beauty tell her fears at          Fate          Until her rescuer met her sight.</p>
---	--

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

<p>CIRCE, who bore the diadem          O'er every head we see,          Pursued by thousands, turn'd          from them          And fill'd her cup for me.</p>	<p>She seiz'd what little was design'd          To catch the transient view;          For thee, sweet maid, she left          behind          The tender and the true.</p>
---	--

6 the] a 1846, 1876.     7, sweet maid,] alone 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

<p>I SADDEN while I view again          Smiles that for me the Graces          wreathed.          Sure my last kiss those lips re-          tain          And breathe the very vow they          breathed . .</p> <p>At peace, in sorrow, far or near,          Constant and fond she still          would be,</p>	<p>And absence should the more en-          dear          The sigh to her it woke for me.          Till its long hours have past away,          Sweet image, bid my bosom          rest.     10          Vain hope! yet shalt thou night          and day,          Sweet image, to this heart be          prest.</p>
--	---

8 to . . . it] it only 1846.     9 its long] the slow 1846.



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,  
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;  
She bent her head before my kiss . .  
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Scarce have I told her I must part,  
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,  
Nor shuns the kiss . . alas! my heart,  
Hers never was the heart for you.

5 Scarce . . . I] Now I have 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

So late removed from him she swore,  
With clasping arms and vows and tears,  
In life and death she would adore,  
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears . .

Can she forswear? can she forget?  
Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! . . soft!  
Conscience must come, and bring Regret . .  
These let her feel! nor these too oft!

4 endears . . ] endears. 1846.      6 Vengeance! . . soft!] Vengeance! Soft! 1846.      7  
Regret] regret 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

O FOND, but fickle and untrue,	Too swiftly roll'd the wheels
Ianthé take my last adieu.	when last
Your heart one day will ask you	These woods and airy downs we
why	past.
You forced from me this farewell	Fain would we trace the winding
sigh.	path,
Have you not feign'd that friends	And hardly wisht for blissful Bath.
reprove	At every spring you caught my
The mask of Friendship worn by	arm,
Love?	And every pebble roll'd alarm.
Feign'd, that they whisper'd you	On me was turn'd that face divine,
should be	The view was on the right so
The same to others as to me?	fine:
Ah! little knew they what they said!	I smiled . . those conscious eyes
How would they blush to be	withdrew . .
obey'd!	The left was now the finer view. 20

10

## IANTHE

Each trembled for detected wiles, And blushes tinged our fading smiles. But Love turns Terror into jest . .	We laught, we kist, and we confest. Laugh, kisses, confidence are past, And Love goes too . . but goes the last.
--	---

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

ALL tender thoughts that e'er possest The human brain or human breast, Center in mine for thee . .	Excepting one . . and that must thou Contribute; come, conferr it now, <i>Grateful</i> O let me be!
---	--

5 conferr] confer 1846.      6 O . . . me] I fain would 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

IANTHE! you resolve to cross the sea! A path forbidden <i>me</i> ! Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds Upon the mountain-heads, How often we have watcht him laying down His brow, and dropt our own Against each other's, and how faint and short And sliding the support! What will succede it now? Mine is unblest,	Ianthe! nor will rest      10 But on the very thought that swells with pain. O bid me hope again! O give me back what Earth, what (without you) Not Heaven itself can do— One of the golden days that we have past, And let it be my last! Or else the gift would be, however sweet, Fragile and incomplete.
--	--

1 resolve] are call'd 1846.      9 succede] succeed 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

MILD is the parting year, and sweet  
 The odour of the falling spray;  
 Life passes on more rudely fleet,  
 And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,  
 But mourn that never must there fall  
 Or on my breast or on my tomb  
 The tear that would have soothed it all.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face  
(’Twas when some fifty long had settled there  
And intermarried and brancht off awide)  
She threw herself upon her couch, and wept:  
On this side hung her head, and over that  
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass  
That made the men as faithless.

But when you  
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear  
That they were only vestiges of smiles,  
Or the impression of some amorous hair  
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,  
Which had been lying there all night perhaps  
Upon a skin so soft . . . *No, no, you said,  
Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here . . .  
Well, and what matters it . . . while you are too!*

10

1 Helen] [see Ovid, *Metam.*, xv. 232 ff. W.] 11 roseat] roseate 1846. 13-15  
*roman, quoted, not italics, in 1846.* 15 you are] thou art 1846.

### TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDÈ, ABOUT TO MARRY THE DUC DE LUXEMBOURG

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846. See note at end of the volume.]

SAY ye, that years roll on and ne’er return?  
Say ye, the Sun who leaves them all behind,  
Their great creator, cannot bring one back  
With all his force, tho he draw worlds around? . . .  
Witness me, little streams! that meet before  
My happy dwelling; witness, Africo  
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once  
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright  
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,  
When the tall cypress o’er the Doccia  
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.

10

Go, and go happy, pride of my past days  
And solace of my present, thou whom Fate  
Alone hath severed from me! One step higher  
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:  
Friendship, with faltering accent, says Depart!  
And take the highest seat below the crown’d.

*Title. Not in 1831.* 3 cannot] can not 1846. 12 pride] light 1846. 13  
And solace] Consoler 1846. 14 hath severed] could sever 1846.

# IANTHE

## THE FAT SUITOR

[Published in *The Monthly Repository (High and Low Life in Italy)* April 1838; reprinted 1858.]

O THOU on whom Rubens had revel'd! O fatter  
Than Bacchus, and uglier than Faun or than Satyr!  
What was it thy impudence breath'd in the ear  
Of Cœnanthe, all redden'd with shame and with fear?  
I'll cover thy carcase with blanket and sheet  
And, by Jove, she shall sleep on't the first time we meet.

*Title. Only in 1858.* 2 Bacchus, and] Silenus, than 1858. 4 Cœnanthe] Ianthe 1858. 5 I'll] We will 1858. 6, by . . . time] make it a matras as soon as 1858.

[Published with Italian version in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1838; reprinted, without Italian, in 1846.]

How many voices gaily sing,  
"O happy morn, O happy spring  
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me  
A softer voice from Memory,  
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown  
With years, think too what griefs are gone!"

W. S. L. [om. 1846.]

## TO IANTHE [IN VIENNA]

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 26, 1838; reprinted in part 1846. Also printed from manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895 (i. 200). See note at end of volume.]

IANTHE! since our parting day	About my temples what a hum
Pleasure and you were long away.	Of freshly wakened thoughts is
Leave you then all that strove to	come!
please	Ah! not without a throb or two
In proud Vienna's palaces	That shake me as they used to
To soothe your Landor's heart	do. 10
agen	Where alders rise up dark and
And roam once more our hazel	dense
glen?	But just behind the wayside fence,

*Title. Om. 1846.* ll. 1-10 om. 1846. 2 long] far 1895.  
*Between ll. 6, 7*

Formerly you have held my hand  
Along the lane where now I stand,  
In idle sadness looking round  
The lonely disenchanted ground,  
And take my pencil out, and wait  
To lay the paper on this gate. 1895.

8 thoughts] thought 1895. ll. 11, 12 om. in 1895.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

A stone there is in yonder nook      Untoward stone! and never quite  
Which once I borrowed of the      (Tho' often very near it) right, 20  
brook;  
And the first hind who fain would      And putting to sore shifts my wit  
cross      To roll it out, then stedly it,  
Must leap five yards or feel its loss.      And then to prove that it must be  
You sate beside me on that stone,      Too hard for any one but me.  
Rather (not much) too wide for one.      Ianthe haste! ere June declines  
We'll write upon it all these lines.

W. S. L.

ll. 15-16 om. 1846.      Between ll. 18, 19:

Suggesting to our arms and knees  
Most whimsical contrivances. 1895.

19 Untoward] Unsteady 1895.      22 stedly] steady 1846.      25 haste] come 1895.  
Signature om. 1846.

[Included in Imaginary Conversation, "Tasso and Cornelia" and so published in  
*Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1843; so reprinted 1846 A. Also reprinted among  
Ianthe poems 1846 B. Text 1843.]

*Tasso*. And now, Leonora! you shall hear my last verses! . . . Ah! you press my  
hand once more. Drop it . . . or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there  
silent [*Blackwood's*, 1843.]

MANY, well I know, there are      Hears and shares the griefs you  
Ready in your joys to share,      tell; 10  
And (I never blame it) you      Him you ever call apart  
Are almost as ready too.      When the springs o'erflow the  
But when comes the darker day,      heart;  
And those friends have dropt away;      For you know that he alone  
Which is there among them all      Wishes they were *but* his own.  
You should, if you could, recall?      Give, while these he may divide,  
One, who wisely loves, and well,      Smiles to all the world beside.

7 Which] Who 1846 B.      8 should] would 1846 B.      recall] recal 1846 B.

### LINES

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1846; reprinted *Works*, 1846.]

ONE year ago, my path was green,      Such love did a sweet maid bestow,  
My footstep light, my brow serene:      One year ago!  
Alas! and could it have been so  
One year ago?  
There is a love that is to last,  
When the hot days of youth are  
past:      thy bow,  
One year ago!

*Title and sub-title, only in Keepsake.*

## IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE torch of Love dispels the gloom  
Of life, and animates the tomb;  
But never let it idly flare  
On gazers in the open air,  
Nor turn it quite away from one  
To whom it serves for moon and sun,  
And who alike in night or day  
Without it could not find his way.

1 torch] touch 1846. *A palpable misprint, here corrected.*

[Published in 1846.]

SHE I love (alas in vain!)  
Floats before my slumbering eyes:  
When she comes she lulls my pain,  
When she goes what pangs arise!  
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,  
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!  
If even thus she soothe my sighs,  
Never let me wake again!

[Published in 1846.]

THOU hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire  
In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.  
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,  
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:  
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost  
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,  
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host  
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

[Published in 1846.]

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before  
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:  
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;  
The shore repels it; it returns again.

[Published in 1846.]

LIE, my fond heart at rest,  
She never can be ours.  
Why strike upon my breast  
The slowly passing hours?

Ah! breathe not out the name!  
That fatal folly stay!  
Conceal the eternal flame,  
And tortured ne'er betray.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE heart you cherish can not change;  
The fancy, faint and fond,  
Has never more the wish to range  
Nor power to rise beyond.

[Published in 1846. Another version, sent to Southey in 1808, printed in Forster's  
*Londor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,  
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:  
Grant only (and I ask no more),  
Let love remain that little while.

2 heavenly] playful 1869. For l. 3, 1869 has:  
Kiss me, and grant what I implore,

[Published in 1846.]

It often comes into my head  
That we may dream when we are dead,  
But I am far from sure we do.  
O that it were so! then my rest  
Would be indeed among the blest;  
I should for ever dream of you.

[Published in 1846.]

I CAN not tell, not I, why she  
Awhile so gracious, now should be  
So grave: I can not tell you why  
The violet hangs its head awry.  
It shall be cull'd, it shall be worn,  
In spite of every sign of scorn,  
Dark look, and overhanging thorn.

### IANTHE'S TROUBLES

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858; and, from a MS. book, in H. C. Minchin's  
*Walter Savage Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

FROM you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples down a sunny river;  
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

*Title. Not in 1846. To a Child MS. ll. 1-2=ll. 3-4 in 1858. ll. 3-4=ll. 1-2 in 1858. 1 Ianthe] blest maiden MS. 2 down] in 1858. 4 blithe] blythe 1858, MS.*

## IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

<p>WHILE you, my love, are by,          How fast the moments fly!              Yet who could wish them                  slower?          Alas! to think ere long          Your converse and your song              Can reach my ear no more.          O let the thought too rest          Upon your gentle breast,              Where many kind ones dwell;</p>	<p>And then perhaps at least      10          I may partake a feast              None e'er enjoy'd so well.          Why runs in waste away          Such music, day by day,              When every little wave          Of its melodious rill          Would slake my thirst, until              I quench it in the grave.</p>
---	--

[Published in 1846. Also printed with variants from a letter to Lady Blessington  
in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

<p>THESE are the sights I love to see:          I love to see around          Youths breathing hard on bended              knee,          Upon that holy ground</p>	<p>My flowers have covered: all the              while          I stand above the rest;          I feel within the angelic smile,          I bless, and I am blest.</p>
---	---

Before *l. 1* 1895 has this quatrain (see vol. ii, p. 464):

That lovely name adorns my song  
 And dwells upon my heart,  
 Tremble then every other tongue!  
 Tears from all eyes then start.

4 ground] ground. 1895.      5 My . . . covered:] I wave the incense 1895

## TEARS

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

MINE fall, and yet a tear of hers  
 Would swell, not soothe their pain.  
 Ah! if she look but at these tears,  
 They do not fall in vain.

*Title. Only in 1858.*

[Published in 1846.]

<p>IF mutable is she I love,          If rising doubts demand their              place,          I would adjure them not to move          Beyond her fascinating face.          Let it be question'd, while there              flashes          A liquid light of fleeting blue,</p>	<p>Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes,          Plays on the surface or peeps              through.          With every word let there appear          So modest yet so sweet a smile,          That he who hopes must gently fear,          Who fears may fondly hope the              while.      12</p>
--	--



# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## DIFFERENCE IN TEARS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.

THERE are some tears we would not wish to dry,  
And some that sting before they drop and die.  
Ah! well may be imagined of the two  
Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.  
Such, ere the lover sinks into the friend,  
On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

*Title. Only in 1858.*

[Published in 1846.]

I HOPE indeed ere long	But in the Muse's bower
To hear again the song	At least, O gentle power
Round which so many throng	Of harmony! one hour
Of great and gay:	Of many a day
Whether I shall or not	Devote to her I will,
Draw from Fate's hand that lot	And cling to her until
I'd give a prophet all I'm worth	They ring the bell for life to run
to say.	away.

[Published in 1846.]

I LOVE to hear that men are bound	I know not whether I may bear
By your enchanting links of sound:	To see it all, as well as hear;
I love to hear that none rebell	And never shall I clearly know
Against your beauty's silent spell.	Unless you nod and tell me so.

[Published in 1846.]

BELOVED the last! beloved the	Afar the youngest of the train
most!	Beheld (but fear'd and aided
With willing arms and brow	not)
benign	10
Receive a bosom tempest-tost,	A minstrel from the billowy main
And bid it ever beat to thine.	Borne breathless near her coral
	grot.
The Nereid maids, in days of yore,	Then terror fled, and pity rose . .
Saw the lost pilot loose the	"Ah me!" she cried, "I come
helm,	too late!
Saw the wreck blacken all the	Rather than not have sooth'd his
shore,	woes,
And every wave some head	I would, but may not, share his
o'erwhelm.	fate."

## IANTHE

<p>She rais'd his hand. "What hand like this Could reach the heart athwart the lyre! What lips like these return my kiss, Or breathe, incessant, soft de- sire!"</p>	<p>From eve to morn, from morn to eve, She gazed his features o'er and o'er, And those who love and who believe May hear her sigh along the shore.</p>
--	--

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ART thou afraid the adorer's prayer  
Be overheard? that fear resign.  
He waves the incense with such care  
It leaves no stain upon the shrine.

[Published in 1846.]

You see the worst of love, but not the best,  
Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.  
Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,  
In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

[Published in 1846.]

ACCORDING to eternal laws  
( 'Tis useless to inquire the cause)  
The gates of fame and of the grave  
Stand under the same architrave,  
So I would rather some time yet  
Play on with you, my little pet!

[Published in 1846.]

ONE pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,  
A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.  
She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,  
Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.  
I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;  
I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew  
She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt  
Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

<p>You tell me I must come again          Now buds and blooms appear:          Ah! never fell one word in vain          Of yours on mortal ear.          You say the birds are busy now          In hedgerow, brake, and grove,          And slant their eyes to find the          bough          That best conceals their love:</p>	<p>How many warble from the spray!          How many on the wing! 10          "Yet, yet," say you, "one voice          away          I miss the sound of spring."          How little could that voice express,          Beloved, when we met!          But other sounds hath tenderness,          Which neither shall forget.</p>
--	--

[Published in 1846.]

<p>RETIRED this hour from wonder-          ing crowds          And flower-fed poets swathed in          clouds,          Now the dull dust is blown away,          Ianthe, list to what I say.          Verse is not always sure to please          For lightness, readiness, and ease;          Romantic ladies like it not          Unless its streams are strong and          hot          As Melton-Mowbray stables when          Ill-favored frost comes back again.</p>	<p>Tell me no more you feel a pride 11          To be for ever at my side,          To think your beauty will be read          When all who pine for it are dead.          I hate a pomp and a parade          Of what should ever rest in shade;          What not the slenderest ray should          reach,          Nor whispered breath of guarded          speech:          There even Memory should sit          Absorbed, and almost doubting          it. 20</p>
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8 streams] steams *Landor's MS. correction*, 1846.

[Published in 1846.]

A TIME will come when absence, grief, and years,  
 Shall change the form and voice that please you now,  
 When you perplext shall ask, "And fell my tears  
 Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"

It must be so, Ianthe! but to think  
 Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,  
 Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:  
 Believe it not: 'tis what I'll never do.

[Published in 1846.]

HAVE I, this moment, led thee from the beach  
 Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!  
 Stand there a little while, and wave once more  
 That 'kerchief; but may none upon the shore

## IANTHE

Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!  
 Dizzily on the plashing water swim  
 My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain  
 Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.  
 In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone  
 Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone. 10  
 O could I hear the creaking of the mast!  
 I curst it present, I regret it past.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,  
 And I am solaced now you tell me when.  
 Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,  
 And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.  
 Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast  
 My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,  
 I blush at every tear I have repress,  
 And one is starting to reprove the rest.

[Published in 1846.]

YE walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs,  
 Say not, blest walls, one word.  
 Remember, but keep safe from ears and eyes  
 All you have seen and heard.\*

\* First pencilled thus,

O murs! temoins des plus heureux soupirs,  
 N'en dites mot: gardez nos souvenirs.

[L.]

[Published in 1846.]

<p>THE bough beneath me shakes and          swings.          While tender love wants most          your wings          Why are you flying from our          nest?          That love, first opened by your          beak,          You taught to peck, and then          to speak          The few short words you          liked the best,          Come back again, soft cower-          ing breast!</p>	<p>Do not you hear or mind my          call?          Come back! come back! or I may          fall          From my high branch to one          below; <span style="float: right;">10</span>          For there are many in our trees,          And part your flight and part the          breeze          May shake me where I would          not go.          Ah! do not then desert me          so!</p>
--	--

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## IANTHE'S LETTER

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WE will not argue, if you say	We will not argue (but why tell
My sorrows when I went away	So false a tale?) that scarcely
Were not for you alone;	fell
For there were many very dear,	My tears where mostly due.
Altho' at dawn they came not	I can not think who told you so:
near,	I shed (about the rest I know 11
As you did, yet who griev'd when	Nothing at all) the first and last
I was gone.	for you.

8 scarcely] scantily *Landor's manuscript correction 1846.*

[Published in 1846.]

ON the smooth brow and clustering hair  
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine;  
The duller olive I would wear,  
Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

[Published in 1846.]

ALONG this coast I led the vacant Hours  
To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,  
And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers  
With one unconscious inobservant hand,  
While crept the other by degrees more near  
Until it rose the cherisht form around,  
And prest it closer, only that the ear  
Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard sound.

[Published in 1846.]

PURSUIITS! alas, I now have none,	Catches her coming first afield,
But idling where were once pur-	And she looks pale tho' spring
suits,	is near;
Often, all morning quite alone,	I chase the violets, that would
I sit upon those twisted roots	hide 9
Which rise above the grass, and	Their little prudish heads away,
shield	And argue with the rills, that
Our harebell, when the churlish	chide
year	When we discover them at play.

12 we] I *Landor's manuscript correction 1846.*

## IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No, thou hast never griev'd but I griev'd too;  
Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine  
Could answer it. The sun himself can give  
But little colour to the desert sands.

[Published in 1846.]

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow  
If not quite dim, yet rather so,  
Still yours from others they shall know  
Twenty years hence.  
Twenty years hence tho' it may hap  
That I be call'd to take a nap  
In a cool cell where thunder-clap  
Was never heard.  
There breathe but o'er my arch of grass  
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,  
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,  
That winged word.

10

[Published in 1846.]

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,	" <i>Can I be always by your side?</i> "
Tho' youth, where you are, long	No; but the hours you can, you
will stay,	must,
But when my summer days are	Nor rise at Death's approaching
gone,	stride,
And my autumnal haste away.	Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

[Published in 1846.]

Is it no dream that I am he	<i>Those</i> in few hours would sure be
Whom one awake all night	past,
Rose ere the earliest birds to	His traces <i>that</i> might show;
see,	Between whose knees, unseen, un-
And met by dawn's red light;	heard,
Who, when the wintry lamps were	The honest mastiff came,
spent	Nor fear'd he; no, nor was he fear'd:
And all was drear and dark,	Tell me, am I the same?
Against the rugged pear-tree leant	O come! the same dull stars we'll
While ice crackt off the bark;	see,
Who little heeded sleet and blast,	The same o'er-clouded moon.
But much the falling snow;	O come! and tell me am I he?
10	O tell me, tell me soon.
	20

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### WHAT NEWS

[Published in *Works*, 1846. The poem had been sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, postmarked Bath Jy. 21, 1839.]

HERE, ever since you went abroad, I catch at times, at times I miss  
If there be change, no change The sight, the tone, I know so  
I see, well.  
I only walk our wonted road, Only two months since you stood  
The road is only walkt by here!  
me. Two shortest months! then tell  
Yes; I forgot; a change there is; me why 10  
Was it of *that* you bade me Voices are harsher than they were,  
tell? And tears are longer ere they dry.

*Title. Not in 1846.* 1 Since you, my true love, went abroad 1839. 7 I think I  
catch, and grieve to miss 1839. 8 sight] Light 1839. 10 Two shortest months]  
Two and five days 1839.

### [AN ANT HILL]

[Published in the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929. Like the preceding poem, 'What News', it had been sent to Lady Blessington in 1839 in manuscript. See note at end of volume.]

I would not leave my ant-hill seat,  
The softest in the world, to meet  
(Fair one!) the greatest of the great

But some occasions may compell  
Him who loves idleness so well  
To rise and, what he thinks, to tell.

Then, if you love yourself and me,  
Never in future let us see  
Things which so strangely disagree.

Both of us (and no wonder) stare, 10  
Why! you have planted in your hair  
A flower strait upright, I declare!

No child of earth should look so bold.  
What! can it fancy it lays hold  
On nothing but its native mould!

All in your presence are but weeds:  
Let them all bend and hang their heads  
As modest nuns do, telling beads,

*Title. Not in any edition.*

## IANTHE

And wait like slaves who leave their own  
Dear country, and are first in one  
Where what is ordered must be done.

20

See! it looks lovelier for submiss  
And meek demeanour, such as this:  
I'll give it . . . I said *it* . . . a kiss.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

SILENT, you say, I'm grown of late,  
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?  
Ah! that alone is truly pain  
Of which we never can complain.

[Published in 1846.]

TELL me not things past all belief;  
One truth in you I prove;  
The flame of anger, bright and brief,  
Sharpens the barb of Love.

[Published in 1846.]

LITTLE it interests me how	(Ah! and there was) when every
Some insolent usurper now	scene
Divides your narrow chair;	Was brightened by your eyes.
Little heed I whose hand is placed	And dare you ask what you have
(No, nor how far) around your waist,	done? 10
Or paddles in your hair.	My answer, take it, is but one . .
A time, a time there may have been	The weak have taught the wise.

[Published in 1846.]

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
By every word and smile deceived.  
Another man would hope no more;  
Nor hope I what I hoped before:  
But let not this last wish be vain;  
Deceive, deceive me once again!

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak  
Four not exempt from pride some future day.  
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek  
Over my open volume you will say,  
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

Ah! could I think there's nought of ill  
In what you do, and love you still!  
I have the power for only half  
My wish: you know it, and you laugh.

3 half] *A comma after half is here omitted.*

[Published in 1846.]

TEARS, and tears only, are these eyes that late  
In thine could contemplate  
Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise . .  
No longer to these eyes  
Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft  
Of motion, Grief is left.

4 eyes] eyes! 1846. *Landor deleted ! in a copy of 1846 ed.*

[Published in 1846.]

THE Loves who many years held all my mind,  
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.  
Among my books a feather here and there  
Tells what the inmates of my study were.  
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,  
They only serve to mark the left-off place.  
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,  
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;  
But in the desert where no herb is green  
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

10

[Published in 1846.]

DULL is my verse: not even thou  
Who movest many cares away  
From this lone breast and weary brow,  
Canst make, as once, its fountain play;  
No, nor those gentle words that now  
Support my heart to hear thee say:  
"The bird upon its lonely bough  
Sings sweetest at the close of day."

[Published in 1846.]

THE maid I love ne'er thought of me  
Amid the scenes of gaiety;  
But when her heart or mine sank low,  
Ah then it was no longer so.

## IANTHE

From the slant palm she rais'd her head,  
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.  
Angels! some future day for this,  
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

SOMETHING (ah! tell me what) there is  
To cause that melting tone.  
I fear a thought has gone amiss,  
Returning quite alone.

[Published in 1846.]

THOU pityest; and why hidest thou thy pity?  
Let the warm springs of thy full heart gush forth  
Before the surface cool: no fear that ever  
The inner fountain a fresh stream deny.

[Published in 1846.]

ABSENT is she thou lovest? be it so;  
Yet there is what should drive away thy woe  
And make the night less gloomy than the day.  
Absent she may be; yet her love appears  
Close by; and thro' the labyrinth of the ears  
Her voice's clue to the prone heart makes way.

[Published in 1846.]

No, my own love of other years!	The pearl of life we would dis-
No, it must never be.	solve
Much rests with you that yet	And each the cup might share.
endears,	You show that truth can ne'er
Alas! but what with me?	decay,
Could those bright years o'er me	Whatever fate befalls; 10
revolve	I, that the myrtle and the bay
So gay, o'er you so fair,	Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

[Published in 1846.]

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"  
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,  
Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes,  
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory  
Where you but once have been must ever be,  
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No charm can stay, no medicine can assuage,  
The sad incurable disease of age;  
Only the hand in youth more warmly prest  
Makes soft the couch and calms the final rest.

### TO J. S.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

MANY may yet recal the hours	But who among them all foresaw
That saw thy lover's chosen	How the sad snows which never
flowers	thaw
Nodding and dancing in the shade	Upon that head one day should
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:	lie,
On many a brain is pictured yet	And love but glimmer from that
Thy languid eye's dim violet:	eye! <span style="float:right">10</span>

*To J. S. [sc. Jane Sophia Swift] Title. Only in 1858. 1 recal] recall 1858. 8*  
*which] that 1858.*

[Sent to Forster about November 1844; published 1846; reprinted 1876.]

YES; I write verses now and then,	Thro' gallopade I can not swing
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,	The entangling blooms of Beauty's
No longer talkt of by young men	spring:
As rather clever:	I can not say the tender thing,
	Be 't true or false, <span style="float:right">20</span>
In the last quarter are my eyes,	
You see it by their form and	And am beginning to opine
size;	Those girls are only half-divine
Is it not time then to be wise?	Whose waists yon wicked boys
Or now or never.	entwine
	In giddy waltz.
Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!	I fear that arm above that shoulder,
While Time allows the short	I wish them wiser, graver, older,
reprieve, <span style="float:right">10</span>	Sedater, and no harm if colder
Just look at me! would you believe	And panting less.
'Twas once a lover?	

I can not clear the five-bar gate,	Ah! people were not half so wild
But, trying first its timber's state,	In former days, when, starchly
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and	mild, <span style="float:right">30</span>
wait	Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
To trundle over.	The brave Queen Bess.

# IANTHE

## TO A YOUNG LADY

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.]

TRUE, ah too true! the generous breast  
Lies bare to Love and Pain.  
May one alone, the worthier guest,  
Be yours, and there remain.

*Title. Only in 1858. 4 Be] Find 1858.*

## GOOD-BYE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

LOVED, when my love from all but thee had flown,  
Come near me; seat thee on this level stone;  
And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,  
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,  
Look a brief moment on the turf between,  
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.  
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more  
*Good-bye* as gently spoken as before.

*Title. Only in 1858.*

Published in 1846. Also printed in *The Century Magazine*, February 1888, from  
a letter to Miss Mary Boyle.]

THE leaves are falling; so	Winter may come: he brings
am I;	but nigher
I'he few late flowers have moisture	His circle (yearly narrowing) to
in the eye;	the fire
So have I too.	Where old friends meet:
Scarcely on any bough is	Let him; now heaven is over-
heard	cast, 10
Joyous, or even unjoyous,	And spring and summer both
bird	are past,
The whole wood through.	And all things sweet.

5 even] e'en 1888. 7 may] may 1888. 8 narrowing] narrower 1888.

[Published in 1846.]

THE day returns again	Believe me, on that day
Which once with bitter pain,	God heard me duly pray
And only once for years, we spent	For all his blessings on thy gentle
apart.	heart:

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of late a cloud o'ercast Its current; that is past; But think not it hung lightly on my breast:	Then, as my hours decline, Still let thy starlight shine Thro' my lone casement, till at last I rest.
--	--

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go  
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;  
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand  
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand  
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat  
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet;  
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,  
And feet that weary of the world's highways,  
Recline on mouldering tree or jutting stone,  
And (tho' at last I feel I am alone)  
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest  
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

10

### TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDE

ON HER GOING TO PARIS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850.]

AGAIN to Paris? Few remain  
Who bow'd beneath your gentle reign.  
The loyal, and the royal too,  
Who turn'd and fix'd their eyes on you,  
For ever from their seats are gone,  
And Honour leaves a vacant throne.

Where neither Love nor Honour are,  
What, O my friend, can you do there?

### TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLIX).]

I WONDER not that Youth remains  
With you, wherever else she flies;  
Where could she find such fair domains,  
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

# IANTHE

## DIALOGUE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. XLVI). Written, Forster states, a day after Landor had introduced him to the Countess de Molandè.]

M.

WHY! who now in the world is this?  
It cannot be the same . . I miss  
The gift he always brought . . a kiss.  
Yet stil I know my eyes are bright  
And not a single hair turn'd white.

L.

O idol of my youth! upon  
That joyous head grey hair there 's none,  
Nor may there ever be! grey hair  
Is the unthrifty growth of Care,  
Which she has planted . . you see where.

10

## JUNE '51

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVIII). See note at end of volume.]

VERSAILLES! Versailles! thou shalt not keep  
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:  
In her own country she shall sleep;  
Her epitaph be graven here.

*Title.* June '51] So in *Last Fruit*, but incorrect. The Countess de Molandè died July 31, 1851.

## THE ONE GRAVE

[Published in 1853 (No. CIV); also written as prose in a letter printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*.]

I hoped she might have seen my grave. Hers I shall never see, but my thoughts wll visit it often. Though other friends have died in other days (why cannot I help this running into verse?) . . . [*Landor to Forster, August 3, 1851.*]

THOUGH other friends have died in other days,  
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays.

## THE STERN BROW

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

You say my brow is stern and yet my smile  
(When I *do* smile) is sweet.  
Seldom, ah seldom so! 'tis only while  
None see us when we meet.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

It is your smile, Ianthe, and not mine,  
Altho' upon my lips;  
Your's brought it thither; its pale rays decline  
Too soon in sad eclipse.

### THE DEATH IN PARIS OF JANE SOPHIA, COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ

[Published in 1858.]

TEARS! are they tears indeed?	I will wipe off the tear
And can the dead heart bleed?	That falls not on her bier
Suffering so long, so much,	Who would have wept o'er mine.
O heart! I thought no touch	Ah me! that form divine
Of pain could reach thee more!	Above my reach must rest
Alas! the thought is o'er.	And make the blest more blest.

### THE DREAMER

[Published in 1858.]

I AM a dreamer both by night and day.  
Among my life's no rare felicities  
Is this, that seldom painful dreams befall  
My night's repose, or perch on my arm-chair.  
It is not only in our youth we men  
Run after morning dreams fast-slipping by,  
Or fain would solder broken images:  
With thinner fancies Age essays the task,  
And throws it down again, as one unmeet  
And unbecoming; so he says; but I

Know better: 'tis because he tires and fails.

Some would affirm that dreams portend events  
To come soon after, certainly to come:  
I doubt it: yet may Fear and Hope create  
Progeny ill-proportioned, in accord  
Rarely; but Hope contends, tho' Fear prevails;  
And short-lived is that sickly progeny.

Sophia! whom I seldom call'd by name,  
And trembled when I wrote it; O my friend  
Severed so long from me! one morn I dreamt  
That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths  
Slippery with sunshine: after many years  
Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,  
And much (alas how much!) by both endured

## IANTHE

We join'd our hands again and told our tale.  
And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,  
And the cold marble cramps it: I dream on,  
Dost thou dream too? and are our dreams the same?

### THE PRIMROSE-BANK

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

It was because the seat was dry,	Ground-ivy peer'd, and celandine
And many other reasons why,	Show'd us how smartly he could
O primrose-bank! Ianthé's gown	shine, <span style="float: right;">10</span>
Was lifted for her to sit down,	And stiff-neck violets, one or two,
When we both thought that harm	Pouted, and would not venture
were done	thro'.
More than sufficiently by one:	Forgive us, and accept our
So only one of us imprest	thanks,
The tender turf. Why tell the	Thou pleasantest of primrose
rest?	banks!

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 219.]

IANTHE took me by both ears and said  
You are so rash, I own I am afraid.  
Prop, or keep hidden in your breast, my name,  
But be your love as lasting as your fame.

*After l. 4 1863 has two lines, given below, which have also been found in manuscript and appear to be the conclusion of another poem:*

All men are liars, said a sage of old  
He [One MS.] was not, he who this sad tale hath told.

### TO IANTHE

[Published in 1863, pp. 213, 214.]

A VOICE I heard and hear it yet,  
We meet not so again;  
My silly tears you must forget,  
Or they may give you pain.  
The tears that on two faces meet  
My Muse forbids to dry,  
She keeps them ever fresh and sweet  
When hours and years run by.

*Title. In Landor's manuscript; not in 1863. In 1863 two other epigrams are wrongly printed between stanzas i-ii, which are here brought together as in the author's manuscript, which has a third stanza:*

She bids me send this verse to you . .  
"Go, tell him stil to be  
(Without a tear) as fond and true  
And leave the rest to me."



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO IANTHE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 212.]

We once were happier; true; but were Our happiest hours devoid of care? Remains there nothing like the past, But calmer and less overcast By clouds no effort could dispell, And hopes we neither dared to tell?	I wish that hand were earlier free Which Love should have pre- serv'd for me. Content, if sad, I must be now With what the sparing Fates allow, And feel, tho' once the hope seem'd vain, There may be love that feels no pain.
---	--

### ON THE DEATH OF IANTHE

[Published in 1863, p. 195.]

I DARE not trust my pen it trembles so;  
It seems to feel a portion of my woe,  
And makes me credulous that trees and stones  
At mournful fates have uttered mournful tones.  
While I look back again on days long past  
How gladly would I yours might be my last.  
Sad our first severance was, but sadder this,  
When death forbids one hour of mutual bliss.

[Published in 1863, p. 212.]

To my ninth decad I have tottered on,  
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;  
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,  
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

[Published in 1863, p. 230.]

WELL I remember how you smiled  
To see me write your name upon  
The soft sea-sand . . . "*O! what a child!*  
*You think you're writing upon stone!*"  
I have since written what no tide  
Shall ever wash away, what men  
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide  
And find Ianthé's name agen.

# IANTHE

## MEMORY

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 96.]

THE mother of the Muses, we are taught,  
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,  
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing  
About the summer days, my loves of old.  
*Alas! alas!* is all I can reply.  
Memory has left with me that name alone,  
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,  
But her bright image in my darkest hour  
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.  
Forgotten are the names of visitors 10  
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;  
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends  
Whose genial converse and glad countenance  
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;  
To these, when I have written, and besought  
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone  
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.  
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,  
If thy stream carried only weeds away,  
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike 20  
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

[Published in *Landor* by Sir Sidney Colvin, 1888; from a manuscript.]

SOMETIMES, as boys will do, I play'd at love,  
Nor fear'd cold weather, nor withdrew in hot;  
And two who were my playmates at that hour,  
Hearing me call'd a poet, in some doubt  
Challenged me to adapt their names to song.  
Ionè was the first; her name is heard  
Among the hills of Cambria, north and south,  
But there of shorter stature, like herself;  
I placed a comely vowel at its close,  
And drove an ugly sibilant away. 10

Ianthè, who came later, smiled and said,  
I have two names and will be praised in both;  
Sophia is not quite enough for me,  
And you have simply named it, and but once.  
Now call the other up—

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I went, and planted in a fresh parterre  
Ianthè; it was blooming, when a youth  
Leapt o'er the hedge, and snatching at the stem  
Broke off the label from my favourite flower,  
And stuck it on a sorrier of his own.

20

### LOVE'S SECRETS

[Published in *Letters, &c., of Landor*, 1897.]

POPLAR! I will not write upon thy rind  
Ianthè's cherisht name,  
Which it would grieve me should another find,  
And the same station claim.

Ours, O Ianthe, ours must never meet,  
Tho' here we tarry long.  
To hear the whisper of the leaves is sweet,  
And that bird's even-song.

One sweeter I have bidden thee to check  
In fear of passer by,  
Who might have seen an arm about a neck;  
So timorous am I.

10

### IANTHE'S NAME

[Published in 1897.]

"CANNOT you make my name of Jane	'Twas then "Ianthè." Soon there came
Sound pleasanter? Now try again,"	A smart ring'd robber with a
Said she. At once I thought about	claim,
The matter, and at last cut out	You find it in his wardrobe stil,
A letter from Greek alphabet,	More he would have, but never
And had it, as I thought, well set;	will.

10

### A DREAMER'S TALE

[Published in 1897.]

DREAMER I ever was by night and day.  
Strange was the dream that on an upland bank  
My horse and I were station'd, and I saw  
By a late gleam of an October sun  
The windows of a house wherein abode

*Line 1 occurs (with a variant) as the first line of 'The Dreamer' (see p. 138).*

## IANTHE

One whom I loved, and who loved me no less—  
And was she not drawn back? and came not forth  
Two manly forms which would impede her steps?  
I was too distant for them to discern  
My features, but they doubted: she retired: 10  
Was it into her chamber? did she weep?  
I did not at that hour, but in the next  
Silently flowed tear after tear profuse.  
There are sweet flowers that only blow at night,  
And sweet tears are there bursting then alone.

I turn'd the bridle back and rode away,  
Nor saw her more until a loosen'd bond  
Led her to find me a less happy man  
Than she had left me, little happy then,  
For hope had gone with her and not return'd. 20  
She lookt into my eyes, fixt upon hers,  
And said "You are not cheerful, tho' you say  
How glad you are to see me here again.  
Is there a grievance? I have heard there is,  
And the false heart slips down and breaks the true;  
I come to catch it first; give it me back;  
Sweet fruit is no less sweet for being bruiz'd."

Thus at brief intervals she spake and sigh'd;  
I sigh'd, too, but spake not: she then pursued,  
"Tell me, could it be you who came so far 30  
Over the sea to catch a glance at one  
You could not have? Rash creature! to incur  
Such danger! was it you? I often walkt  
Lonely and sad along that upland bank,  
Until the dew fell heavy on my shawl,  
And calls had reacht me more and more distinct,  
Ah me! calls how less willingly obey'd  
Than some I well remember not so loud."

*Lines 14–15 occur with variants in another poem. See page 370.*

## CALLED PROUD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

IF I am proud, you surely know,  
Ianthé! who has made me so,  
And only should condemn the pride  
That can arise from aught beside.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO IANTHE GROWING OLD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

FOR me you wish you could retain  
The charms of youth; the wish is vain,  
Ianthe! Let it now suffice  
To pick our way with weaker eyes:  
They cannot light it as of yore  
Where Pleasure's sparkling fount ran o'er.  
Time spares not Beauty, Love he spares,  
Who covers with his wing grey hairs.

### TO IANTHE IN ADVANCING AGE

[Published in 1897.]

THE violets of thine eyes are faded,  
[Surviving] ill their radiant noon,  
Nor will thy steps move on unaided  
By friendly arm, alas! how soon.

Well I remember whose it was  
They sought; no help they wanted then;  
Methinks I see the maidens pass  
In envy, and in worse the men.

2 Surviving] *The manuscript is here indistinct.* [W.]

### A SONG

[Published in *The Spectator*, April 18, 1925. See note at end of volume.]

IN vain, O Love, my steps you guide  
To shores for which I've often sigh'd!  
No longer is Ianthe mine!

On whom so blest as once were we,  
While I lov'd her and she lov'd me,  
Did evening close or morning shine?

Could I then ask my heart if this  
Were sure repose and lasting bliss!  
Could I then wish to change my lot!

I fancied Pleasure was untrue,  
But I have liv'd to learn and rue,  
Alas that Grief is not.

10

# IANTHE

## TO IANTHE'S DAUGHTER

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

MARIA! I have said <i>adieu</i>	And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
To one alone so fair as you;	Of richer fruits and gaudier
And she, beyond my hopes, at	flowers . .
last	Or on the Seine or on the Line
Returns and tells me of the past;	Remember one command of mine:
While happier for remembering	Love with as steady love as e'er
well	Illumed the only breast so fair;
Am I to hear and she to tell.	That, in another year at most,
Whether gay Paris may again	Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
Admire you gayest of her train,	Something may scatter from the
Or, Love for pilot, you shall go	flame
Where Orellana's waters flow, 10	Fresh luster o'er Pereira's name. 20

*Title.* Not in any ed. [Maria, one of Ianthe's daughters by her first marriage, had married in 1830 the Chevalier Louis Pereira de Sodr , Brazilian Minister at the Vatican and afterwards at St. Petersburg. She died in 1836. W.] 15 steady] steady 1846. 20 luster] lustre 1846.

## TO LUISINA DE SODR 

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 31, 1850; reprinted in *The Keepsake* for 1853; and in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclv).]

A GENERATION'S faded skirts have swept  
Thro' that door \* opposite, since one beloved  
(Before your mother's eyes gave heaven its light,  
And made *her* † mother's brighter, even hers)  
Behind these benches lean'd upon my arm,  
Nor heard the musick that provoked the dance.

And, Luisina! with a man so old  
Rather would you converse than show the waltz  
Its native graces? rear'd in courts, and first  
With boys to empire born, with Kaisar's self, 10  
In early girlhood nightly exercised.  
Blush not to have been chosen: 'twas that blush,  
The dawn of beauty in the pure fresh mind,

\*The Bath Rooms. [L.]

† Countess de Moland . [L.]

*Title.* To Mdle. Luigina de Sodr . (Not composed, but imagined, in the Bath Rooms.) By Walter Savage Landor. *Keepsake*. [A miniature portrait, by Charles Ford, of this lady was found in Landor's writing desk more than thirty years after his death. She was a daughter of Mme Pereira de Sodr  (see preceding poem) and married a Mr. O'Donnell of Baltimore. W.] 3 your] your *Keepsake*. 7 And . . . man so old] So . . . grave old man *Keepsake*. 7, 33 Luisina] Luigina *Keepsake*. l. 13 om. *Keepsake*.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Which won the choice: 'twas not Pereira's name,  
 'Twas not De Sodre's, not Macêdo's, sent  
 To Austria's throne with delegated power,  
 Well weigh'd, the brightest jewel of Brazil.  
 To-day he left us; thro' the Atlantic wave  
 To-morrow will he turn his large clear eye  
 (Mirroure where Honor sees himself full-sized) 20  
 Toward the city where God's man elect,  
 Above all other of created men,  
 Guided the courses of His last-launcht world,  
 And stamp'd a name to live when not a wreck  
 Of that young city shall o'ertop the dust.  
 My happiness is tranquil; thus may yours  
 Be ever! But so tranquil? no, not quite.  
 Youth has its gales: weeds grow where ripples cease,  
 And life in steril sands forgets its course.  
 If I might whisper in a lady's ear, 30  
 Which Memory tells me I have done erewhile,  
 This is the harmless whisper I would breathe;  
 "Winter's rare suns are welcome, Luisina!  
 But Spring and Summer bring the flower and fruit.  
 Fain would I live for one more bridal day."

W. S. L.

15 Macêdo's [Chevalier Sergio Macedo, husband of Ianthe's daughter, Jane Christina. W.] 19 clear] dark *Keepsake*. 20 (Mirroure . . . sized)] Intellect's voucher, Honour's sanctuary *Keepsake*. 1. 23 om. *Keepsake*. 24 And . . . when . . . wreck] Hath . . . where scarce a stone *Keepsake*. 27 so] thus *Keepsake*. 28 has] hath *Keepsake*. 1. 29 om. *Keepsake*. 1. 31 om. *Keepsake*. 34 Spring . . . Summer] spring's . . . summer's *Keepsake*. 35 day] song *Keepsake*.

### TO LOUISINE AT PARIS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851.]

LISTEN not to the Frenchman's tongue,	Dance, play, run operas o'er and o'er,
Suspect its falsehood, Louise!	Comic and tragic hear rehearse;
Not always is suspicion wrong,	But hear not when the starting vein And flaming eye too much declare; 10
Men say not always what they mean.	Your modest look might all re- strain,
But sometimes less and sometimes more,	But not where foulest things are fair.
Take thou the arm, sit down, converse;	

## IANTHE

### ON THE PORTRAIT OF LUISINHA DE SODRÉ-PEREIRA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AFAR was I when thou wast born,  
More than one country to adorn,  
My Luisinha! and afar  
From me shines now thy morning star;  
But not unblest by Heaven is he  
Who its reflected light can see.

### TO LUISINA

[Published *Letters, &c.*, of *W. S. Landor*, in 1897.]

SWEET as it is to hear a voice	When she from earthly friends had
Dense crowds and distant lands	gone
above,	In distant climes and desert wild,
Yet in Luisina's I rejoice	Columbia's youth should melt or
More deeply, voice of truth and	cheer,
love.	With plaintive and with spor-
To me was it bequeath'd by	tive song, 10
one	Or that her groves his name should
Who little thought her nursing	bear
child,	Who loved so fondly and so long.

### IANTHE'S DAUGHTER

[Published in 1897.]

To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb,  
God seem'd to promise many years to come.  
A gift beyond the rest to Him we owe,  
He left one image of thee here below.

[Published in *Wilhelm's Wanderings*, 1878, an anonymous autobiography of Ianthe's son, William Richard Swift. The verses were written by Landor in "Wilhelm's" album.]

PLEASURES, as with light wings	Some are ungrateful, some unkind,
they go,	Time, absence, Death take some.
Let pining age reprove,	Malice o'erpowers us madly
William, on you may Heaven	charmed
bestow	With dreams of deathless song,
Fond cares and faithful love.	'Tis our prime blessing to have
Few friends in foreign lands we find,	warmed 11
Nor many more at home,	The heart that holds us long.

Florence, 16th Oct., 1829.



## PART IV. THE POET'S KINDRED

### [TO A SON AND DAUGHTER]

[Written at Rome, January 30, 1826. Published in 1831; reprinted 1846. Four lines (17-20) with variants printed from a manuscript in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

YE little household gods, that make My heart leap lighter with your play, And never let it sink or ake, Unless you are too far away; Eight years have flown, and never yet One day has risen up between The kisses of my earlier pet, And few the hours he was not seen. How can I call to you from Rome? Will <i>mamma</i> teach what <i>babbo</i> said? <span style="float: right;">10</span> Have ye not heard him talk at home About the city of the dead? Marvellous tales will <i>babbo</i> tell . . If you do'nt clasp his throat too tight . . Tales which you, Arnold, will love well, Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.	How swimming o'er the Tiber Clelia Headed the rescued virgin train; And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia Lived when her two brave sons were slain. <span style="float: right;">20</span>  This is my birthday: may ye waltze Till mamma cracks her best guitar! Yours are true pleasures: those are false We wise ones follow from afar.  What shall I bring you? would you like Urn, image, glass . . red, yellow, blue, Stricken by Time . . who soon must strike As deep the heart that beats for you.
--	---

3 ake] ache 1846. 14 do'nt] don't 1846. 15 Arnold [Arnold Savage Landor, the poet's eldest son, born at Como, March 5, 1818, died April 2, 1871. W.] 16 Julia [Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor, born at Pisa, March 6, 1820, died 1880. W.] For *ll.* 17-18 1869 has:

Severing the bridge behind, how Clelia  
Saved the whole host to fight again.

### THE DEAD MARTEN

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846.]

My pretty Mart, my winter friend, In these bright days ought thine to end! When all thy kindred far away	Enjoy the genial hours of May. How often hast thou played with me, And bit my lip to share my tea,
---	---

*Title.* Only in 1837. 1 Mart] Marte 1846. 6 bit] lickt 1846.

## THE POET'S KINDRED

And run away, and turn'd agen	And feel thy feet upon the sleeve,
To hide my glove or spoil my pen,	And tempt thy glossy teeth to bite
Until I swore, to check thy taunts,	And almost hurt them, but not
I'd write to uncles and to aunts, 10	quite; 20
And grandmamma, whom dogs	For thou didst look, and then
pursued	suspend
But could not catch her in the	The ivory barbs above thy friend,
wood.	With many querulous tones that
Ah! I repeat the jokes we had,	told
Yet think me not less fond, less	Thou wert too good and we too
sad.	bold.
Julia and Charles and Walter grave	Never was malice in thy heart,
Would throw up every thing they	My gentlest, dearest little Mart!
have	Nor grief, nor reason to repine,
To see thy joyous eyes at eve	As there is now in this of mine.

7 agen] again 1846. 8 spoil] crack 1846. 11 grandmamma] grandmama 1846.  
 15 Charles and Walter [Charles Savage Landor, the poet's third son, born at Florence,  
 July 31, 1825, died there February 12, 1917. Walter Savage Landor, the poet's second  
 son, born at Florence, October 1822, died at Geneva, March 9, 1899. W.] 16 up . . .  
 thing] down every toy 1846. 22 above . . friend], but reprehend 1846. 23 many]  
 tender 1846. 26 Mart] Marte 1846.

## TO MY CHILD CARLINO

[Published in *The Pentameron*, 1837; reprinted 1846.]

*Boccaccio.* They are verses written by a gentleman who resided long in this country.  
 and who much regretted the necessity of leaving it.

CARLINO! what art thou about, my boy?  
 Often I ask that question, though in vain;  
 For we are far apart: ah! therefore 'tis  
 I often ask it; not in such a tone  
 As wiser fathers do, who know too well.  
 Were we not children, you and I together?  
 Stole we not glances from each other's eyes?  
 Swore we not secrecy in such misdeeds?  
 Well could we trust each other. Tell me, then,  
 What thou art doing. Carving out thy name, 10  
 Or haply mine, upon my favourite seat,  
 With the new knife I sent thee over-sea?  
 Or hast thou broken it, and hid the hilt  
 Among the myrtles, starr'd with flowers, behind?  
 Or under that high throne whence fifty lilies  
 (With sworded tuberoses dense around)

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Lift up their heads at once . . . not without fear  
That they were looking at thee all the while ?

Does Cincirillo follow thee about?

Inverting one swart foot suspensively, 20

And wagging his dread jaw, at every chirp

Of bird above him on the olive-branch?

Frighten him then away! 'twas he who slew

Our pigeons, our white pigeons, peacock-tailed,

That fear'd not you and me. . . alas, nor him!

I flattened his striped sides along my knee,

And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,

Till he looked blandly, and half-closed his eyes

To ponder on my lecture in the shade.

I doubt his memory much, his heart a little, 30

And in some minor matters (may I say it?)

Could wish him rather sager. But from thee

God hold back wisdom yet for many years!

Whether in early season or in late

It always comes high priced. For thy pure breast

I have no lesson; it for me has many.

Come, throw it open then! What sports, what cares

(Since there are none too young for these) engage

Thy busy thoughts? Are you again at work,

Walter and you, with those sly labourers, 40

Geppo, Giovanni, Cecco, and Poeta,

To build more solidly your broken dam

Among the poplars, whence the nightingale

Inquisitively watched you all day long?

I was not of your council in the scheme,

Or might have saved you silver without end,

And sighs too without number. Art thou gone

Below the mulberry, where that cold pool

Urged to devise a warmer, and more fit

For mighty swimmers, swimming three abreast? 50

Or art thou panting in this summer noon

Upon the lowest step before the hall,

Drawing a slice of watermelon, long

As Cupid's bow, athwart thy wetted lips

(Like one who plays Pan's pipe) and letting drop

The sable seeds from all their separate cells,

And leaving bays profound and rocks abrupt,

Redder than coral round Calypso's cave?

## THE POET'S KINDRED

### TO ARNOLD SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 14, 1838.]

1.

ARNOLD! thou wert a lovely child!  
Thy large blue eyes so clear, so  
mild!

Thy lip, the form of Cupid's bow,  
Pillow'd on one more soft below;  
Thy sunny hair like beachen  
leaves

In autumn, or the reaper's sheaves;  
And, dearer than what eye could  
see,

The voice that often called for me.

2.

Arnold! thou wert a gladsome boy!  
Thy father's ever-sparkling joy. 10  
Prompt to provoke and swift to  
run,  
And loud in laugh and first in fun;

Making thy little sister stare,  
And cry "*What wicked things  
boys are!*"

Yet ever fond to see carest  
Dormouse or bird, in cage or nest.

3.

Arnold! thy breast was tender  
then!

Ah why, so slightly verst with men,  
Avoids it now the holy ties  
Of all our early sympathies? 20  
I am not cross, I am not cold,  
My heart . . . it never can grow  
old . . .

The tears fast falling from my  
cheek

Are signs for words I will not  
speak.

W. S. L.

[The occasion that provoked these verses may be inferred from Lady Blessington's letter to the poet in which she said: "I was moved to tears the other day, on reading in *The Examiner* your lines to A—. If he read them, how can he resist flying to you?"]

### TO MY DAUGHTER

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1843; reprinted 1846.]

By that dejected city, Arno runs,  
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons.  
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes  
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies.  
And thence, my little wanderer! when the Spring  
Advanced, thee, too, the hours on silent wing  
Brought, while anemonies were quivering round,  
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground,  
Where stood fair Florence: there thy voice first blest  
My ear, and sank like balm into my breast: 10

*Title. Not in 1843.* 1 city [sc. Pisa. Julia Landor's birthplace. W.] 2 Ugolino  
[see Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii. W.] 5 my little] sweet infant 1846. 6 thee . . . hours]  
the Hours brought thee 1846. 7 anemonies] anemones 1846. 9 stood] stands  
1846. 10 ear] ears 1846.

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

For many griefs had wounded it, and more  
 Thy little hands could lighten were in store.  
 But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow  
 Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.  
 What then the bliss to see again thy face,  
 And all that Rumour has announced of grace!  
 I urge, with fevered breast, the four-month day.  
 O! could I sleep to wake again in May.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

13 sculptured] sculptur'd 1846.  
 1846. Signature om. 1846.

17 four-month] coming 1846.

18 to] and

### TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK, ON HER MARRIAGE

[Published in *The Book of Beauty for 1844*; reprinted 1846.]

No, Teresita! never say  
 That uncle Landor's worthless lay  
 Shall find its place among your treasures:  
 Although his heart is not grown old,  
 His rhymes are, like himself, too cold  
 For bridal bowers and festal measures.

He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,  
 And still will think so, while your eyes  
 Seek not in noisier paths to roam,  
 But rest upon your forest-green,  
 And find that life runs best between  
 A tender love and tranquil home.

10

*To Lady Charles Beauclerk*] Title. on her marriage om. 1846. [Laura Maria Theresa, daughter of Colonel Edward Stopford, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. W. S. Landor, married in 1842 Lord Charles Beauclerk, son of the fifth Duke of St. Albans. She died September 1858. See poem on p. 158. Her portrait engraved by W. H. Mote after a painting by J. Hayter was published in *The Book of Beauty* with the verses. W.] 5 His . . . himself.] Yet are his verses far 1846. 6 and festal] or festive 1846. 8 will . . . while] shall . . . if 1846.

### TO MY DAUGHTER IN ITALY, AT CHRISTMAS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WHERE is, ah where! the citron  
 bloom  
 That threw its fragrance o'er my  
 room?  
 Where, white magnolia-cup en-  
 twined

With pliant myrtle's ruddy rind?  
 Julia, with you the flowers are  
 gay,  
 And cluster round the shortest  
 day.  
 Little at Fiesole ye know

## THE POET'S KINDRED

Of holly, less of mistleto;	And tell them, every soul, they
Such as the Druid priest of yore	must
To grim god-monsters grimly bore.	Bend their coy heads and kiss my
Run: from her pouting infants	bust.
call	11 Christmas is come: on such a day
The musk-rose at our chapel-	Give the best thoughts fair room
wall;	for play,
Run, bring the violets up, that	And all the Sabbath dance and
blow	sing
Along the banks of Africo;	19 In honour of your new-born king.

## TO MY SON WALTER

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted with variants 1858, and from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, with a letter dated April 1839.]

MY serious son! I see thee look  
 First on the picture, then the book.  
 I catch the wish that thou couldst paint  
 The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.  
 Give it not up, my serious son!  
 Wish it again, and it is done.  
 Seldom will any fail who tries  
 With patient hand and stedfast eyes,  
 And woos the true with such pure sighs.

<i>Title. Only in 1858.</i>	2 on] at 1858.	3 the] thy 1895.	6 Wish it] But
wish 1895.	8 stedfast] earnest 1858.	9 true] Arts 1858.	

## TO ROBERT EYRES LANDOR

ON HIS FAWN AND HIS ARETHUSA

Ἄλλ' οὐδὲ ταῦτα νόον λαβεῖ φθονερῶν. PINDAR [*Pythia*, ii. 89, 90].

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 4, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. COXLI).]

RARE, since the sons of Leda, rare a twain  
 Born of one mother which hath reacht the goal  
 Of Immortality: the stem is rare  
 Which ripens close together two rich fruits.  
 Two Scipios were "the thunderbolts of war,"  
 And blasted what they fell upon: the arm  
 Of Napier, far more glorious, bent each horn

[Robert Eyres Landor, the poet's youngest brother, Rector of Birlingham, Worcestershire, born 1781, died January 26, 1869. His *Fawn of Sertorius* was published in 1846, *The Fountain of Arethusa* in 1848. W.]  
 5 thunderbolts [see Virgil, *Æneid*, vi, 842: *duo fulmina belli Scipiadas*. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of Indus to his yokemate Ganges, hail'd  
For higher victory, hail'd for rescuing  
A hundred nations from barbaric sway.  
The light of Scipio was outshone by him  
He vanquisht, by the Julian star eclips'd,  
And Scipio had no brother who could lift  
The scroll of Mars above the reach of Time.

10

We too, alike in studies, we have toil'd,  
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,  
Not without Honour: Honour may defer  
His hour of audience, but he comes at last.  
Behold! there issue from one house two chiefs \*  
Beyond all contest; one in shafts of wit  
Hurl'd o'er the minster to the Atlantic strand,  
The other proudly unapproachable  
Striking a rock whence gush the founts of song;  
Dull sands lie flat and dwarf shrubs writhe around.  
Twice nine the centuries since the Latian Muse  
Wail'd on the frozen Danube for her son  
Exiled, her glory to revive no more  
Until that destined period was fulfil'd.  
Scaring the wrens at Cam's recumbent side,  
Never by Tiber's one of statelier step  
Or loftier mien or deeper tone, than he  
Whom, bold in youth, I dared to emulate;  
Nor stoopt my crest to peck light grain among  
The cackling poultry of the homestead yard.

20

30

Thine is the care to keep our native springs  
Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine  
Are also graver cares, with fortune blest  
Not above competence, with duties charged  
Which with more zeal and prudence none perform.  
There are who guide the erring, tend the sick,  
Nor frown the starving from a half-closed door,  
But none beside my brother, none beside,  
In stall thick-littered or on mitred throne,  
Gives the more needy all the Church gives him.  
Unaided, tho' years press and health declines,  
By aught of clerical or human aid,  
Thou servest God, and God's poor guests, alone.

40

\* Sydney and Bobus Smith. [L.]

## THE POET'S KINDRED

Enough were this to damn thee here below,  
But not enough to drive those forms away  
Which to pure votary morn and eve descend, 50  
The Muse, the Grace, the Nymph of stream and grove;  
But not enough to make the sun less warm  
On thy smooth walks and pleasant glades close-mown,  
Or lamplight duller on thy pictured walls.  
Thy Fancy rests upon deep-bosom'd Truth,  
And wakes to Harmony; no word is lost  
To catch the passing wind like unmade hay.  
Few can see this, whirl'd in the dust around,  
And some who can would rather see awry.  
If such could add to their own fame the fame 60  
Their hands detract from others, then indeed  
The act, howbeit felonious, were less vile;  
They strip the wealthy, but they clothe the poor.  
Aside thy *Fawn* expect some envious stab,  
Some latent arrow from obscure defile;  
Aside thy *Arethusa* never hope  
Untroubled rest: men will look up and see  
What hurts their eyes in the strong beams above,  
And shining points will bring fierce lightnings down  
Upon thy head, and mine by birth so near. 70  
Heedless of brawlers in the pit beneath,  
To whosoe'er enacts the nobler part,  
Known or unknown, or friendly or averse,  
I will throw crowns, and throw unsparingly;  
Nor are these crowns too light to fly direct,  
Nor fall they short, far as the scope may be.  
Better I deem it that my grain of myrrh  
Burn for the living than embalm the dead.  
Take my fraternal offering, not composed  
Of ditch-side flowers, the watery-stalkt and rank, 80  
Such as our markets smell of, all day long,  
And roister ditty-roaring rustics wear;  
But fresh, full, shapely, sprinkled with that lymph  
Which from Pencios on the olive-wreath  
Shook at loud plaudits under Zeus high-throned.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Signature om. 1853.*



## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

### TO A GREEN LIZARD CALLED RAMORINO

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CXLII).]

You pant like one in love, my Ramorino!  
Can it be fear? Go Walter! Go, Carlino!  
Draw not too nigh—but nigh enough to see  
My lizard greener than your rosemary.

*To a Green Lizard*] Title. My lizard in Tuscany 1853.      2 Go . . . Go,] Come . . .  
ome 1853.      3 Draw . . . but] But . . . just 1853.

### ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CCXXI).]

SPIRIT who risest to eternal day,  
O hear me in thy flight!  
Detain thee longer on that opening way  
I would not if I might.

Methinks a thousand come between us two  
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:  
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who  
Are they that press more near?

The sorrowful and innocent and wrong'd,  
Yes, these are more thy own,  
For these wilt thou be pleading seraph-tongued  
(How soon!) before the Throne.

10

[Elizabeth Savage Landor died February 24, 1854, aged 77.]

### MARCH 24

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 22, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

SHARP crocus wakes the froward	The redbreast to the sill for
year;	crumbs.
In their old haunts birds reappear;	Fly off! fly off! I can not wait
From yonder elm, yet black with	To welcome ye, as she of late.
rain,	The earliest of my friends is gone.
The cushat looks deep down for	Alas! almost my only one!      10
grain	The few as dear, long wafted
Thrown on the gravel-walk; here	o'er,
comes	Await me on a sunnier shore.

W. S. L.

*Signature in 1854 only.*

## THE POET'S KINDRED

### MY SISTER ELIZABETH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 2, 1854; reprinted by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Is there a day or night,  
One, when the vision of my earliest friend,  
Robed in her own pure light,  
Fails on my weary vigils to descend?

Sometimes she may appear  
Before the expectant schoolroom, when the chimes  
Sing blithely "*dinner near*" . .  
And in a darker sadder scene sometimes

The lonely widow's door  
Knows by long use what step is on the sill; 10  
It opens, as before  
Year after year . . pain flies, and moans are still.

And then to walks at home  
From age's griefs and childhood's games we pass,  
Where, gloom o'erhanging gloom,  
The stern old cedar waves away the grass.

Thou too, my cistus, thou  
Whose one day flowers in my best books lie spread,  
Deserted, long ere now,  
With none to prop thee, side by side, art dead. 20

Oct. 1, 1854.

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Title. Only in 1854. 18 one day . . . spread] one-day . . . spread 1869.*

### KITTY AND HER LOVER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LOVER.

KITTY.

I do think it quite a pity	Noble is indeed the feather
You so young should sink in	You have mounted on your
sorrow,	hat;
I must say "Goodbye," to-	Only let us go together,
morrow;	And I'll give you two for that.
Part we must, my little Kitty.	Mother has a cock at home;

[Miss Catherine Mary Landor, daughter of Charles Savage Landor, the poet's brother, died 1892. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

And, poor fellow, he will cry 10 Will be dim ere war be over.  
 Piteously, when, plucking, I LOVER.  
 Hold with t'other hand his comb. On the Green next year we'll  
 dance.

LOVER.

Kitty! I must serve my queen.

KITTY.

KITTY.

But the queen won't let you love  
 her

There are Greens where briars  
 and stones  
 Rise against it over bones;  
 There may be such Greens in  
 France. 20

Like your Kitty: Kitty's een

### LAURA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LAURA! the chords of your guitar,  
 Strike them too hurriedly, will jar;  
 And, Laura, thus my verses too  
 Are less melodious rung for you  
 Than when they flow from calmer vein,  
 And throb with neither joy nor pain.

[Laura, daughter of John Thuillier, Baron de Malapert, may be the lady addressed in this poem. A sister of Mrs. W. S. Landor, she married Colonel Edward Stopford and died c. 1880. A letter from Landor written c. 1842 and beginning "Dear Laura" ends "with kind regards to Stopford [her husband], Teresita [her daughter] and Lord Charles [Beauclerk, Teresita's husband: see poem "To Lady Charles Beauclerk" on p. 152] very affectionately yours, W. S. Landor." W.]

### ON LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK'S DEATH

[Published in the Appendix to *Hellenics*, &c., 1859.]

Nor empty are the honours that we pay  
 To the departed; our own hearts are fill'd  
 Brimfull with grateful reminiscences;  
 Compassion is excited; the most stern  
 Relent; and better even the best return.

Such, Teresita, were my thoughts, all day,  
 All night, when thou wert carried to thy home  
 Eternal, amid tears thou couldst not share,  
 Thither where none, not even of joy, are shed.  
 Surrounded with God's own serenity

10

Is that pure brow rais'd humbly to his throne.

Leaving thy home and those most dear awhile,  
 Thou, a few months before, wouldst have consoled

*Title. Beauclerk misprinted Beauclero in 1859.*

## THE POET'S KINDRED

My sufferings: who shall now console thy sire's?  
Proud not of victories won in southern climes  
And equal laws administer'd, but proud  
Of virtues he implanted in his child.

### TO COLONEL EDWARD STOPFORD

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 121.]

(1) FOR the friends, the few I had, The hearts my presence once made glad! I mourn the memory; those are gone And, Stopford, you remain alone. While you look back upon the day You left behind the great and gay Destin'd in Freedom's holy war To guide the course of Bolivar, Dozing below my Abbey's wall I dreamt I heard a Muse's call . . . 10 "Come with me to Pan's favorite tree,	"There is reserv'd a place for thee, "And there, if thou wilt wait awhile, "A Nymph may lean on thee and smile, "Until Maeonides appear "Bidding thee listen well, and hear "What to fit audience thou shalt tell, "By whom and where Pelides fell."
---	--

[Colonel Stopford, Foot Guards, after leaving the army went to South America, and served on Bolivar's staff. He died at Richmond, August 27, 1862, aged 74. W.]

### TO THE EMPRESS

[Published in 1863, p. 125.]

PROUD may be all who fairly claim  
Montijo's unpolluted name,  
Altho' I neither love nor hate  
Those whom the vulgar call the great,  
My heart is rais'd as bends my knee,  
Bright lodestar of thy sex, to thee.  
She whom my Stopford boasts for his  
Thy girlish smile afar must miss.  
On high Castilia's breezy plains  
Loved by thy mother she remains,  
And makes her at some hours forget  
Her loss, and find a daughter yet.

10

These homely words each courtier bard  
Around thee would with scoffs discard.

7 Stopford [Lady Charles Beauclerk, Colonel Stopford's daughter, and her husband lived some time in Spain, where Lady Charles and the future Empress Eugénie's mother became friends. W.]

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Wishes are left: of what? Of wealth?  
There is enough where there is health;  
Of glory? there where God approves  
The woman whom a nation loves.  
Unvaried be henceforth thy life,  
Be blest as mother, blest as wife;  
With friends in every state sit down,  
Nor feel the burden of a crown.

20

### [TERESITA]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 228.]

THE dead are soon forgotten, and not all  
Who walk aside and bear the sable pall  
Sleep the less soundly at that evening's close.  
I in my vigil think I heard a toll  
Such as it boom'd when Teresita's soul  
In heaven's own purity to heaven arose.

*Title. Not in text.* [See p. 158, "On Lady Charles Beauclerk's Death".]

### THE SICK NURSE

[Published in 1863, p. 209.]

My sister went to see her nurse,	What ails it? sure the deuce is in it,
Aged, but suffering little worse,	It won't lie still a single minute; 10
And askt her that which people ask	Tormenting me so, night and day,
On meeting: it appeared a task	It makes me swear when I might
To answer: with a groan she said,	pray;
"Ah, Miss! you find me welly dead.	Yet (Lord o' mercy!) much I fear,
My heart tells my last hour is come,	This heart so bangs, he could not
I hear it beat across the room:	hear."

### WILLIAM VENOUR

COMMANDER OF THE CALYPSO

[Published in 1863, p. 260.]

VENOUR, my brave boy-guardian, who at school  
Taught me the grammar he had lately learnt,  
And led me over noun and five-barr'd verb,  
Where is he? There he sleeps below the waves  
Of the Atlantic, there where all creation  
Is mute, nor hears the voice that calls his name;

*Title. Om. 1876.* [Captain Venour, R.N., son of John Venour of King's Mead, Wellesbourne, co. Warwick. His mother was Dr. Walter Landor's sister. H.M.S. *Calypso* was lost with all hands off Jamaica in August 1803.]

## THE POET'S KINDRED

But others shall, and far and wide beyond.  
When elder prest around him and declared  
He could not sail, for sure the Admiral  
Knew not *Calypso's* state, he thus replied  
*My orders are to sail:* he sail'd . . . and sank.  
Short is my story: I could be prolix,  
But the small casket holds things valued most.

10

[ARTHUR SAVAGE WADE, D.D.]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 174.]

BELZEBUB, never be afraid  
To lose thy chaplain doctor Wade,  
No sleeping partner, tired of trade.  
In church he neither prays nor preaches,  
Mobs, all that mobs require, he teaches,  
Well leaven'd at thy fire his speeches.  
Without a fee he will not have  
His mother's touch his father's grave;  
Thy imps hear this and cry *O brave!*

He says, "In Paradise the trees  
"Grew well apart, for sun and breeze,  
"Why closer then my plants than these?  
"Tombs are but monuments to pride  
"In chancels: I can ill abide  
"Such practise."

10

Then he adds, aside,  
"Yet our poor brethren must be fed  
"On bodies that are cased in lead,  
"So . . . give ten pounds . . . and bless the dead."

*Title. Not in text.* [The Rev. Dr. Wade, vicar of St. Nicholas's, Warwick, was the poet's cousin, his father and Landor's having each married a daughter of Charles Savage. Dr. Wade died in London, November 17, 1845. His father was several times Mayor of Warwick. W.]

## ON MY SISTER

[Published in *Letters, &c., of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

Of many I have mourn'd the death,  
But thine the most, Elizabeth!  
Of all our house the first thou wast  
Who would thy Walter have embraced;  
Therefor I will not dry the tears  
The daily thought of thee endears.

2 thine] thou 1895 (*mispr.*)

# POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

## INGRATITUDE

[Printed from the author's manuscript in *Catalogue of the Ashley Library*, by Thomas J. Wise.]

CAN this be he whom in his infancy,  
Hour after hour, I carried in my arms,  
When neither nurse nor mother could appease  
The froward wailing?

Thus went on two years;  
I laid the burden softly in its crib,  
And hardly dared to kiss it lest it wake.

For whom were planted on thy grassy slopes  
Lantony, larch and oak, mile after mile,  
Guarded from rapine and now lifting high  
These their stout arms, and those their slender spires? 10  
By whom, ancestral Ipsley, were thy groves  
Held sacred? at whose hand rose cypresses  
Beyond the solitary cedar twins,  
(Now fifty winters old) and spreading wide  
Their hospitable arms.

Tender are aged feet; in vain I plead  
For one smooth walk, where gravel stones are sharp  
Aside the villa by my care adorn'd,  
With ancient marbles, with Salvator's scenes  
And Raffael's and Correggio's forms divine 20  
I plead in vain even for the books I wrote,  
And for those dearer given me by my friends,  
Some distant, and some dead: beloved the more,  
Nor undervalued those from men whose names  
I hope my own may live with, years to come.  
All, all I gave; and what is the return?  
Not even a bell-rope at my sick-bed-side.

O thou of largest, wisest, tenderest heart,  
Truly thou sayest that a serpent's tooth  
Wounds not so sharply as a thankless child. 30

August 13. '59.

The MS. has a note, encircled: "The printer will take care that this comes *the last of all*." The verses were intended for, but not included in, *Heroic Idyls*, 1863. [W.] 11 groves] woods MS., corrected. 16 aged feet] In the manuscript feet in age is deleted and the line printed as here. [W.]

# TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

## TO TACÆA\*

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863 (p. 192), 1876.]

TOMORROW, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,  
Tomorrow thou art, slavelike, bound and sold,  
Another's and another's!—haste away,  
Winde thro' the willows, dart along the path—  
It nought avails thee! nought our plaint avails!  
O happy those before me, who could say  
"Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa, short  
Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,  
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."

I mourn not, envy not, what others gain. 10  
Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,  
Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride  
And gaunt the need that bade their heads lie low!  
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,  
See from their prostrate trunks the gorey glare.

Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves  
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;  
Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,  
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,  
And tripping light their wanton way pursue. 20  
Methinks they now, with mellow mournfulness,  
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,  
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee  
My poor irregularly pencil'd page.  
Alas, Tacæa thou art sore deceived!  
Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal—  
But thou, and all who hear me, shall avow  
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

\* Tachbrook. The name of a stream and of a village [and village 1846] near Warwick.  
[L. footnote om. 1863; appended to Tacæa\* l. 7, in 1846.]

*Title. Om. 1846.*      4 Winde] Wind 1846.      6 those] he 1863 (*corrigenda*).  
*Between ll. 8-9 1846 inserts one line:*

Even from thy valley-cradle, saffron-strown,  
15 gorey] gory 1846.      26 foreign] foren 1863.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### VERSES, WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA, IN WALES

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

#### I.

I WANDER o'er the sandy heath  
Where the white rush waves high;  
Where adders close before me wreath  
And tawny kites sail screaming by.

#### II.

Alone I wander! I alone  
Could love to wander there!  
"But wherefor?"—let my church-yard stone  
Look toward Tawey and declare.

*Title. Om. 1846.* 7 wherefor] wherefore 1846. 8 Tawey] Tawy 1846. See note on Abertawy, p. 94.

### WRITTEN AT LARNE

[Printed in 1800; published in 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863 (p. 250), 1876.]

IPSLEY! when, hurried by malignant fate,  
I left thy court and heard thy closing gate,  
I sigh'd—but, sighing, to myself I said  
Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade.

Ah! what impetuous madness made me roam  
From chearful friends and hospitable home!  
Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove,  
My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.  
Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,  
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.  
Still, high exploits the churlish nation boasts  
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.  
'Tis false!—where conquest had but reapt disgrace  
Contemptuous Valor spurn'd the reptile race.

10

Let me once more my native land regain,  
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;  
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate  
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, round thy gate.

*Title. at Larne] in Wales 1846; title om. 1863.* [A journey to Larne and other places in Ireland is also mentioned in a Latin poem, *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 305. W.] 1  
Ipsley [See poem on p. 207, beginning "I hope in vain to see again".] 2 left] past  
1846. 5 impetuous] resistless 1846. ll. 9–14 om. 1863. 11 Still,] Yet 1846.  
14 Valor] Valour 1846. 15 land] fields 1863. 17 faults] wrongs 1863. 18  
round] on 1846.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### PROGRESS OF EVENING

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846, 1876.]

FROM yon far wood, mark blue-eyed Eve proceed :  
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,  
Through the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,  
And through those alders by the river-side :  
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep  
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.  
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide  
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,  
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides  
Until they sink and melt away like chalk; 10  
Now it comes down against our village tower,  
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears  
The clinging ivy from the battlements,  
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,  
[All one vast ocean] and goes swelling on  
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

*Title. Om. 1846.* 1 yon far] yonder 1831, 1846. proceed] procede 1831. 15  
All . . . ocean] 1806, All . . . ocean 1831, (All . . . ocean) 1846.

### [NEEDWOOD FOREST]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c. 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

UNDER the hollies of thy breezy glade,  
Needwood, in youth with idle pace I rode,  
Where pebbly rills their varied chirrup made,  
Rills which the fawn with tottering knee bestrode.

Twilight was waning, yet I checkt my pace,  
Slow as it was, and longer would remain;  
Here first, here only, had I seen the face  
Of Nature free from change and pure from stain.

Here in the glory of her power she lay,  
Here she rejoiced in all the bloom of health; 10  
Soon must I meet her faint and led astray,  
Freckled with feverish whims and wasted wealth.

*Title. Not in any ed.* ["Between the rivers' Dove, Trent, and Blithe, Needwood, a spacious forest and full of parks, extends itself." *Camden*. W.] 4 knee] knees 1846.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### FOR AN URN AT THORESBY-PARK

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE EARL MANVERS

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

If in the summer-time, O guest,	Than was the soul that late dwelt
Thou comest where these waters	here.
rest,	If in the winter thou hast crost
And where these gentle swells of	The scene benumbed with snow
land	and frost,
Their ever-verdant turf expand,	Ask those thou meetest at the
Not opener these, nor those more	gate
clear,	If they are not as desolate. 10

*Title. sc.* Thoresby-Park, Ollerton, Notts. For an] Another 1846 [with allusion to the poem beginning "With frigid art our numbers flow" (see p. 178). W.]

### ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCH-YARD

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

KIND souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring  
The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,  
Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew  
This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,  
Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save  
One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

[When on his way to or from Llanthony Landor may have seen at Llansaintffraed the grave of Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist". W.]

### [ON THE ROAD TO FLORENCE]

[Written in 1819; published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

I LEAVE with unaverted eye the towers  
Of Pisa, pining o'er her desert stream.  
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,  
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!

O could I find thee as thou once wert known,  
Warlike, erect, and liberal, and free!  
But the pure Spirit from thy wreck has flown,  
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee.

1 unaverted] unverted 1846.  
1846.

6 Warlike, erect, and] Thoughtful and lofty,

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### [ELEGY ON A GNAT]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

SAY, who so dauntless ever trod the field  
Of dreadful Mars! whether by night or day  
Numbers no more than one could make him yield,  
Or turn his sounding battle-horn away.

Yet without name, so Destiny ordains,  
Lies he of whom it may be truly said  
The richest blood in Europe fill'd his veins,  
But could not buoy him o'er the vulgar dead.

The father of his country, Cosimo,  
The wise Lorenzo, Leo, with the keys 10  
Of heaven in his hand, came forth too slow  
To save his life; for 'twas not by disease

It waned away: ah! like how many brave!  
'Twas by man's hand, in venturous youth he fell!  
And would'st not thou, Saint Philip Neri, save  
The fluttering heart that loved thy race too well?

But virgin blood, the tender Clementina's  
Must be avenged . . O brood of Altoviti!  
Are ye become then Brutuses and Minas,  
And pounce upon invader without pity! 20

Think, ye who deem the plaint I pour too long,  
'Tis not for friend, nor child, nor wife; all those  
We know by rote are worth but an old song,  
A graver dirge must earn our gnat's repose.

*Title. Not in text.* [A grand-daughter of the Marchese de' Medici (from whom Landor rented a *palazzo* or *casa* in Via Pandolfina, Florence) was stung by a gnat. Her mother was of the Altoviti (l. 18), the family to which St. Philip Neri (l. 15) belonged. W.]

### FÆSULAN IDYL

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light bound  
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;  
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,  
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,  
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;  
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree

*Title. Om. 1846.* Fæsulan] Fiesolan Landor's MS. correction in 1831. 4 them]  
'em 1846. 6 Under] Aside 1846.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones  
 Of sights in Fiesole right up above,  
 While I was gazing a few paces off  
 At what they seemed to show me with their nods, 10  
 Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,  
 A gentle maid came down the garden-steps  
 And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.  
 I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth  
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,  
 (Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents  
 Are the swift vehicles of stil sweeter thoughts,  
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory  
 That would let drop without them her best stores.  
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of love, 20  
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die,  
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,  
 Among their kindred in their native place.  
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head  
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank  
 And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup  
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold. 30  
 I saw the light that made the glossy leaves  
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek  
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;  
 I saw the foot, that, altho half-erect  
 From its grey slipper, could not lift her up  
 To what she wanted: I held down a branch  
 And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour  
 Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies  
 Of harder wing were working their way thro  
 And scattering them in fragments under foot.  
 So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved, 40  
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,  
 For such appear the petals when detach't,  
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,

16 *Brackets om. 1846 which, between be and for, has:*

. How could I  
 Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain  
 Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,  
 And I (however they might bluster round)  
 Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful:

17 *stil]* still 1846. 42 *deleted by Landon in a copy of 1831 marked with corrections.*

## FÆSULAN IDYL

And like snow not seen thro, by eye or sun :  
 Yet every one her gown received from me  
 Was fairer than the first . . I thought not so,  
 But so she praised them to reward my care.  
 I said: *you find the largest.*

*This indeed,*

Cried she, *is large and sweet.*

She held one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take  
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it  
 Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.  
 I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part  
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature  
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch  
 To fall, and yet unfallen.

50

She drew back

The boon she tendered, and then, finding not  
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,  
 Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

52 doubts] doubt 1846.

## [FIESOLAN MUSINGS]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876. Fourteen lines were included in a poem written in 1812 and published in 1858.]

LET me sit down and muse by thee	Of Honour's sport or Fortune's
Awhile, aerial Fiesole!	frown,
Thy shelter'd walks and cooler	Clung to my heart and kept it
grots,	down.
Villas and vines and olive-plots,	But shun'd have I on every
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,	side
And laugh to hear that aught can	The splash of newly-mounted
pain me.	Pride,
'Twere just, if ever rose one sigh	And never was the child to dabble
To find the lighter mount more	In the spawn-puddle of a rabble,
high,	Not Rabelais' pen, Le Sage's,
Or any other natural thing	Scarron's,
So trite that Fate would blush to	Or Swift's could sketch . . the
sing,	knights and barons,

10

*Title. Only in Colvin's "Selections".* 1 down] here 1846. 13 shun'd] shunn'd  
 1846. For ll. 15-26 ed. 1846 substitutes two lines:

And never riskt my taking cold  
 In the damp chambers of the old.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

<p>Pitt and Peg Nicholson have              made,          And wiles in law and wealth in              trade. <span style="float: right;">20</span>          O country! how enricht! . . in              titles . .          Splendid and cheap as penny-              whistles.          No banker's boy, no kitchen              wench,          But wears them . . T——,              mother F—— . .          And why not thou, who not a whit              art          Behind them in desert, V——? <span style="float: right;">?</span>              What has the zephyr brought              so sweet!          'Tis the vine-blossom round my              seat.          Ah! how much better here at ease          And quite alone to catch the              breeze, <span style="float: right;">30</span>          Than roughly wear life's waning              day          On rotten forms with Castlereagh,          Mid public men for private ends,          A friend to foes, a foe to friends!          Long since with youthful chases              warm,          And when ambition well might              charm,          And when the choice before me              lay,          I heard the din and turn'd away.          Hence oftentimes imperial Seine          Hath listen'd to my early strain,</p>	<p>And past the Rhine and past the              Rhone <span style="float: right;">41</span>          My Latian muse is heard and              known,          Nor is the life of one recluse          An alien quite from public use.          Where alders mourn'd their fruit-              less beds          A thousand cedars raise their              heads,          And from Segovia's hills remote,          My sheep enrich my neighbour's              cote.          The wide and easy road I lead          Where never paced the harness              steed, <span style="float: right;">50</span>          Where hardly dared the goat look              down          Beneath her parent mountain's              frown,          Suspended, while the torrent-              spray          Springs o'er the crags that roll              away.          Cares if I had, I turn'd those              cares          Toward my partridges and hares,          At every dog and gun I heard          Ill-auguring for some truant bird,          Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipt              ear,          Until the frighten'd eld limpt              near. <span style="float: right;">60</span>          These knew me . . and 'twas quite              enough . .          I paid no <i>Morning Post</i> to puff,</p>
--	--

19 Peg Nicholson [See Shelley's "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson . . . who attempted the life of the King in 1786", and "Peter Pindar's" "Joke on Marg'ret Nicholson's mad knights" in *Annual Register*, 1795, p. 149. W.] 24 T—— [William Tonson (formerly Hull), created Baron Riversdale, 1783. See Landor's "Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox", 1907 (p. 90 n.) W.] F—— [Dame Rose french, created Baroness french of Castle french, 1798, died 1805. W.] 26 V—— [the Rt. Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, created Baron Bexley, 1823, died 1851. W.] ll. 39-42, 45-54 also occur with variants in poem "To Southey", see p. 51.

## FIESOLAN MUSINGS

<p>Saw others fame and wealth              increase,          Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,          Open'd my window, snatcht my              glass,          And, from the rills that chirp and              pass,          A pure libation pour'd to thee,          Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty!              Lanthy! an ungenial clime,          And the broad wing of restless              Time,                                 70          Have rudely swept thy massy              walls          And rockt thy abbots in their              palls . .          I loved thee by thy streams of              yore,          By distant streams I love thee              more;          For never is the heart so true          As bidding what we love adieu.          Yet neither where we first drew              breath,          Nor where our fathers sleep in              death,</p>	<p>Nor where the mystic ring was              given,          The link from earth that reaches              heaven,                                 80          Nor London, Paris, Florence,              Rome . .          In his own heart's the wise man's              home . .          Stored with each keener, kinder,              sense,          Too firm, too lofty, for offense,          Unlittered by the tools of state,          And greater than the great world's              great.          If mine no glorious works may              be,          Grant, Heaven! and 'tis enough              for me,          (While many squally sails flit              past,          And many break the ambitious              mast)                                 90          From all that they pursue, ex-              empt,          The stormless bay of deep con-              tempt!</p>
--	--

84 offense] offence 1846.

87 works] work 1846.

## FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1869.]

Lo! where the four mimosas blend their shade,  
 In calm repose at last is Landor laid;  
 For ere he slept he saw them planted here  
 By her his soul had ever held most dear,  
 And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

[Writing to his sisters from Fiesole in January 1830, Landor said: "In a few days, whenever the weather will allow it, I have four mimosas ready to place round my intended tomb, and a friend who is coming to plant them" (Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, ii. 226). The friend was Ianthe. W.]



# TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

## FAREWELL TO ITALY

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Book of Beauty* for 1837; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, 1846, 1876. Text *Book of Beauty*, 1837.]

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy! no more  
From the high terraces, at even-tide,  
To look supine into thy depths of sky,  
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,  
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses  
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams  
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico  
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.  
I did believe, (what have I not believed?)  
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,  
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,  
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.  
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;  
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;  
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.  
For we are fond of thinking where to lie  
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart  
Can lift no aspiration . . . reasoning  
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,—  
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,  
And the sun cheered corruption!

10

20

Over all  
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,  
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

## LINES

WRITTEN AT MR. RAWSON'S, WAS-WATER LAKE, CUMBERLAND

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846, 1876.]

LOVELIEST of hills! from crimes and cares removed,  
Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!  
Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!  
And, at your side, their lord—the well-beloved.

*Title.* 1846, 1876 have Written . . . Lake, remainder om. [Landor and Wordsworth had visited Mr. Stansfeld Rawson at Wastdale Hall in July 1832. W.] 1 Loveliest] Loneliest 1846.

## **LINES WRITTEN AT MR. RAWSON'S**

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,  
 Hears Nature's voice call thro' it, and retreats  
 To her repose upon your mossy seats,  
 And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

## **WRITTEN ON THE RHINE**

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846, 1876.]

<p> <b>               SWIFTLY             </b> we sail along thy stream              War-stricken Rhine! and evening's                  gleam              Shows us, throughout it's course,              The gaping scars (on either side,              On every cliff) of guilty pride              And unavailing force.           </p>	<p>               Away! away! thou foulest pest                That ever broke man's inner rest,                    Pouring the poisoned lie.                How to thy dragon grasp is given                The power of Earth, the price of                    Heaven! . . .                Go! let us live and die.      30             </p>
<p>               Numberless castles here have                    frowned,                And cities numberless, spire-                    crowned,                Have fix'd their rocky throne;                Dungeons too deep, and towers                    too high,      10                Ever for Love to hear the sigh,                Or Law avenge the groan.             </p>	<p>               Without thy curse upon our                    head! . . .                Monster! with human sorrows fed,                    Lo! here thy image stands.                In Heidelberg's lone chambers,                    Rhine                Shows what his ancient Palatine                    Received from thy meek hands!             </p>
<p>               And, falser and more violent                Than fraudulent War, Religion lent                    Her scourge to quell the heart;                Striking her palsy into Youth,                And telling Innocence that Truth                    Is God's,—and they must part.             </p>	<p>               France, claim thy right, thy glory                    claim,                Surpassing Rome's immortal fame!                    For, more than she could do,                In the long ages of her toils,      40                With all her strength and all her                    spoils,                Thy heroes overthrew.             </p>
<p>               Hence victim crowns and iron                    vows,                Binding ten thousand to one                    spouse,      20                To keep them all from sin!                Hence, for light dance and merry                    tale,                The cloister's deep and stiffling veil,                That shuts the world within.             </p>	<p>               Crow, crow thy cock! thy eagle                    soar,                Fiercer and higher than before!                    Thy boasts, though few believe,                Here faithful history shall relate                What Gallic hearts could medi-                    late                And Gallic hands achieve.             </p>

23 stiffling] stiffling 1846.      48 footnote in 1846: The Castle of Heidelberg.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes  
delight,  
Anear, afar, on plain, on hight; 50  
But all are far and vast:  
Day follows day, and shows not one  
The weary heart could rest upon,  
To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,  
No sylvan mead, no prattling  
brook,

No little lake that stands  
Afraid to lift its fringed eye  
Of purest blue to its own sky,  
Or kiss its own soft sands. 60

O! would I were again at home,  
(If any such be mine,) to roam  
Amid Lanthony's bowers;  
Or, where beneath the alders flow  
My Arrow's waters still and slow,  
Doze down the summer hours.

65 Arrow's] so in 1846, mispr. Arron's 1837.

## TO THE HERON

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846.]

HERON! of grave career! whose lordly croaks  
Claim as inheritance Bodryddan's oaks,\*

I come no radical, to question rights:  
But, one word in your ear, most noble sir!  
If you may croak, I sure may sing, to her  
Who in my voice, as in your own, delights.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor!" Heron!  
High as the station is you now appear on,

I see you perch upon it, nor repine:—  
About our voice we may perhaps dispute,  
As for our seat on that you must be mute:—

Yours but a Naiad rais'd—a Grace rais'd mine.

10

\* There has been for a great number of years a Heronry in the grove of Bodryddan, in Flintshire. [L. Dean Shipley and his daughter, Mrs. Dashwood, lived at Bodryddan. W.]

Title. Om. 1846. 12 Naiad] Dryad 1846.

## LINES TO A DRAGON FLY

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846, 1876. Also from a manuscript post-marked July 12, 1834, in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but  
a dream;

I wish no happier one than to  
be laid

Beneath some cool syringa's  
scented shade

Or wavy willow, by the running  
stream,

Brimful of Moral, where the  
Dragon Fly

Wanders as careless and content  
as I.

3 Beneath some] Beneath a 1846. Under some 1895.

## LINES TO A DRAGON FLY

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,	Will read with hornier eyes than
Of purple crest and filmy wing,	thine;
Who with indifference givest up	And yet their souls shall live for
The water-lily's golden cup,	ever,
To come again and overlook	And thine drop dead into the river!
What I am writing in my book.	God pardon them, O insect king,
Believe me, most who read the line	Who fancy so unjust a thing!
8 purple] lofty 1895.	filmy] purple 1895.
	13 the] this 1895.

## ON MIGNIONETTE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

STRANGER, these little flowers are	To make you serious and reflect.
sweet	—This heaviness was always shed
If you will leave them at your feet,	Upon the drooping rose's head—
Enjoying like yourself the breeze,	Yet now perhaps your mind
And kist by butterflies and bees;	surveys
But if you snap the fragile stem	Some village maid, in earlier
The vilest thyme outvalues them.	days,
	Of charms thus lost, of life thus
	set!
Nor place nor flower would I	Ah bruise not then my Mignonette.
select	

## ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 25, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

1.	Did those two large dark eyes
PÆSTUM! thy roses long ago	explore,
Were prized, the rest above:	But wanted something still.
Twice in the year 'twas their's to	
blow	4.
And braid the locks of Love.	Damascus filled his heart with joy,
	So sweet her roses were!
2.	He cull'd them: but the wayward
He saw the city sink in dust,	boy
Its rose's roots decay'd,	Thought them ill worth his care.
And cried in sorrow, " <i>Find I must</i>	
<i>Another for my braid.</i> "	5.
3.	"I want them every month," he
First Cyprus, then, the Syrian	cried,
shore,	"I want them every hour:
To Pharphar's lucid rill,	Perennial rose, and none beside,
10	Henceforth shall be my flower."

1 Pæstum] Pæstum 1846.      2 Were . . . rest] All roses far 1846.      3 'twas their's] were call'd 1846.      10 Pharphar's] Pharpar's 1846.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

6.

Scarce had he found it, when he  
 heard 21  
 A voice that seem'd from Heaven;  
 And she who sang had scarce  
 appear'd  
 Before the flower was given.

7.

She lookt . . she turned to me her  
 head . .  
 "What can he mean to do?  
 'Tis not enough for me," she  
 said,  
 "But quite enough for you."  
W. S. L.

*ll. 21-8 om. 1846.*

### LINES ON TORQUAY

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1841*; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

<p>WHATEVER England's coasts display,          The fairest scenes are thine,          Torquay!          Nor could Liguria's tepid shore .          With palm and aloe please me more.          Sorrento softer tales may tell,          Parthenope sound louder shell,          Amalfi, Ocean's proudest boast,          Show loftier hills and livelier coast;          But, with thy dark oak woods          behind,          Here stretched before the eastern          wind <span style="float: right;">10</span>          The sails that from their Zuyderzee</p>	<p>Brought him who left our fathers          free.          Yet (shame upon me!) I sometimes          Have sigh'd awhile for sunnier          climes,          Where, though no mariner, I too          Whistled aloft my little crew:          And now to spar, and now to fence,          And now to fathom Shakspeare's          sense,          And now to trace the hand divine          That guided purest Raffael's line;          And, when the light at last was          gone, <span style="float: right;">21</span>          Weber led all to Oberon.</p>
--	--

*Title and sub-title. Om. 1846.* 1 coasts] fields 1846. 2 Torquay] Torbay  
1846. 3 Nor . . . tepid] Not even Liguria's sunny 1846. 4 please] pleas'd  
1846. 5 tales] tale 1846. Between ll. 8-9 1846 inserts four lines:

Where Nereids hear the nightly flute,  
 And gather fresh such morning fruit  
 As hangs within their highth, and shows  
 Its golden gleam thro' glossy boughs.

10 stretched . . . eastern] stretcht against the western 1846. 11 their] the 1846.  
 14 sunnier] other 1846. 17 And] 'Twas 1846. and] 'twas 1846. 18 And] 'Twas  
1846. 20 purest Raffael's] Raffael's faultless 1846. For ll. 21-2 1846 sub-  
*stitutes fourteen lines:*

And then we wonder who could raise  
 The massy walls at which we gaze,  
 Where amid songs and village glee  
 Soars immemorial Fiesole.  
 At last we all in turn declare  
 We know not who the Cyclops were.  
 "But the Pelasgians! those are true?"

"I know as much of them as you."  
 "Pooh! nonsense! you may tell us so;  
 Impossible you should not know!"  
 Then plans, to find me out, they lay,  
 Which will not fail another day.  
 England, in all thy scenes so fair,  
 Thou canst not show what charm'd me  
 there!

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### [THE FÆSULAN VILLA]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WHERE three huge dogs are ramp-  
ing yonder

Before that villa with its tower,  
No braver boys, no father fonder,  
Ever prolong'd the moonlight  
hour.

Often, to watch their sports un-  
seen,  
Along the broad stone bench he  
lies,

The oleander-stems between  
And citron-boughs to shade his  
eyes.

The clouds now whiten far away,  
And villas glimmer thick below,  
And windows catch the quivering  
ray, 11

Obscure one minute's space  
ago.

Orchards and vine-knolls maple-  
propt

Rise radiant round: the meads  
are dim,

As if the milky-way had dropt

And fill'd Valdarno to the brim.

Unseen beneath us, on the right,  
The abbey with unfinisht front

Of checker'd marble, black and  
white,

And on the left the Doccia's  
font. 20

Eastward, two ruin'd castles rise  
Beyond Maiano's mossy mill,  
Winter and Time their enemies,  
Without their warder, stately  
still.

The heaps around them there will  
grow

Higher, as years sweep by, and  
higher,

Till every battlement laid low  
Is seized and trampled by the  
briar.

That line so lucid is the weir  
Of Rovezzano: but behold 30  
The graceful tower of Giotto there,  
And Duomo's cross of freshen'd  
gold.

We can not tell, so far away,  
Whether the city's tongue be  
mute,

We only hear some lover play  
(If sighs be play) the sighing  
flute.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WHEN the mimosas shall have  
made

(O'erarching) an unbroken shade;  
And the rose-laurels let to breathe  
Scarcely a favorite flower beneath;  
When the young cypresses which  
now

Look at the olives, brow to brow,  
Cheer'd by the breezes of the south

Shall shoot above the acacia's  
growth,

One peradventure of my four  
Turning some former fondness  
o'er, 10

At last impatient of the blame  
Cast madly on a father's name,  
May say, and check the chided tear,  
"I wish he still were with us here."

9 my four [*sc.* his children. W.]

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### FOR AN URN IN THORESBY PARK

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

With frigid art our numbers flow	Whether they raise the laurell'd
For joy unfelt and fabled woe;	head,
And listless are the poet's dreams	Or stoop beneath the peasant's
Of pastoral pipe and haunted	shed,
streams.	10
All Nature's boundless reign is	They pass the glory they bestow,
theirs,	And shine above the light they
But most her triumphs and her	throw.
tears.	To Valour, in his car of fire,
They try, nor vainly try, their	Shall Genius strike the solemn
power	lyre:
To cheer misfortune's lonely hour;	A Riou's fall shall Manvers mourn,
	And Virtue raise the vacant urn.

15 Riou's [Captain Edward Riou, R.N., killed by a cannon shot at the battle of Copenhagen, 1801. W.]

### COTTAGE LEFT FOR LONDON

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE covert walk, the mossy apple-trees,  
 And the long grass that darkens underneath,  
 I leave for narrow streets and gnats and fleas,  
 Water unfit to drink and air to breathe.

### TO A CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

I COME to visit thee again,	Of thee in form, of me in mind,
My little flowerless cyclamen!	What is there in us rich or rare,
To touch the hands, almost to press,	To make us worth a moment's care?
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.	Unworthy to be so carest,
What could those lovely sisters find,	We are but wither'd leaves at best.

*Title. Added 1858. 1 again] agen 1858. 3 hands] hand 1858. 5 those lovely sisters] thy careful guardian 1858. 8 worth] claim 1858. 10 wither'd] withering 1858.*

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

VERY true, the linnets sing	Left them, false ones as they are.
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:	But there be who walk beside
You have found in all these leaves	Autumn's, till they all have died,
That which changes and deceives,	And who lend a patient ear
And, to pine by sun or star,	To low notes from branches sere.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>THERE is, alas! a chill, a gloom,          About my solitary room          That will not let one flowret bloom              Even for you:          The withering leaves appear to say,</p>	<p>“Shine on, shine on, O lovely          May!          But we meanwhile must drop          away.”          Light! life! adieu.</p>
---	---

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>HUMBLEST among the vernal train,          In giddy Flora's gustful reign,              Uplift, uplift thy timid eyes!          The violet shuns the trying              hour,          Soon sheds the rose its fondled              flower,              The gaudy tulip flaunts and              dies.          When Autumn mourns his gloomy              end,          When rains and howling blasts              descend,              When hill and vale and wood              are bare,</p>	<p>Before my path thy light I see, 10          And tho' no other smiles to me,              Thou smilest, here and every-              where.          What name more graceful couldst              thou chuse          Than Caledonia's pastoral Muse,              Breath'd in the mellow reed of              Burns?          Art thou not proud that name to              share          With her from whom, so passing              fair,              No heart unconquer'd e'er re-              turns?</p>
--	---

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>In spring and summer winds may              blow,              And rains fall after, hard and              fast;          The tender leaves, if beaten low,              Shine but the more for shower              and blast.          But when their fated hour arrives,              When reapers long have left the              field,          When maidens rifle turn'd-up              hives,              And their last juice fresh apples              yield,          A leaf perhaps may still remain              Upon some solitary tree, 10</p>	<p>Spite of the wind and of the rain ..              A thing you heed not if you              see ..          At last it falls. Who cares? not              one:              And yet no power on earth can              ever          Replace the fallen leaf upon              Its spray, so easy to dis sever.          If such be love I dare not say,              Friendship is such, too well I              know,          I have enjoy'd my summer day;              'Tis past; my leaf now lies              below. 20</p>
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## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

NOVEMBER! thou art come again	The gloom that overcast my brow,
With all thy gloom of fogs and rain,	The whole year's gloom, depart,
Yet woe betide the wretch who	but now;
sings	And all of joy I hear or see,
Of sadness borne upon thy wings.	November! I ascribe to thee!

## CHRISTMAS HOLLY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

BETHINK we what can mean	And the same green remains, 10
The holly's changeless green,	As when autumnal rains
Unyielding leaves, and seeds	Nurst them with milky
blood-red:	warmth of late.
<i>These</i> , while the smoke below	The stedfast bough scarce bends,
Curls slowly upward, show	But hang it over friends
Faith how her gentle Master	And suddenly what thoughts
bled.	there spring!
<i>Those</i> drop not at the touch	Harsh voices all grow dumb,
Of busy over-much,	While myriad pleasures come
They shrink not at the blazing	Beneath Love's ever-widen-
grate;	ing wing.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,  
Becomes the gloomiest; so the stream, that ran  
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,  
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend,  
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

## [FOR A TOMB IN WIDCOMBE CHURCH-YARD]

[Printed from a manuscript; published with variants in 1846.]

THE place where soon I think to lie,	I shall not see it, and (too sure)
In its old creviced wall hard-by	I shall not ever know that your
Rears many a weed.	Dear hand was there;
Whoever leads you there, will you	But the rich odor some fine day.
Drop sily in a grain or two	Shall (what I can not do) repay
Of wall-flower seed?	That little care.

*Title. Not in either version.* [When living at Bath, c. 1842, Landor bought a plot for his own grave at Widcombe (see poem on p. 209), but it was not to become his last resting-place. As printed in 1846 one of the variants contains a phrase so banal that it seemed better to give the text of the manuscript. W.] 2 wall] nook 1846. 4 Whoever leads] If parties bring 1846. 8 know] hear 1846. 9 Dear hand] Light step 1846. 11 Shall] Will 1846.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### ON LEAVING MY VILLA

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1848.*]

I GAZE with fond regret on you,	Because I've seen you many days,
My cypresses, so green and	And never am to see you more.
tall,	
And sweet acacian avenue,	I gaze on you with fond regret,
Because I nursed and rear'd you	My children! for you may be
all.	told <span style="float: right;">10</span>
	That love (like mine, too!) can
On you with fond regret I gaze,	forget—
My hall, with vine-leaves trel-	Only with death does love lie
liced o'er,	cold.

### TO VERONA

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CLXXII), 1876.]

VERONA! thy tall gardens stand erect,  
 Beckoning me upward. Let me rest awhile  
 Where the birds whistle hidden in the boughs,  
 Or fly away when idlers take their place,  
 Mated as well, conceal'd as willingly;  
 Idlers whose nest must not swing there, but rise  
 Beneath a gleamy canopy of gold,  
 Amid the flight of Cupids and the smiles  
 Of Venus, ever radiant o'er their couch.  
 Here would I stay, here wander, slumber here, 10  
 Nor pass into that theatre below,  
 Crowded with thin faint memories, shades of joy.  
 But ancient song arouses me: I hear  
 Cœlius and Aufilena: I behold  
 Lesbia, and Lesbia's linnet at her lip,  
 Pecking the fruit that ripens and swells out  
 For him whose song the Graces loved the most,  
 Whatever land, east, west, they visited.  
 Even he must not detain me: one there is  
 Mightier than he, of broader wing, of swoop 20  
 Sublimar. Open now that humid arch  
 Where Juliet sleeps the quiet sleep of death,  
 And Romeo sinks aside her.

Fare ye well,

Lovers! ye have not loved in vain: the hearts

11 theatre] theater 1853

12 thin] their 1853.

20 Mightier] Greater 1853.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Of millions throb around ye. This lone tomb  
One greater than yon walls have ever seen,  
Greater than Manto's prophet eye foresaw  
In her own child or Rome's, hath hallowed;  
And the last sod or stone a pilgrim knee  
Shall press (Love swears it, and swears true) is here. 30

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

September 13, 1848.

27 Manto's [From Manto, daughter of Hercules, Mantua was said to derive its name. W.] *Signature and date. Only in 1848.*

## TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 31, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. COXLIV), 1876.]

*Preacher of discontent!* Then large indeed  
Would be my audience, copious my display  
Of common-places. Better curb and quell  
Not by the bridle but the provender.

Sportsmen! manorial lords! of you am I.  
Let us, since game grows scarcer every day,  
Watch our preserves near home: we need but beat  
About the cottage-garden and slim croft  
For plenteous sport. Catch up the ragged child,  
Kiss it, however frightened: take the hand 10  
Of the young girl from out the artizan's  
Who leads her to the factory, soon to wear  
The tissue she has woven dyed in shame:  
Help the halt eld to rule the swerving ass,  
And upright set his crutch outside the porch,  
To reach, nor stoop to reach, at his return.  
'Tis somewhat to hear blessings, to confer  
Is somewhat more. Wealth is content to shine  
By his own light, nor asks he Virtue's aid;  
But Virtue comes sometimes, and comes unaskt, 20  
Nay, comes the first to conference.

There is one,

One man there is, high in nobility  
Of birth and fortune, who erects his house  
Among the heathen, where dun smoke ascends  
All day around, and drearier fire all night.  
Far from that house are heard the church's bells,  
And thro' deep cinders lies the road, yet there

## TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE

Walks the rich man, walks in humility,  
Because the poor he walks with, and with God.  
No mitred purple-buskin'd baron he,  
Self-privileged to strip the kalendar  
Of Sabbath days, to rob the cattle's rest,  
And mount, mid prance and neighing, his proud throne.  
Of what is thinking now thy studious head,  
O artist! in the glorious dome of Art,  
That thou shouldst turn thine eyes from Titian's ray,  
Or Raffael's halo round the Virgin's head  
And Child's, foreshowing Paradise regain'd?  
Of Ellesmere thou wert thinking; so was I.

30

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

31 kalendar] calendar 1853. 39 Ellesmere [Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, created Viscount Brackley and Earl of Ellesmere 1846, died 1857. W.]

## THE HALL AND THE COTTAGE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. ccv).]

A MAN there sate, not old, but weak and worne,  
Worse than age wears and weakens, near a wall  
Where dogs inside were playing round the court,  
While, conscious of his station in the house,  
Deep-sided, ebon-footed, and ring-tail'd,  
Stalkt the gray cat, and all about gave way.  
Yet, fearless of her talon, pigeons dropt,  
First one, and then another, from the roof,  
To pick up crumbs, shaken from snow-white cloth.  
Winter had now set in, and genial fires  
Drew families around them; near the grate  
The small round table left the large behind;  
And filberts bristled up, and medlars oped  
Their uncouth lids, and chesnuts were reveal'd  
Beneath the folded napkin, moist and hot.  
Scant had the bounty been if all this store,  
Supervacaneous, had gone forth bestowed  
On the poor wretch outside: he never rais'd  
His hopes, he never rais'd his thoughts, so high.  
Dinner was over in that pleasant home,  
And worthy were its inmates to enjoy  
In peace its plenteous yet uncostly fare.  
Little they thought that while the dogs within  
The court were playing, some of them erect

10

20

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Against their adversary, couchant some  
And panting to spring forward, while the doves  
Cooed hoarse with crop replenisht, and walkt round  
Each his own mate, trailing along the tiles  
His wing, his bosom purpling with content;  
Little thought they how near them loitered one 30  
Who might have envied the least happy cur  
Or cat or pigeon. To his cottage bent  
His fancy, from his own sad cares repel'd.  
Fancies are fond of lying upon down,  
Tho' they are often bred and born elsewhere:  
His was a strange one. But men's minds are warpt  
By fortune or misfortune, weal or woe,  
By heat and cold alike. The hungry man  
Thought of his children's hunger; the sharp blast  
Blew from them only. When he rais'd his eyes 40  
And saw the smoke ascending o'er the hall,  
He said . . his words are written . . God knows where . .  
"O! could I only catch that smoke which wreathes  
And riots round the rich man's chimney-vane,  
And bring it down among my ice-cold brats,  
They would not look and turn away from me,  
And rather press the damp brick floor again  
With their blue faces, than see him they call'd  
*Father! dear father!* when they woke, ere dawn."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## TO THE WORM

[Published in *The Leader*, May 4, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cccxv), 1876.]

FIRST-BORN of all creation! yet unsung!  
I call thee not to listen to my lay,  
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,  
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,  
Sweetest and most importunate. The voice  
Which would awaken, and which almost can,  
The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against  
And no more heedest than the wreck below.  
Yet art thou gentle; and for due reward,  
Because thou art so humble in thy ways, 10  
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,  
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,  
And Earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight

## TO THE WORM

Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,  
Others on icy mountains, far apart;  
Mammoth, and mammoth's archetype, and coil  
Of serpent cable-long, and ponderous mail  
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.  
Wrong too hath oft been done thee: I have watcht  
The nightingale, that most inquisitive 20  
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance  
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,  
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread  
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,  
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers  
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play,  
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.  
I too (but early from such sin forbore)  
Have fasten'd on my hook, aside the stream  
Of shady Arrow or the broad mill-pond, 30  
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently  
Await my hour, more quietly pursue  
Thy destined prey legitimate.

*First-born,*

I call'd thee at the opening of my song;  
*Last* of creation I will call thee now.  
What fiery meteors have we seen transcend  
Our firmament! and mighty was their power,  
To leave a solitude and stench behind.  
The vulture may have revell'd upon men;  
Upon the vulture's self thou reellest: 40  
Princes may hold high festival; for thee  
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,  
Thou comest in the silence of the night,  
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest  
Into the breast, lappest that wrinkled heart  
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite  
Again art ready for a like carouse.

Behold before thee the first minstrel known  
To turn from them and laud unbidden guest!  
He, who hath never bent his brow to king, 50  
Perforce must bend it, mightier lord, to thee.

30 Arrow] Arrowe 1853.

# TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

## ON A LADY'S SURPRISE AT MY IGNORANCE OF BOTANY

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850; reprinted 1853  
(No. LXX), 1876.]

INSTEAD of idling half my hours,  
I might have learnt the names of flowers  
In gardens, groves, and fields:  
But where had been the sweet surprise,  
That sparkles from those dark-blue eyes?  
Less pleasure knowledge yields.

*Title. Om.* 1853. 1 Instead] "Instead 1853. 3 fields:] fields." 1853. 4 But where] Where then 1853.

## REPROOF OF THANKS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, March 1, 1851; reprinted 1853  
(No. LXXXVII), 1876.]

NAY, thank me not again for those	I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
Camelias, and the untimely rose;	O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
But if (whence you might please the more,	Upon my grave I pray you set
And win the few unwon before)	One primrose or one violet . . .
	Nay; I can wait a little yet.

*Title. Om.* 1853. 2 and the] that 1853. 9 Nay;] . . . Stay . . . 1853.

## TO MIDSUMMER DAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 26, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. cccxxxii), 1876.]

CROWN of the Year, how bright thou shinest?	And hear his sharpen'd scythe sweep o'er <span style="float: right;">10</span>
How little in thy pride, divinest	Rank after rank: then others wait
Inevitable fall! albeit	Before the grange's open gate,
We who stand round about thee see it.	And watch the nodding wane, or watch
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near	The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Other bright children of the Year,	Til young and old at once take wing
Almost as high, and much like thee	And promise to return in spring.
In features and in festive glee;	Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Some happy to call forth the mower,	Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

4 thee see] forsee 1853.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 21, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxxvi), 1876.]

SILENT and modest Brook! who dippest here

Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear

Witheld thee for a moment, wend along;

Go, followed by my song,

Sung in such easy numbers as they use

Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse,

And such as often have flow'd down on me

From my own Fiesole.

I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say

That Tasso wove one looser lay,

10

And Milton took it up to dry the tear

Dropping on Lycidas's bier.

In youth how often at thy side I wander'd!

What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd

Among thy sedges, while sometimes

I meditated native rhymes,

And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet ;

Then, where soft mole-built seat

Invited me, I noted down

What must full surely win the crown,

20

But first impatiently vain efforts made

On broken pencil with a broken blade.

Anon, of lighter heart, I threw

My hat where circling plover flew,

And once I shouted til, instead of plover,

There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.

I would not twice be barbarous; on I went . .

And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.

Pardon me, gentle Stream, if rhyme

Holds up these records in the face of Time:

30

Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,

And Autumn hath his butterflies like Spring.

Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see

Reflected what hath ceast to be:

Haply thou little knowest why

I check this levity, and sigh.

Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn

Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,

4 followed] follow'd 1853.  
Ianthé.]

17 Latian] mispr. Laotian 1852.

37 her [sc.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,  
     Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame:      40  
 She now is past my praises: from her urn  
     To thine, with reverence due, I turn.  
 O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever  
     Was sacrificed to thee,  
 Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River  
 Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see  
 A band of Mænads toss their tymbrels high  
 Mid *io-evokes* to their Deity.  
 But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream  
     Under the mingled gleam      50  
 Of swords and torches, and the chaunt of Rome,  
     When Wiclif's lowly tomb  
     Thro' its thick briars was burst  
     By frantic priests accurst;  
 For he had entered and laid bare the lies  
 That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.  
     We part . . but one more look!  
     Silent and modest Brook!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

47 tymbrels] timbrels 1853.

55 entered] enter'd 1853.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

Avon that never thirsts, nor toils along,  
 Nor looks in anger, listen'd to my song,  
 So that I envied not the passing names  
 Whose gilded barges burnisht prouder Thames,  
 Remembering well a better man than I,  
 Whom in these meads the giddy herd ran by,  
 What time the generous Raleigh bled to death,  
 And Lust and Craft play'd for Elizabeth.  
 While murder in imperial robe sat by  
 To watch the twinkling of that sharp stern eye,      10  
 Til when a sister-queen was call'd to bleed,  
 Her fingers cased in jewels sign'd the deed!

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### GARDEN AT HEIDELBERG

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLIV); reprinted 1876.]

FILL me the beaker!	Germans! beer-drinking,	
Now, Rhine and Nekkar,	Tobacco-stinking,	
Health to thee both, ye noble	Gladly, how gladly! I resign	
streams!	All you are worth,	10
Yours is a power	From south to north	
To wing the hour	For this fresh air and fragrant	
High above Wisdom's heavy	wine.	
dreams.		

### [LEAMINGTON]

[Published in 1853 (No. XXIV); reprinted 1876.]

WHERE are the sounds that swam along  
The buoyant air when I was young?  
The last vibration now is o'er,  
And they who listen'd are no more;  
Ah! let me close my eyes and dream,  
I see one imaged on the Leam.

*Title. Not in either edition.*

### BRIGHTON 1807

[Published in 1853 (No. CXLIV); reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

You ask what he's doing	When night is returning
Who lately was wooing	He sighs for the morning
And fear'd but those frowns	And ere the first light
That came dark o'er the downs:	Sighs again for the night.

### EXPOSTULATION

[Published in 1853 (No. CCXI); reprinted with variants 1858; both versions in 1876.]

Now yellow hazels fringe the greener plain  
And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,  
And little rivulets beneath them creep  
And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep;  
Now, when supplanted by insidious snow  
The huge stone rolls into the lake below,  
What can detain my lovely friend from home,

*Title. So in 1858. Not in 1853.* 1 yellow] yellowing 1858. 6 the lake  
[Wast-water, Cumberland. "Expostulation" is thought to have been addressed to  
Mr. Stansfeld Rawson's daughter Catherine, who in 1842 married the Rev. Thomas  
Worsley, Fellow and afterwards Master of Downing College, Cambridge. See footnote  
to 'Lines written at Mr. Rawson's,' p. 172. W.] For ll. 7-8 1858 substitutes:

What in these scenes, her earlier haunts, to roam,  
What can detain my lovely friend from home?

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Fond in these scenes, her earlier scenes, to roam?  
'Tis that mid fogs and smoke she hears the claim  
And feels the love of freedom and of fame:  
Before those two she bends serenely meek . .  
They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

10

10 freedom . . . fame] Freedom . . . Fame 1858.      11 those] these 1858.

### [BATH]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxix); reprinted 1876.]

IF wits and poets, two or three,	Neighbours who stir one step from
Four at the most, speak well of	prose
me,	Become inevitable foes.
It is because my lonely path	Poetic steamers rarely fail
Lies hidden by the hills of Bath.	Somehow to clash upon the rail.

*Title. Not in either edition.*

### [INVITED TO OXFORD]

[Published in 1853 (No. lxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

YES, I will come to Oxford now  
Juicy and green is every bough,  
Unfit as yet to roast a Froude:  
Exeter cries, "To what a pass  
Are we reduced! alas! alas!"  
And Church and College wail aloud.

4 Exeter [Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. lx); reprinted 1876.]

CYPRESS and Cedar! gracefullest of trees,  
Friends of my boyhood! ye, before the breeze,  
As lofty lords before an eastern throne,  
Bend the whole body, not the head alone.

### TO AN OLD MULBERRY-TREE

[Published in 1853 (No. lxxiv); reprinted 1876.]

OLD mulberry! with all thy moss around,  
Thy arms are shatter'd, but thy heart is sound:  
So then remember one for whom of yore  
Thy tenderest boughs the crimson berry bore;  
Remember one who, trusting in thy strength,  
Lay on the low and level branch full length.  
No strength has he, alas! to climb it now,  
Nor strength to bear him, if he had, hast thou.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### [A TREE SPEAKS]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxxiv); reprinted with om. 1863 (p. 250), fully 1876.]

<p>THERE was a lovely tree, I knew          And well remember where it grew,          And very often felt inclined          To hear its whispers in the wind.          One evening of a summer day          I went, without a thought that              way,          And, sitting down, I seem'd to              hear          The tree's soft voice, and some              one's near.          Yes, sure enough I saw a maid          With wakeful ear against it laid.          Silent was everything around          While thus the tree in quivering              sound:          "They pant to cull our fruit, and              take          A leaf, they tell us, for our sake,          On the most faithful breast to              wear          And keep it, til both perish,              there.          Sad pity such kind hearts should              pant          So hard! We give them all they              want.</p>	<p>They come soon after and just              taste          The fruit, and throw it on the              waste.          Again they come, and then pluck              off          What poets call our hair, and              scoff;          And long ere winter you may see          These leaves fall fluttering round              the tree.          They come once more: then, then              you find          The root cut round and under-              mined:          Chains are clencht round it: that              fine head,          On which stil finer words were said,          Serves only to assist the blow          And lend them aid to lay it low."              Methinks I hear a gentle sigh,          And fain would guess the reason              why;          It may have been for what was              said          Of fruit and leaves, of root and              head.</p>
--	---

*Title. Not in either edition. Ll. 1-6 om. 1863. 7 And . . . down] Lean'd on a bank 1863. 8 The . . . soft] A tree's faint 1863. one's] one 1863. 20 and] then 1863. 32 And . . . guess] Tell me, who can, 1863. 34 fruit . . . leaves] leaves and fruit 1863.*

[Published in 1853 (No. xxxii); reprinted 1876.]

GRACEFUL Acacia! slender, brittle,  
 I think I know the like of thee;  
 But thou art tall and she is little . .  
     What God shall call her his own tree?  
 Some God must be the last to change her;  
     From him alone she will not flee;  
 O may he fix to earth the ranger,  
     And may he lend her shade to me!

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxvii); reprinted 1876.]

A SENTIMENTAL lady sate  
Lamenting thus a rose's fate,  
As thirty of them, nay threescore,  
Bard-bitten all, have done before.  
"My sweet and lovely one! ah why  
Must you so soon decay and die?"  
"I know not," with soft accents  
said,  
And balmy breath the Rose, "kind  
maid!  
I only know they call me fair, 9  
And fragrant in this summer air.

If youths should push their faces  
down  
On mine, I smile, but never frown,  
And never ('twere affected) say,  
So much as '*wanton! go away.*'  
I would not wish to stop behind  
And perish in the wint'ry wind.  
I have had sisters; all are gone  
Before me, and without a moan.  
Be thou as sweet and calm as  
they,  
And never mind the future day."

[Published in 1853 (No. clxi); reprinted 1876.]

In early spring, ere roses took  
A matronly unblushing look,  
Or lilies had begun to fear  
A stain upon their character,  
I thought the cuckoo more remote  
Than ever, and more hoarse his  
note.  
The nightingale had dropt one  
half

Of her large gamut, and the laugh  
Of upright nodding woodpecker  
Less petulantly struck my ear. 10  
Why have the birds forgot to sing  
In this as in a former spring?  
Can it be that the days are cold.  
Or (surely not) that I am old.  
Strange fancy! how could I forget  
That I have not seen eighty yet!

[Published in 1853 (No. xlv); reprinted 1876.]

"AMONG the few sure truths we know"  
A poet deep in thought and woe,  
Says "*Flowers, when they have lived, must die,*"  
And so, sweet maid! must you and I.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxc); reprinted 1876.]

CISTUS! whose fragil flower  
Waits but the vesper hour  
To droop and fall,  
Smoothen thy petals now  
The Floral Fates allow . .  
Ah why so ruffled in fresh youth  
are all?

Thou breathest on my breast,  
"We are but like the rest  
Of our whole family;  
Ruffled we are, 'tis true, 10  
Thro life; but are not *you?* . .  
Without our privilege so soon to  
die."

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. XIII); reprinted 1876.]

WINTER has changed his mind and fixt to come.  
Now two or three snow-feathers at a time  
Drop heavily, in doubt if they should drop  
Or wait for others to support their fall.

## OBSERVING A VULGAR NAME ON THE PLINTH OF AN ANCIENT STATUE

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 3, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

BARBARIANS must we always	O Venus! in thy Tuscan dome
be?	May every God watch over thee!
Wild hunters in pursuit of fame?	Apollo! bend thy bow o'er Rome
Must there be nowhere stone or	And guard thy sister's chastity.
tree	Let Britons paint their bodies blue
Ungasht with some ignoble	As formerly, but touch not
name?	you. 10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Title.* Observing a] A 1858.      *Signature om.* after 1854.

## THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 10, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

YE brave old fig-trees! worthy	Vanisht each venerable head,
pair!	Nor bough nor leaf could tell
Beneath whose shade I often	them where 10
lay	To look for you, alive or dead;
To breathe awhile a cooler air,	Unheeded was my distant
And shield me from the darts	prayer.
of day.	
Strangers have visited the spot,	I might have hoped (if hope had
Led thither by my parting song;	ever
Alas! the strangers found you	Been mine) that storm or time
not,	alone
And curst the poet's lying	Your firm alliance would dis sever,
tongue.	Nor mortal hand your strength
	o'erthrow

12 prayer] prayer\* 1858 with footnote:

Et ficus maneat duo,  
Semper religiosus  
Servandæ, umbriferum caput  
Conquassante senecta.

[The Latin is Landor's. See *Poemata*, 1847, p. 244.]

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Before an axe had bitten thro'  
 The bleeding bark, some tender  
 thought,  
 If not for me, at least for you  
 On younger bosoms might have  
 wrought. 20

Age after age, your honeyed fruit,  
 From boys unseen thro' foliage,  
 fell  
 On lifted apron; now is mute  
 The girlish glee! Old friends,  
 farewell!

### TO A KID

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 3, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

My little Kid! if I forbid  
 Your access to my tender trees,  
 Take it not ill, nor vainly fill  
 With hoarse lament the mountain  
 breeze.

Your father there, with hoary hair,  
 And there your gentler mother  
 stands;

I sadly fear their coming near  
 My quiet nook on lower lands.

Let poet rest his throbbing breast  
 In the lone woodland's safe retreat;  
 Let higher state the goat await, 11  
 Whose scorns alike the wind and heat.

For you alone, my little one,  
 I spread behind the stable door  
 The softest straw you ever saw;  
 Against the lintel more and more.

You may bring out the horns that  
 sprout

So ruddily, and polish each.

A shining brook runs near. You  
 look

Affrighted. What a thoughtless  
 speech! 20

So! here I find on kiddish mind  
 Traditionary lore instill'd,  
 Tho' fairly bookt, Nymph might  
 have lookt  
 For poet's promise unfulfil'd.

But never mind: no hand shall  
 bind

For a *Bandusia* such a kid.

Bound if ye are, one fond and fair  
 Shall bind you, in fresh flowers  
 half-hid.

My groves delight by day and  
 night

To hear her name: this makes  
 them still. 30

Should she have prest to yours  
 her breast

A little hard, dont take it ill.

Her cheek, tho' warm, will do no  
 harm

To the cool nostril she may kiss.

We all must bear things as they  
 are;

Now one word more; and it is this.

As you grow old grow not too bold;  
 Learn modesty; nor romp nor  
 roam.

Lest blushes rise to pain her eyes  
 Your lady cousins must not come.

Meanwhile, tho' play you fairly  
 may, 41

Hit not the inviting knee too hard;  
 For haply he afar may be  
 Who knows the cure, her faithful  
 bard.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

2 access] visit 1858.

38 romp] ramp 1858.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### WRITTEN IN SICKNESS

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 17, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876. Also printed from a manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

DEATH of the year! wilt thou be also mine,  
O Winter! never must I catch agen  
The virgin breath of mountain cyclamen,  
Pushing aside the wayward eglantine?

Such were my phantasies not long ago,  
Ere thou wast nearer: I had thought once more  
To ramble as of old along the shore  
Of Larius, now indeed with step more slow:

And thence, if such a scene the heart can bear  
To leave behind, Sorrento's cliffs along  
From that old terrace-walk guitar and song  
(Spectres! away with ye!) again to hear.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

12 agen] agen 1858. *Signature om. after 1858.*

### TO THE RIVER MELA, NEAR VERONA\*

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 27, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

AN Mela! pleasant art thou to behold  
Drop, as thou runnest on, thy curls of gold,  
In looser ringlets; and then bending down  
Those branches whence Alcides wreath'd his crown,  
And mingling them with darker, from the dead  
O'er whom Apollo droopt his guilty head.  
There in one shadow on thy breast unite  
Cypress and poplar, equal in thy sight.  
But where is our Valerius? where is he  
Who sang so many loves, and each with glee?  
The Muse of elegy stood far away  
And pined and pouted at his Sapphic lay.  
Venus could never bring her faithful doves  
Within the precincts of thy gayer groves.  
He whom thou most delightedst in prefer'd  
The pert and piping to the cooing bird,

10

\* *Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela.*—CATULLUS. [L. *Carm.* lxvii. 33.]

14 thy gayer] the Lesbian 1858. 16 bird] bird\* 1858 with footnote: Lesbia's bird has everywhere been called a *sparrow*. Italians at this day use the word *passero* for several birds.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

And the few tears, the very few, he shed,  
Were on the breast which held that pert one dead.

Barbaric trumpets, Mela, now resound  
On every hill and vale thou seest around.  
But fear not, Mela! thou shalt yet rejoice,  
And mid thy shepherds raise thy silvery voice.  
The robbers shall be driven far and wide . . .  
Shrink not if gore pollute thy placid tide,  
If some few days it swell with bloated men . .  
It shall run free, soon, soon, and pure agen.

20

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Signature om. after 1858.*

## WRITTEN AT MALVERN, JUNE 1799

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 17, 1855; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

YE springs of Malvern, fresh and bright,  
Wherein the Spirits of health delight  
To dip incessantly their wings!  
Rise and sustain the pallid maid  
Who steps so slow and seeks your aid;  
Bless, and in turn be blest, ye springs!

If I might ask the Powers above  
One gift, that gift should be her love.  
Hush! thou unworthy creature, hush!  
Wouldst thou not rather see her, then,  
Without her love, in health agen?  
I pause; I bow my head, and blush.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Signature om. after 1855.*

## VOYAGE TO ST. IVES, CORNWALL FROM PORT-EINON, GLAMORGAN, 1794

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

How gladsome yet how calm are ye  
White birds that dip into the sea!  
How sportive those bright fins  
below  
Which through green alga -  
meadows glow!

How soft the lustrous air around,  
And the red sail's is all the  
sound,  
While me my heart's fierce tem-  
pest drives  
On from Port-Einon to St. Ives.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### ST. CLAIR

October 5, 1796

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; also printed from the original manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

I send you a curiosity. Charlotte Philipps (? Phillips) gave me a lump of some mineral which was afterwards stolen from me, and I wrote these lines at St. Clair's. [*Landor to Mrs. Paynter*. November 1857.]

Of all the saints of earth or air	When all but lovers long had slept,
What saint was ever like St. Clair!	I tost and tumbled, fretted, wept,
'Twas she herself who crost my way,	To Love himself vow'd endless
And thunderstruck me yesterday.	hate,
In simple vest she stood arraid,	Renounced my stars and curst my
To mortal eyes a mortal maid,	fate;
And in her dexter hand she bore	When, lo! in pity to my tears,
A shining mass of shapeless ore.	In sleep an angel form appears; so
My courage, voice, and memory	"Subdue," she says, "regrets like
gone,	these,
I bow'd and kist the magic stone.	We angels vanish when we please."
I urged attendance; she complied;	My curtains, starting, I with-
And now behold us side by side.	drew;
I speak; the country people stare . .	The Morn appear'd, the Vision
"The Saxon speaks to empty air."	flew.

*Title* St. Clair [*sc.* St. Clear's, near Tenby. The castle of St. Clare is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis. W.] *Introduction*. Only in 1899.

### MY HOMES

[Published in 1858; part quoted reprinted 1869 and vol. i, 1876.]

HOME! I have changed thee often: on the brink  
Of Arrowe early I began to think,  
Where the dark alders, closing overhead,  
Across the meadow but one shadow shed.  
Lantony then received me for a while  
And saw me musing in the ruin'd aile:  
Then loitered I in Paris; then in Tours,  
Where Ronsard sang erewhile his loose amours,  
And where the loftier Beranger retires  
To sing what Freedom, and what Mirth, inspires.  
From France to Italy my steps I bent  
And pitcht at Arno's side my household tent.  
Six years the Medicæan palace held  
My wandering Lares; then they went afield,

10

*Title*. Om. 1869. ll. 1-10 om. 1869.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend  
O'er Doccia's dell, and fig and olive blend.  
There the twin streams in Affrico unite,  
One dimly seen, the other out of sight,\*  
But ever playing in his smoothen'd bed  
Of polisht stone, and willing to be led 20  
Where clustering vines protect him from the sun,  
Never too grave to smile, too tired to run.  
Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's *Fair Brigade*  
Beguiled the hours and tale for tale repaid.  
How happy! O how happy! had I been  
With friends and children in this quiet scene!  
Its quiet was not destined to be mine;  
'Twas hard to keep, 'twas harder to resign.  
Now seek I (now Life says, *My gales I close*)  
A solitary and a late repose. 30

\* The scene of Boccaccio's *Ninfale* and his *Bella Brigada*. [L. om. 1869.]

18 sight\*] sight 1869 which omits footnote. ll. 29-30 om. 1869.

## MORN

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

SWEET is the Morn where'er it shines,  
Whether amid my Tuscan vines,  
Or where Sorrento's shadows play  
At *hide-and-seek* along the bay,  
Or high Amalfi takes its turn,  
Until they rest on high Salern.

And here too once the Morn was sweet,  
For here I heard the tread of feet  
Upon the pebbles wet with dew;  
Sweet was the Morn, it breath'd of you.

## ASKED TO DANCE AT BATH

[Published in 1858.]

In first position I can stand no longer;  
A time there was when these two calves were stronger  
And could move bravely up and down the Rooms,  
But youthful days evaporate like perfumes.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### TO BATH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE snows have fallen since my eyes were closed  
Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath!  
In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,  
Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my path.

The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,  
Alas! on few with heavier cares opprest.  
My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,  
Wilt thou entwine one for my last *long rest*?

### LEAVING LONDON

[Published in 1858.]

WONDERS, 'tis true, I leave behind,	Mid avenues where ancient trees
And, what is rarer, friends so	Discourse about the coming breeze
kind.	And tremble for the rooks above,
To my own country I am gone	And chide the unreturning dove;
From Grecian Slave and Amazon,	Then, showing at their feet the
Nor longer can delight my eyes	moss,
In painture's proudest galleries,	Invite me to forget my loss,
But Nature's are before me stil,	Or, if unwilling to forget,
And I may wander at my will	To dream that I am with you yet.

13

4 Slave . . . Amazon [Hiram Powers' statue, "The Greek Slave" and the "Wounded Amazon" by Augustus Kiss were in the International Exhibition, 1851. W.]

### THE MYRTLE'S APPEAL

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

To the tender and pensive I make my Appeal,  
If ever ye felt, believe I also feel.  
Who rifles my blossoms, who strips my young leaves,  
May the maiden he swears to, be sure he deceives!  
But ye who in grove or in chamber run over  
The songs of all lands that have burst from the lover,  
And have learnt and have often repeated my name,  
From Cyprus to distant Ierne the same,  
Do spare me! There is (you may know her) a flower  
Who blooms and who blushes for only an hour;  
She may not be backward a breast to adorn,  
Perhaps warm as hers, and perhaps cold as Morn;

10

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

There place her: I fancy she will not resist,  
Nor will one (for her parents have many) be mist.  
But, if you hope aught from our Goddess, leave me  
To rest on the sands and to look on the sea.\*

\* *Litora myrtitis gratissima.*—VIRGIL. [*L. misquoted, see Georgics, ii. 112, myrtetis lætissima.*]

### HEARTS-EASE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,  
But not until first worn by you . .  
Hearts-ease . . of all Earth's flowers most rare;  
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

### TO A LIMONCINA (VERBENA)

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

FLOWERS may enjoy their own pure dreams of bliss.  
Prest, smooth'd with soft slow hand, upon her book  
By Isabel, and winning one kind look,  
Couldst thou, my Limoncina, dream of this?

### TO THE CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MY little flower of stem so tall,  
Who would have thought that we should fall  
So soon, or ever, in disgrace?  
My little flower! be thou resign'd,  
Like me, nor deem it hard to find,  
Even at her feet our resting-place.

### TO THE CYCLAMEN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THOU Cyclamen of crumpled horn  
Toss not thy head aside;  
Repose it where the Loves were born,  
In that warm dell abide.  
Whatever flowers, on mountain, field,  
Or garden, may arise,  
Thine only that pure odor yield  
Which never can suffice.  
Emblem of her I've loved so long,  
Go, carry her this little song.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### FAST FALL THE LEAVES

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

FAST fall the leaves: this never says  
To that, "Alas! how brief our days!"  
All have alike enjoy'd the sun,  
And each repeats, "*So much is won* :  
Where we are falling, millions more  
Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

### SINGING BIRDS

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MERLE! cushat! mavis! when but young	And " <i>Speckled thrush ! let that poor     worm</i>
More vulgar names from mother tongue	<i>Creep safely thro' the rain and     storm.</i> <span style="float:right">10</span>
Often and often, much I fear,	<i>Blackbird! unless it tires you, stay</i>
Have wounded your too patient ear,	<i>And sing me one more song to-day."</i>
Before our dame, old Poesie,	Ye listened then; and each one did
Took me and held me on her knee,	(Except the thrush) as he was bid.
" <i>Woodpigeon dear!</i> " I may have	I doubt if now ye sing so well
said,	In your fine names; but who can
Hearing you coo above my head,	tell?

### A PAIR OF NIGHTINGALES

[Published in 1858.]

COOL-SMELLING Oleander loves the stream  
And bends ripe roses over it; but whose  
Are those bright eyes that look aslant at me?  
And whose are those slim talons, smooth, yet sharp,  
That hold an insect up?

    She flies away,  
Nor heeds my doubts and questionings.

Erelong

Melodious gurgles ripple from a copse  
Hard-by: she seems to thank me, seems to tell  
Her partner not to fear me: they defer  
The song of gratitude til even-tide,  
Then gushes it amain. 10

    Fond pair, sing on;  
I will watch near you; none shall interrupt  
That deep and sparkling stream of melody.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### ON A SPITZ

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O DEATH! thou must have lost thy wits	No Aberdeens, no Nicholasses, That thou shouldst single from
To throw a wanton dart at Spitz.	the rest
Are there no creatures wild or tame	A watchful, wise, true-hearted beast,
Which thou shouldst rather make thy game?	Who never seiz'd anothers bone But dogfully maintained his
No prowling tigers, worn-out asses;	own.

### ON THE DOG-STAR

[Published in 1858.]

I HOLD it unlawful	But needs I must say,
To question the awful	Heaven's Dog had his day,
Appointments of Heaven, or	And Pomero beats the said Dog
hazard a doubt;	out and out.

### TO OUR HOUSE-DOG CAPTAIN

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

CAPTAIN! we often heretofore	And the dark cell that oped
Have boxt behind the coach-	beneath.
house door,	Thou wert like others of the
When thy strong paws were rear'd	strong,
against	But only more averse from wrong;
My ribs and bosom, badly fenced:	Reserved, and proud perhaps, but
None other dared to try thy	just,
strength,	And strict and constant to thy
And hurl thee side-long at full	trust,
length,	Somewhat inclement to the poor,
But we well knew each other's	Suspecting each for evil-doer,
mind,	But hearing reason when I spoke,
And paid our little debts in kind.	And letting go the ragged cloak.
I often braved with boyish fist	Thou dared I; but I never dar'd
The vanquisht bull's antagonist,	To drive the pauper from the
And saw unsheath'd thy tiny teeth	yard.

### ONE INDIFFERENT TO ANIMALS

[In proofs of 1858, and there cancelled.]

FOR animals half-beast or wholly  
How very little do you feel!  
Pity the bandy legs of Folly;  
And lift the turnspit to his wheel.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### NOVEMBER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

THE year lies waste; November's	The tamer beasts shall stall below,
rain	Their wildness shall the wild fore-
Is deluging the world again.	go,
Behold the signal to embark!	And we above will pass the day
Come then, my dove! behold the	As blithely as we did in May; 10
ark!	And one shall bill, and one shall
Noises all round us we may hear	coo,
Of spite and malice: never fear.	The choice of <i>which</i> I leave to you.

### FOR A GRAVESTONE IN SPAIN

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 273.]

SAY thou who liest here beneath,  
To fall in battle is not death.  
You, tho' no pall on you was cast,  
Heard the first trump nor fear'd the last.

### WRITTEN IN SPAIN

[Published in 1863, p. 183.]

CIRISUS! wherefor here exude  
Til drowsy flocks forget their food?  
Thy soporific incense keep  
For church, where all are bound to sleep.

### [RIVAL LAWYERS]

[Published in 1863, p. 184.]

Two rival lawyers, Gabb and Gabell,  
Make Abergany comfortable.  
To Welshmen stiff and heady quarrels  
Are needful as their *cwrw*-barrels;  
Of both they quaff, sup after sup,  
Until they fairly are laid up.

[From a manuscript.]

If the Devil, a mighty old omnibus driver  
Saw an omnibus driving down-hill to the river  
And saved any couple to share his own cab  
I do really think ['t]would be Gabell and Gabb.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### BELL-RINGING IN ITALY

[Two versions (A, B) published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, pp. 210, 230.]

YE poor Italians who are plunged in hell  
Have yet one comfort left, ye never hear  
At morn and noon and night the eternal bell;  
All other torments be resigned to bear.

*Title. Not in B.*      3 bell;] bell . . . B.      4 resigned] resign'd B.

[Published in 1863, p. 278; reprinted 1876.]

NEVER must my bones be laid  
Under the mimosa's shade.  
He to whom I gave my all  
Swept away her guardian wall,  
And her green and level plot  
Green or level now is not.

### CALVERTON DOWNS

[Published in 1863, p. 214; reprinted 1876.]

HE whom the Fates forbid to dwell  
Beside the Loire or the Moselle,  
And who abhors the din of towns,  
Should nestle here beneath these downs.

*Calverton Downs* [Claverton-Down, near Bath. The Rev. R. Graves, author of *The Spiritual Quixote*, lived and died at the village of Claverton. W.]

### WRITTEN ON THE STEPS AT HAMPDEN

[Published in 1863, p. 238; reprinted 1876.]

ALONG that avenue below,  
With drooping neck, and footstep slow,  
Came wounded Hampden's horse; he stood  
Steaming with sweat surcharged with blood.  
Within that chamber overhead  
Died the most mourn'd of all the dead.

l. 6 an allusion to the death in 1742 of James Hammond whose *Love Elegies*, with a preface by the Earl of Chesterfield, were published 1743. [W.]

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

### ON THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 269.]

A QUEEN who snatcht from Marlboro's hand  
The bay-girt baton of command  
Lies here: and courtiers now malign  
The creature whom they call'd divine;  
Yet none among them has denied  
That she was sober when she died.

### THE WOUNDED NIGHTINGALE

[Published in 1863, p. 211; reprinted 1876.]

*Altho' thou lovest much to sit alone,  
Why stayest thou when all the rest are gone?*  
Thus spoke I to a nightingale; then she  
Stepping a little farther on the tree.  
"One night a cruel archer heard me sing,  
"And came at early morn and broke my wing.  
"The leaves were denser then; he could not find  
"The prey he sought, and left me thus behind."  
She fluttered, but alas! no more she flew,  
And softly I, with backward step, withdrew.

10

### ON THE POISONING OF SPARROWS

[Published in 1863, p. 163; reprinted 1876.]

My fondled ones! whom every  
day  
In childhood I call'd forth to  
play,  
A call ye minded not until  
The crumbs were on the window-  
sill;  
Then down ye fluttered; then ye  
fought  
More fiercely than good sparrows  
ought,  
For there was not a speckled  
breast  
To cause a jealous one unrest, 8

And not a Lesbia at whose beck  
There came a pouting lip to peck.  
Ah me! what rumour do I hear?  
It makes me shrivel up with fear.  
Can it . . . it never can . . . be true,  
That poison is prepared for *you*,  
Who clear the blossoms as they  
shoot  
And watch the bud and save the  
fruit?  
Turn, turn again your sideling  
eyes  
On one more grateful and more  
wise..

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 273; reprinted 1876.]

PARROTS have richly color'd wings,  
Not so the sweetest bird that sings;  
Not so the lonely plaintive dove;  
In sadder stole she mourns her love,  
And every Muse in every tongue  
Has heard and prais'd her nightly song.  
1 wings] wing 1863.

## TO A LIZARD

[Published in 1863, p. 215; reprinted 1876.]

WHY run away, poor lizard? why	Altho' they swell thy jewel'd breast
Art thou so diffident and shy?	And never let it lie at rest:
Trust to my word; I only want	Even when thou sinkest to repose
To look awhile and see thee pant.	None ever saw thy eyelids close. 10
For well I know thy pantings are	Turn, I beseech thee, turn again,
No signs of sorrow or of care,	So mayst thou watch no fly in vain.

## ON A FAWN'S HOOF

[Published in 1863, p. 263; reprinted 1876.]

HAVE I not seen thee, little hoof, before  
Thou wast a handle to my stable-door?  
Have I not seen thee trotting o'er the park  
In dread when distant hounds began to bark?  
Ah! how much rather would I see thee now  
With branching horns above thy lifted brow,  
Commanding me by angry stamp to go  
And keep away from where lie fawn and doe.  
I never thought to feel again for deer  
The guilt of murder that confronts me here. 10

## ANSWER TO A DOG'S INVITATION

[Published in 1863, p. 367; reprinted 1876. Eight lines printed from a manuscript in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June 1866.]

FAITHFULLEST of a faithful race,	Nor wilt thou ever, as before,
Plainly I read it in thy face	Reartwo white feet against her door.
Thou wishest me to mount the stairs	Therefor do thou nor whine nor
And leave behind me all my cares.	roam,
No; I shall never see again	But rest thee and curl round at
Her who now sails across the main;	home. 10

*Title.* To Giallo 1866. ll. 9-10 not in 1866. After l. 8 1866 has:

Written opposite Palazzo Pitti, September, 1861.

The 1866 manuscript was enclosed in a letter to Miss Kate Field, dated August 28, 1861.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 254; reprinted 1876.]

Soon does the lily of the valley die,  
Later the rose droops o'er her family,  
Fresh children press about her couch of moss  
And she forgets, as they repair, her loss.  
The hapless lily none such comfort knows,  
But sinks the paler at the sight of rose.

### [IPSLEY]

[Published in Colvin's *Landor*, 1881.]

I HOPE in vain to see again	To walk beyond the third mill-
Ipsley's peninsular domain.	pond,
In youth 'twas there I used to	And meet a maiden fair and
scare	fond
A whirring bird or scampering	Expecting me beneath a tree
hare,	Of shade for two but not for
And leave my book within a nook	three. 10
Where alders lean above the	Ah! my old yew, far out of view,
brook,	Why must I bid you both adieu.

4 bird or] partridge, in a manuscript.

### [IMPROMPTU]

[Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1866 ("The Last Days of W. S. Landor", by Kate Field).]

BUT he is foolish who supposes  
Dogs are ill that have hot noses.

### [TO A DOG]

[Published in Colvin's *Landor*, from a manuscript dated August 1, 1860.]

GIALLO! I shall not see thee dead,	Nor bark, as now, to make me
Nor raise a stone above thy	mind,
head,	Asking me, am I deaf or blind:
For I shall go some years before,	No, Giallo, but I shall be soon,
Where thou wilt leap at me no	And thou wilt scratch my turf
more,	and moan.

1 Giallo [After Landor's death the Contessa Baldelli took charge of Giallo. He survived his master eight years and a few days. "Poor dog", the Contessa wrote when recording his death, "I miss his tender faithfulness". W.]

# TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

## TO THE RIVER AVON

[Published in *Letters, &c. of Landor*, 1897.]

AVON! why runnest thou away so fast?  
Rest thee before that Chancel where repose  
The bones of him whose spirit moves the world.  
I have beheld thy birthplace, I have seen  
Thy tiny ripples where they played amid  
The golden cups and ever-waving blades.  
I have seen mighty rivers, I have seen  
Padus, recovered from his fiery wound,  
And Tiber, prouder than them all to bear  
Upon his tawny bosom men who crusht  
The world they trod on, heeding not the cries  
Of culprit kings and nations many-tongued.  
What are to me these rivers, once adorn'd  
With crowns they would not wear but swept away?  
Worthier art thou of worship, and I bend  
My knees upon thy bank, and call thy name,  
And hear, or think I hear, thy voice reply.

10

## PISA

[Published in 1897.]

At Pisa let me take my walk	Crumbled for him, and none
Alone, where stately camels stalk,	instead.
And let me hope to catch the eye	Robins in earlier morn may come
Of pheasant on the ilex by,	And make my winter house their
That he alight and find the bread	home.

[Landor was living at Pisa, 1820-1. W.]

2 [See note at end of volume.]

## AT ARNO'S SIDE

[Published in 1897.]

PISA! I love thee well, altho'	Awaiting from a well-known hand
Compell'd by friendship now I go	To crunch with palm-long teeth
Where golden cones of pine illumine	the tips
No more with fragrant warmth my	Of stubborn thorn thro' hardy lips,
room,	Then stalk along with stately
Nor patient camels crouch, or	stride
stand	To rest again at Arno's side.

10

## AT ARNO'S SIDE

But camels! winter will return	With warmth as temperate waste
When cones from your old pines	away
shall burn,	And cheerful to the last as they.
Changeless in form: I wish that we	Some lower necks, good mothers,
The same throughout our lives	bring
could be,	For me to pat ere pass the Spring.

### WIDCOMBE CHURCHYARD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897. See 'For a Tomb' on p. 180.]

WIDCOMBE! few seek in thee their resting-place,  
Yet I, when I have run my weary race,  
    Will throw my bones upon thy churchyard turf;  
Although malignant waves on foren shore  
Have stranded me, and I shall lift no more  
    My hoary head above the hissing surf.  
Perhaps my dreams may not be over yet,  
And what I could not in long life forget  
    May float around that image once too dear;  
Perhaps some gentle maiden passing by,  
May heave from true-love heart a generous sigh,  
    And say, "Be happier, thou reposing here."

10

### TO A MASTIF

[Published in 1897.]

MASTIF! why bark at me who love thy race?  
To fear thee I should deem it foul disgrace.  
In thy dominions I have walked alone,  
Nor ever bore a stick or rais'd a stone.  
Against the little, low, and wiry-hair'd,  
I must confess it, I would go prepared:  
To the high-crested creature, dog or man,  
I do whatever services I can,  
But to caress or compliment a cur  
Of either species, stiffly I demurr.

### [TO A TREE]

[Published in 1897.]

ACACIA, how short-lived is all thy race!  
Slender was I, but thou wast slenderer,  
When I began to notice thee; thy stem  
Hath long been wrinkled, long before my brow.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY-SIDE

Well I remember tossing up against  
Thy lowest tassel my blue-ribbon'd hat,  
And how it hung there till the rake was call'd  
To rescue it, nor that light work refused.  
Well I remember the limp hat, and aim  
To bring the blossom down within my reach,  
And break it—boys too soon are mischievous  
Almost as men—and how the blossom caught  
And held to it what would have caught the blossom.  
Thus happens it sometimes with weightier things.

10

Acacia! low thou liest, and the axe  
Hath scattered wide thy weak and wither'd limbs,  
But I will treasure up one particle  
Before some strangers take thy wonted place,  
Small, delicate, requiring nurse's aid;  
Pamper'd and rear'd for parlour company  
They soon will be, thou not so soon, forgotten.

20

# HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

## EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

[Published in *Gebir*, Count Julian, &c., 1831.]

HAIL, paragon of T \* \* on's! hail  
Thou glory of the triple tail!  
Which, to denote thy rank,  
descends

Like three avenging halter-ends.  
O with what art thou mixest up  
The hemlock of thy attic cup!  
O with what ready hearty will

To all God's creatures, good and  
ill,

To wise and simple, friend and foe,  
Its tranquilizing juices flow! 10

Sly Taffey calls thee merry prig,  
And taps thy cheek and twirls thy  
wig:

The faithful Ketch partakes thy  
glee

And lights his hempspun joke  
from thee.

Two badger-eyes has Themis; one  
Is always leering toward the  
throne;

The other wanders, this way, that  
way,

But sees the gap and leaves the  
gateway.

The scowl of those who snore she  
wears,

With the hard hand that clips and  
sheers; 20

Yet she benignly strokes thy head,

And wakes the judge to hear thee  
plead.

Let him extoll, extoll who can,  
So modest, so admired a man:

I stand afar, lest thou espy  
My raptures with a downcast eye.  
But sometime (may the day be  
near!)

My votive garland shalt thou  
wear.

Not what the Graces weave for  
sport

Round Cupids in the Paphian  
court, 30

Or Bacchus ever twined about  
The temples of a Thracian rout,  
But what upon thy natal day  
Fate, while her sisters shared the  
lay,

Gave Nemesis to keep in store,  
And chaunted . . *this his gransire  
wore,*

*And, when the father's race is run,  
Shall be the guerdon of the son.*

T . . onian necks no wreath  
becomes

That faintly breathes or briefly  
blooms; 40

But such as raise mankind on high,  
Nor leave the exalted when they  
die . .

1 T \* \* on's] *mispr.* for T \* \* ons. [Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Elias Taunton, was counsel, Forster states, for Charles Betham, Landor's tenant at Llanthony. In *A House of Letters*, by Ernest Betham, 1905, it is clearly shown that Landor's account of his quarrels with members of the Betham family, including the allusions to some of them in this poem, differs widely from the facts, and that these were either unknown to or improperly ignored by Forster. W.]



## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

No common hedge such wreathes  
affords,  
But proud pelisséd Sarmatian  
lords  
Survey them from their castle-  
towers;  
And cloistered virgins press their  
flowers,  
Subdue their stems with agile  
hand,  
And follow them afar from land:  
Some for warm Lybia wing their  
way,  
And others into Flora's bay. 50  
Averse to forms, averse to dress,  
Lover of Nature's nakedness,  
To thee all wisdom and all wit,  
All Pindus, is not worth the pit . .  
Mortals warm-hearted and warm-  
pated,  
Fun-fanciers unsophisticated,  
Who hold it first and last of rules  
That learning is the staff of fools,  
Swear hearts are false where lips  
are dry,  
And in the cup lies Honesty; 60  
Clap who laughs hearty and talks  
loud,  
And curse your grave and damn  
your proud,  
And *split 'em but he's heart of oak*  
*Who flings it at your gentle-folk,*  
*And shews 'em they are flesh and*  
*blood,*  
*Like us, no better, if so good.*  
When thou wert on thy nurse's  
breast,  
And fears thy father's heart op-  
prest,  
*Sedately wise Cecropian maid!*  
*Here pour thy precious gifts! he*  
*said:* 70

The Goddess heard the dubious  
vow,  
And smear'd her olive o'er thy  
brow,  
Sent resolute and dashing Pun,  
That takes repulse and shame  
from none,  
In readiness to scour the streets  
And lift a leg at all he meets.  
Thus, seated o'er the Sunian seas,  
Generous ungirt Diogenes  
Gave every passager his rub  
From the salt-crustéd cynic tub;  
Thus, where some horse hath sown  
his oats, 81  
The sparrows raise their cheery  
throats,  
And, loving best the dirtiest  
ground,  
Roll their dull feathers round and  
round.  
Alas I fall! O cease to frown!  
The weighty subject draws me  
down.  
Too true; I feel the feeble line  
Unworthy of thy name and mine.  
Yet its loose threads shall men  
explore,  
As children shells upon the shore:  
And thou shalt flourish fresh in  
song 91  
When Nature's verdict stops my  
tongue;  
When Kenyon's pattering paste-  
board storm,  
And Latin from the second form,  
Like hail upon a summer's day,  
Falls, bounces, glimmers, melts  
away;  
When all the riches of each Scott  
Go, where they ne'er went yet, to  
pot;

93 Kenyon's [Lord Kenyon, Master of the Rolls, died 1802. W.]

## EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

When heedless whistlers speed the  
     plough  
 Across old Thurlow's whiten'd  
     brow; 100  
 When all the costliest fur in  
     Britain  
 Lies level with the wayside kitten,  
 And the last worm has left the  
     jaws  
 That blew out life from under  
     laws;  
 When gibbet-irons with rust are  
     dumb,  
 Nor wave without their pendulum;  
 When into dust the winds have  
     blown  
 What once was sinew, blood, and  
     bone,  
 What, even while they fill'd with  
     glee  
 Afar the house of revelry, 110  
 Breath'd murder into every breath  
 On Kennington and Hounslow  
     heath,  
 Lent the faint lightning fresh  
     affright  
 And hung with deeper gloom the  
     night.  
     These are thy works, almighty  
     maker  
 Of county jobs for undertaker!  
 When cash and kindred clients fail,  
 And few will swear and none will  
     bail,  
 Then the deep mist of error clears,  
 And Vice's odious form appears.  
 "Had I discover'd it before, 121  
 Not all Peru's persuasive ore  
 Should have induced me to defend  
 A life no warnings can amend."  
 At these thy words the wife  
     declares

A something met her on the stairs:  
 In the church-yard a light was  
     seen,  
 And a strange circle markt the  
     green;  
 Then the poor husband from her  
     chest  
 Rakes his worst cloaths, and wills  
     his best. 130  
     To thee our daily thanks are  
     due,  
 Who live with no such downcast  
     crew.  
 Had Cacus school'd them in his  
     den,  
 Thou wouldst have proved them  
     honest men.  
     My sheep are flayed; the flayer  
     bears  
 The best of names . . our vicar  
     swears . .  
 And why reproach the mild  
     divine?  
 He loves his flock . . his flock loves  
     mine.  
 My timber stolen . . could I know  
 The mark I made a month ago?  
 My barns cleared out . . my house  
     burnt down . . 141  
 Could the whole loss excede a  
     crown?  
 Shame! are such trifles worth my  
     cares?  
 I'm freed from rats and from  
     repairs.  
     A half-starved staring seagull  
     brood  
 Flies every honest livelihood,  
 Quits fierce Malay and shrewd  
     Chinese  
 And ransackt India's pearl-paved  
     seas.

100 Thurlow's [The Lord Chancellor died 1806. W.]

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

Hears, sped by thee, how talents  
 fare,  
 And rises into mountain air. 150  
 Seamen are bold, but none are  
 bolder  
 Than those with *cat-claws* on the  
 shoulder,  
 Whose captain, for his gaping  
 desk,  
 Has given it the picturesque,  
 The love of which is gone so deep  
 They cannot eat, they cannot  
 sleep,  
 But must indulge in cooling vales,  
 And hang their pensive heads in  
 Wales.  
 One, as the wildgoose of a nest,  
 Stretches his neck to guide the  
 rest, 160  
 Picks up five hundreds with a  
 bride  
 And shews her London and sea-  
 side;  
 Snatches her, ere it runs too late  
 To pay so many a turnpike-gate,  
 Settles at once upon my farm,  
 And spreads a press-gang's dread  
 alarm.  
 Box-coat and trowser dash to-  
 gether,  
 The dog-cart and the ostrich-  
 feather,  
 And brass-loopt hat and broad-  
 frog'd habit,  
 Most richly ermin'd o'er . . with  
 rabbit. 170  
 The Welsh look up with wondering  
 eyes,  
 And ruminate on prophecies;  
 The tripod and the pot-link turn,  
 And watch the faggots, how they  
 burn,  
 Nail a worn horse-shoe on the door

Where never one was nail'd  
 before,  
 Wash the white threshold-stone  
 anew,  
 And rub the sleepless bed with  
 rue,  
 And weary heaven with charms  
 and vows  
 To guard their children and their  
 cows. 180  
 Could not the cloth this pest fore-  
 tell?  
 Nor the wise woman at the well?  
 Nor deeper seer who knew what  
 mare  
 Must disappear by Radnor fair?  
 The thumping jumping gospel-  
 preacher  
 Could not he, here too, be their  
 teacher?  
*The lamb, he cries, unless ye sin,  
 Extends no crook to shank you in.  
 Graceless as well may be the  
 strangers,*  
*They beard you at your very  
 manglers.* 190  
*For speeding evangelic flights  
 Requires some boisterous roaring  
 nights;  
 Pitch on a vantage-ground like  
 swallows,  
 And soar to heaven from the gallows.  
 With such faint hearts and such  
 lank jowls  
 You cannot sin to save your souls,  
 While they are ready for the crisis . .  
 Go, do ye likewise, my advice is.*  
 The daring ambidexterous  
 wench,  
 Whose fist no collier can unclench,  
 Bites what is needless off her  
 lambs, 201  
 Pries for the riddle on the rams,

## EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

Curses and kicks them who omit  
The duties that their state befit,  
Pares from their feet the cankerous  
rot,

And skims, while pot there is, the  
pot;

Bestows herself the savoury larg-  
gess,

Mixt with cow-cabbage and crab-  
verjuice:

And "dont 'e, Thomas, I desire,  
Care a crackt farding for the  
squire. 210

His lady . . I know who's her  
betters . .

Before she squall'd I told my  
letters,

For twenty loaves could knead  
the dough,

And lift brim-full our biggest  
trough.

A lady! that will never do . .

Why! she is only five feet two."

Now raises she her swelling  
chine

And prances passing five feet nine,  
Jerks a cock's feather from the  
bag,

And freshens it with oily rag. 220  
Now strides she to the full fire-  
side,

With silent step and dignified,

And now relaxes into grace

And asks them how it suits her  
face;

Then carts it to the neighbouring  
town,

And trips it till the floors come  
down,

In many-coloured ribbons drest

And beet-dyed shoes and brim-  
stone vest.

But morning comes, and sundry  
fears

For the fee-simple of two ears, 230  
That upon frailest tenure hung,  
Dependent from a perjured tongue.

"Thomas, she cries, I love thy  
mettle!

Give us a lift, lad, at the kettle.

There!" . . and such spirit to  
encourage,

Souces a lardpot in his porrage.

Up darts the buoyant brightening  
grease

Like the fresh sun upon the seas,  
And quiets with its rising glories  
Those estuaries and promontories,  
That never own'd another prince  
Within their world's circumfer-  
ence; 242

And the proud foam and clamor-  
ous wind

To its mild empire are resign'd.

Who could imagine that beheld  
How this vast region once rebel'd,  
Threw up the humble, down the  
high,

Like turbulent democracy,  
Amidst its plenty would not smile,  
But hissed and grumbled all the  
while. 250

The dame her hearty work  
pursues,  
And hurries round the mingling  
juice.

"Grub the plantation up, set fire  
on't,

And, if he douts it, dout the  
tyrant.

l. 218 [See Charles Lamb's letter to Landor, Oct. 1832: "The shortest of the daughters," one of whom is here referred to, "measured 5 foot eleven without her shoes." W.]

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

Hard swearing never was hard  
work,

And if you kill, you kill a Turk.  
What! hang a fellow-creature!  
*shall us,*

When *whiff* will blow him from the  
gallows!

Our Fred's, I warrant, is the nape  
That never flincht from Tyburn  
tape, 260

Nor ever will the lucky hound  
Turn tail till he is off the ground."

A year is past: I beg my rent:  
*I must mistake . . . that was not  
meant.*

I tarry on: two years elapse:  
*The balance may be theirs perhaps.*  
For insolent requests like these  
Their gentle hands uproot my  
trees,

While those they told me hurt  
their grain,

I fell, their gentle hands detain;  
My woods, my groves, my walks  
beset 271

With pistol, dirk, and bayonet,  
Force my grey labourers to yield,  
And stab the women in the field.  
Of late a sort of suitor there is  
Who courts a horsewhip like an  
heirress.

Kick him; not Midas would en-  
rich

With surer stroke the flaccid  
breech;

The blow above reiterate . .

A broken head's a good estate;  
Add *swindler* . . and behold! next  
minute 281

He's out of jail and you are in it.

The land that rears sure-footed  
ponies

Rears surer-footed testimonies,  
And every neighbour, staunch and  
true,

Swears, and *Got pless her*, what  
will do.

My gentry tell unpilloried lies,  
But prompt and push to perjuries;  
Yet tho' you flusht then as they  
blundered

Thro' the rank stubble of three  
hundred, 290

Exclaim *a perjury!* and you libel . .  
Each his own way may use his  
bible;

Else how is ours a freeborn nation,  
Or wherefore was the Reforma-  
tion?

If you demand your debts, beware,  
But rob'd, cry *robbers!* if you dare:  
You only lost a farm of late,  
Stir, and you pay your whole  
estate:

Expose their villainies; Dick Loose  
Will shudder at the gross abuse,  
Free them from prison on their  
bail, 301

And pledge them in his mellowest  
ale.

The lathy lantern-visaged Crawle  
His queries and his doubts will  
drawl.

He the rich blacksmith's daughter  
won,

And wiled him to exclude the  
son.

Behold him at a lady's side!  
And look, how he has learnt to  
ride,

259 Fred's [sc. Frederick Betham, younger brother of Landor's tenant, had been a  
midshipman in an East India ship. W.] 299 Loose [sc. Mr. Richard Lewis of  
Llandilo. See Forster's *Landor: A Biography*, i. 396. W.]

## EPISTLE TO A BARRISTER

Who pigged with choristers and  
     scouts,  
 And rode but upon *roundabouts*.  
 Unenvied for too fair report 311  
 His father sweeps the bishop's  
     court,  
 And legibly enough records  
 Two anti-paracletic words:  
 The ode should only be applied  
 To Priam's and to \* \* 's bride,  
 And those few more who growl  
     and bite,  
 Or are too watchful in the night.  
 The other is so rude a name  
 It well deserves the sheet of  
     shame, 320  
 Which his old honest rib repairs,  
 And scours from ironmoulds, and  
     airs.  
 With brain of lead and brow of  
     brass  
 Stands ready prowling Barnabas,  
 To whisper him of timorous look  
*You kiss the cover, not the book.*  
 That Barnabas who, when he  
     stood  
 Within the close o'erarching wood,  
 (A wood which on no forest  
     frowns,  
 But tapers up in market-towns)  
 And stretcht his vast extent of  
     chin 331  
 To all without, to none within,  
 In many breasts rais'd fierce desire  
 To stick it near the kitchen-fire,  
 In the dutch oven glittering bright  
 With its clear rashers red and  
     white.  
 "Ah what a burning shame, they  
     say,  
 So many eggs are thrown away!"

"Tis death to puddings, cries a  
     wench,  
 Between the judges and the  
     French. 340  
 Look only there! how living rises  
 From war and popery and as-  
     sises!"  
 The honest open-hearted Jack  
 Stands, fit successor, at his back.  
 Him pockets turn'd and watches  
     twitcht  
 From jovial snoring friends en-  
     rich't;  
 Him the shared tax from many a  
     town,  
 A true copartner of the crown,  
 And, eased of his ill-gotten wealth,  
 An uncle sent to heaven by  
     stealth. 350  
 Attended with each bright com-  
     peer,  
 O T \* \* on, I must leave thee  
     here,  
 Where, thanks and thanks again  
     to thee!  
 The poor lost outcasts still are  
     free.  
 Who wants a character or home,  
 A shirt or shilling, let him come:  
 Who flies his dun, or dupes his  
     friend,  
 Lo! England's furthest safest end:  
 Who lurks from sea to thief on  
     shore,  
 Club the clipt dollar, one mate  
     more! 360  
 No scruple checks, no conscience  
     shocks,  
 Hope's at the bottom of the box.  
 Here all but Innocence may trust,  
 And all find Justice but the just.

315 ode] *mispr.* for one.

# HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

## DIALOGUE AT WHIST

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted in *The Monthly Repository* ("High and Low Life in Italy"), October 1837.]

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK—MRS.  
SHUFFLETON—and PARTNER.

PARTNER.  
Ma'am, that lady . . .

MRS. SHUFFLETON.  
Dear now! Mrs. Clutterbuck,  
You have had such charming luck  
In your sweet good man,  
That you should not take it hard  
Tho' you never got a card  
Worth a pinch of bran.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.  
To be sure, one feels at ease  
With a man so made to please  
All that is genteel.

MRS. SHUFFLETON.  
When he walks into a room, 10  
What address! and what perfume!

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.  
Grace from head to heel.  
One looks how he holds his hat,  
One would copy his cravat,  
One comes up to me,  
Saying, "Do excuse me, ma'am!  
Sure, as of my life, I am,  
Yours that Lord must be."  
Sir, says I, how could you know?  
True indeed, some time ago 20  
Clutterbuck and I  
Joined for better and for worse  
Our young hearts and little purse,  
Bundling—weal or woe.

To her partner.  
Did you let 'em win the knave?

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.  
Well now, save  
(If you can) the deal.  
(To MRS. SHUFFLETON.)  
Pray now Mrs. Shuffleton,  
For the love of Christ! ha' done—

MRS. SHUFFLETON.  
I did wrong, I feel. 30  
Yet upon a theme like this  
One can hardly do amiss.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.  
O my want of wit!  
Harping on that nasty lubber  
She has really won the rubber!  
Bit, sir! downright bit!

MRS. SHUFFLETON.  
Bil! ma'am! what a word to use!  
I, who am not quite a goose,  
Saw it in the wick.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.  
Well! I'll never talk about 40  
Him or any such a lout  
When I want the trick.

MRS. SHUFFLETON.  
And, or e'er I'd have my pride  
In this manner mortified,  
Ma'am, upon my life,  
When I praise a man, I swear  
I will praise him anywhere  
But before his wife.

*Title. Om.* 1837. 1 now] me 1837. 4 take] think 1837. 5 Tho'] That  
1837. 6 pinch] scurf 1837. 9 is] are 1837. 11 and] Mrs. C. And 1837.  
12 Mrs. C. Grace] Mrs. S. Grace 1837. 13 One] Mrs. C. One 1837. 14 One]  
Mrs. S. One 1837. 15 One] Mrs. C. One 1837. 19 Sir,] Lack! 1837. could]  
should 1837. 20 True indeed] Very true 1837. 25 'em] them 1837. 29 Christ!]  
Christ 1837. 33 of wit] o' wit 1837. 36 Bit] But 1837. 40 talk] think  
1837.

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

### IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CATULLUS

[CARMEN XXI. 1]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

AURELIUS, Sire of Hungrinesses!  
Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,  
And sends thee three fine watercresses.  
There are who would not think me quite  
(Unless we were old friends) polite  
To mention whom you should invite.  
Look at them well; and turn it o'er  
In your own mind . . I'd have but four . .  
Lucullus, Cesar, and two more.

*Title.* Old Style 1846.

*Sub-title.* Not in any ed.

3 Three] six 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

A LITTLE cornet of dragoons,  
Immerst in gilded pantaloons,  
To kiss consenting Helen aim'd.  
He rais'd his head, but rais'd so low,  
She cried, and pusht away her beau,  
*Go, creature! are you not ashamed?*

### [ON A PORTRAIT]

[Published in 1831.]

LET what nose will, hold forth the flask . .	But for that hand tho' . . why not seek
A * * w's shall mount its waxen mask.	A candelabrum as antique? Could not one lift it rather high'r,
At her fixt eyes, first seen, you say, What very natural eyes are they!	And move it further from the fire?

*Title.* Not in text. [A portrait of Mrs. Agnew who was living at Windsor in 1832 may have suggested these lines. A clergyman's daughter, she had been waiting woman and a trusted friend to Mrs. Delany, on whose death in 1788 George III made provision for her. See Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography* and Madam D'Arblay's *Diary*. W.]

[Published in 1831.]

HEAVEN turn away that awful head  
The crimson turban's folds o'erspread!  
Thermopylæ! guard well your pass!  
Where's Agis? where's Leonidas?  
Ah me! I quite forgot her sex,  
And trembled for three hundred Greeks.



# HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

## ATTEMPTS AT SIMPLICITY

By J. J. STIVERS, Esq.

[The following three poems, intended as parodies of Wordsworth, were included with prose in "High and Low Life in Italy", as published in *The Monthly Repository*, January 1838.]

### I.

#### BECK. A TALE

I SAID unto a little girl, "Is it a throstle or a merl That sings in yonder bush?" "I do not know indeed," said she, "Exactly, whether it may be A <i>what-d'-ye-call-him</i> or a thrush."	Ah, surely it becomes the wise To blow away the mists that rise Around the child of humble station: 21 This girl (her name is Beck) next spring Will have grown quite another thing, And answer without hesitation. I was so pleased with what she said, I would have shared with her my bread (For meat and beer inflame). "Becky," said I, "step with me home; I'll give ye a crust (I've eat the crumb").
I gave it over . . well I might . . Half-angry, disappointed quite, And pushing her, said sharply, "Tuck, O Tuck, little maid, thy apron up, 10 Come . . never mind yon tramping tup . . Come, show me then the cuckoo."	I asked her, and she came. 30 Perhaps, in what I spake on beer, Some there are who may think me queer, But I have always found, Sure as I passed the second pint, So sure my eyes began to squint, So sure my head turn'd round.
Scarce had I spoken ere we heard That (afore-mentioned) two-toned bird . . The girl cried, " <i>I do think yon's he!</i> " Praises to thee, O Lord of Heaven! Who to our sinful world hast given A token of simplicity.	

### II.

#### AN ECLOGUE OF CANTON

(*The idea of this Eclogue was supplied by the Captain of  
an East-Indiaman.*)

I MET a little boy on the canal,  
And he was singing blythely *fal-de-ral*.  
This little boy was singing all alone  
The words a sailor taught him at Canton,

## ATTEMPTS AT SIMPLICITY

For sailors from far countries often sing,  
 And lads in China pick up anything.  
 Now Heaven has placed it high mid human joys  
 To talk with elf-lock girls and ragged boys.  
 When one or other of these gems I see,  
 I never miss my opportunity. 10  
 At the first glimpse of this same singing lad,  
 I was resolved to puzzle him, egad!  
 But as it happened to turn out, you'll see  
 The singing lad, tho' simple, puzzled me.  
*"Have you a father?"*

*"Plenty," he replied.*

*"A mother?"*

*"She was yesterday a bride."*

*"A brother?"*

*"One too many."*

*"Any sister?"*

*"She's dead; I never (till you named her) mist her."*

At these quick answers (in due course) I smiled,  
 And tapped the shoulder of the clever child. 20  
 Nevertheless, it soon occurred to me,  
 There was a lack of sensibility;  
 Which, taking off my fingers from his shoulder,  
 I prayed to God he might acquire when older;  
 Or, if vouchsafed not at the sight of sorrow,  
 He might have credit, and, when needful, borrow.  
*"Alas! but twain survive the girl!"* I said . .  
*"Yes; three,"* he answered.

*"How so? one is dead."*

*"You reckon me for nothing then!"* he cried,

*"Or that fine puppy paunched to feast the bride."* 30

### III.

I FOUND a little flower, so small I doubted were it flower at all, But on the same ditch side I soon found more, and each of them Had under it its leaves and stem... A flower then! undenied!	To give a true account of this, Requires a poet's fire, I wis, A poet's fire have I. "Come to me, pretty flower!" I said . . . <span style="float: right;">10</span> Methought the shy one shook its head . . . "Can't you? let me, then, try."
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## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

One leg across the ditch then went,  
My back toward the firmament,  
My head toward the flower,  
My right hand grasped its slender  
figure.

(But who on earth could wish it  
bigger!)

I mused for half an hour.

"O gentle one!" said I, "too  
little

For dewdrop or for cuckoo spittle,

What is thy name, I wonder! 21

O happy! o'er such flowers as thou  
Iris may love to bend her bow,

But Jove ne'er shakes his  
thunder."

A sudden thought now seized my  
mind . . .

"I am resolved," said I, "to find  
My tiny flower a story;"

And such, believe me, as shall give  
Both flower and poet, while they  
live,

And after, loads of glory. 30

Thou art as blue as blue can be . . .  
Granted . . . well, now then let me  
see,

Who gave thee all this blueness!  
It surely comes from Heaven alone  
Higher than yonder starry zone,  
Far higher than the moon is.

Fancy, bold Fancy, urge thy  
flight,

Urge it beyond our misty light,  
Into the court of Jove.

And there is not on earth a court  
Which will not sign the true  
report 41

Of what was seal'd above.

Juno, and Jove, one hapless day,  
At dinner, in the month of May,  
Fell into disagreement:

"What do you mean by that?"  
cried he,

And just as resolutely she  
(Akimbo) askt what *he* meant.

He threw at her his knife and fork,  
And up she started like a cork 50  
From sodafied Champagne

"You've missed me, fusty, fumb-  
ling knave,"

Cried Juno, "and by Styx shall  
have

(Mind now!) your own again."

With all the spirit of a wife  
And Goddess, forth she sent the  
knife . . .

It cut thro' curl and curl.

Glad to escape so well, did Jove  
Seek upon earth some gentler love  
('Tis said) and prettier girl. 60

He knew not that his blow had  
split

From the blue sky that little bit  
Which fell on earth, my flower.

It carried on its way one hair  
Of Juno, and hung quivering  
there,

And hangs so to this hour.

Dearest! a name thou hast, no  
doubt,

Although I cannot find it out;

Well! since such case thou art  
in,

I am resolved, from this day forth,  
From east to west, from south to  
north, 71

Men call thee *Betty Martin*.

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

### FROM AN ESSAY ON THEOCRITUS

[The following two poems, parodies of Wordsworth, were included with prose in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October 1842 ("Idyls of Theocritus"). The first was not reprinted either by Landor or Forster. The second without prose introduction was reprinted as a separate piece in 1846, with title, *New Style*.]

#### I.

Suppose a modern disciple of Wordsworth, for example, to have taken up such a subject as the Hive-Stealer of Theocritus [*Idyl IX incert.*], and how dull the moral that would be our best relief at the close of a dull story!

'Twas in the year of ninety-five  
(Last century) that Hannah Giles  
Was stooping to turn out a hive,  
And thoughtless Hannah was all smiles.  
When a bee stung her in the finger!  
On which what should poor Hannah do?  
She dipt it in a cup of vin'gar,  
And put some oil upon it too.  
Meeting her eight years after that,  
Of this sole matter we did talk,  
And thus I moralized our chat—  
"Pity! you did not think of chalk!"

10

#### II.

Let us suppose another of the subjects of Theocritus: such as his *Catastrophe of the Sark* [*Idyl XXXVII*]. Acknowledging that in his narrative he may have seized upon the more interesting event of the two, we nevertheless boldly offer ours:

##### 1.

I VERY much indeed approve  
Of maidens moderating love  
Until they've twenty pounds;  
Then Prudence, with a poet's  
praise,  
May loose the laces of their stays,  
And let them quest like hounds.

##### 2.

Peggy, my theme, twelve years ago  
(Or better) did precisely so:  
She lived at farmer Spence's;  
She scour'd the pantry, milk'd the  
cows, 10  
And answer'd every would-be  
spouse,  
"D'y'e think I've lost my senses?"

##### 3.

Until the twenty pounds were safe,  
She tiff'd at Tim, she ran from  
Ralph,  
Squire nodded—deuce a curtsy!  
Sam thought her mopish, Silas  
proud,  
And Jedediah cried aloud,  
"Pray who the devil hurts ye?"

##### 4.

But now the twenty pounds were  
got,  
She knew the fire to boil the pot,  
She knew the man to trust to. 21  
I'm glad I gave this tidy lass  
(Under my roof) a cheerful glass  
(Of water) and a crust too.

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

5.

Although the seventeenth of May,  
It was a raw and misty day

When Ebenezer Smart,  
(The miller's lad of Boxholm-mill)  
Having obtained her right goodwill  
And prudent virgin heart, 30

6.

Led her to church: and Joseph  
Stead

(The curate of said Boxholm) read  
The service; and Will Sands  
(The clerk) repeated the response  
(They after him) which utter'd once  
Holds fast two plighted hands.

7.

And now they live aside the weir,  
And (on my conscience) I declare  
As merrily as larks. 39

This I can vouch for: I went in  
One day and sat upon the bin  
While Peggy hemm'd two sarks.

8.

I do not say two sarks entire,  
Collar and wristband; these require  
(I reckon) some time more;  
But mainly two stout sarks, the tail  
And fore-flap, stiff as coat of mail  
On knights in days of yore.

9.

I told my sister and our maid  
(Anne Waddlewell) how long I  
staid 50

With Peggy: 'twas until her  
Dinner-time: we expect, before  
Eight or (at most) nine months  
are o'er,  
Another little miller.

50 staid] stayed 1846.

### [PORSON'S LYRICAL BALLAD]

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842 (Imaginary Conversation:  
Southey and Porson); not reprinted.]

*Porson.* I will however prove to you that it is no such a difficult matter to treat  
them much better . . . Take up yon paper . . . now read.  
*Southey (reads.)*

1.

"HETTY, old Dinah Mitchell's  
daughter,  
Had left the side of Derwentwater  
About the end of summer.  
I went to see her at her cot,  
Her and her mother, who were not  
Expecting a new-comer.

2.

"They both were standing at one  
tub,  
And you might hear their knuckles  
rub  
The hempen sheet they washed.

The mother suddenly turned  
round, 10  
The daughter cast upon the  
ground  
Her eyes, like one abashed.

3.

"Now of this Hetty there is told  
A tale to move both young and  
old,  
A true pathetic story.  
'Tis well it happened in my time,  
For, much I fear, no other rhyme  
Than mine could spread her  
glory.

*Title. Not in 1842.*

## PORSON'S LYRICAL BALLAD

4.

"The rains had fallen for three  
weeks,  
The roads were looking like beef-  
steaks 20  
Gashed deep, to make them  
tender;  
Only along the ruts you might  
Seelittlepebbles, black and white—  
Walking (you'd think) must end  
here.

5.

"Hetty, whom many a loving  
thought  
Incited, did not care a groat  
About the mire and wet.

She went up stairs, unlocked the  
chest,  
Slipped her clean shift on, not her  
best,  
A prudent girl was Het. 30

6.

"Both stockings gartered, she  
drew down  
Her petticoat, and then her gown,  
And next she clapped her hat on.  
A sudden dread came o'er her  
mind,  
'Good gracious! now, if I should  
find  
No string to tie my patten!'"

### A CASE AT SESSIONS

[Published in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, April 1845, signed W. S. L.;  
reprinted *Works*, 1846; 1876.]

YESTERDAY, at the Sessions held  
in Buckingham,  
The Reverend Simon Shutwood,  
famed for tucking ham  
And capon into his appointed maw,  
Gravely discust a deadly breach  
of law,  
And then committed to the county  
jail  
(After a patient hearing) William  
Flail:  
For that he, Flail, one day last  
week,  
Was seen maliciously to sneak  
And bend his body by the fence  
Of his own garden, and from  
thence 10  
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,  
Which he unlawfully found there,  
Against the peace (as may be seen  
In Burn and Blackstone) of the  
Queen.

He, question'd thereupon, in  
short,  
Could give no better reason for't  
Than that his little boys and he  
Did often in the morning see  
Said hare, and sundry other hares,  
Nibbling on certain herbs of  
theirs. 20  
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,  
Counted twelve rows, fine young  
savoys,  
Bit to the ground by them, and out  
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:  
And Sam, the youngest lad, did  
think  
He saw a couple at a pink.  
"Come!" cried the Reverend,  
"Come, confess!"  
Flail answered, "I will do no  
less.  
Puss we did catch; Puss we did eat;  
It was her turn to give the treat.

*Title. Not in 1846. 4 deadly] dreadful 1846.*

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

<p>Nor overmuch was there for              eight o' us <span style="float: right;">31</span>              With a half-gallon o' potatoes:              Eight; for our Prue lays sick abed,              And poor dear Bessy with the              dead."</p> <p>"We can not listen to such idle              words,"</p> <p>The Reverend cried: "The hares              are all my Lord's.</p> <p>Have you no more, my honest              friend, to say</p> <p>Why we should not commit you,              and straightway?"</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Whereat Will Flail              Grew deadly pale, <span style="float: right;">40</span></p> <p>And cried, "If you are so severe              on me,</p> <p>An ignorant man, and poor as poor              can be,</p> <p>33 Prue] Sue 1846. <span style="margin-left: 100px;">36 cried:] said. 1846.</span></p>	<p>O Mister Shutwood! what would              you have done</p> <p>If you had caught God's blessed              only Son,              When he broke off (in land not His              they say)</p> <p>That ear of barley on the Sabbath-              day?</p> <p>Sweet Jesus! in the prison he had              died,</p> <p>And never for our sins been              crucified."</p> <p>[With the least gouty of two doe-              skin feet</p> <p>The reverend stamp, then cried              in righteous heat,] <span style="float: right;">50</span></p> <p>"Constable! take that man              down-stairs,</p> <p>He quotes the Scripture and              eats hares."</p> <p>49, 50 First added in 1846.</p>
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### SIDDONS AND HER MAID

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

*Siddons*. I leave, and reluctant, the repast:  
 The herb of China is its crown at last.  
*Maiden*! hast thou a thimble in thy gear?

*Maid*. Yes, missus, yes.

*Siddons*. Then, maiden, place it here,  
 With penetrated, penetrating eyes.

*Maid*. Mine? missus! are they?

*Siddons*. Child! thou art unwise.  
 Of needles', not of woman's, eyes I spake.

*Maid*. O dear me! missus! what a sad mistake!

*Siddons*. Now canst thou tell me what was that which led  
 Athenian Theseus into labyrinth dread? 10

*Maid*. He never told me: I can't say, not I,  
 Unless, may-hap, 'twas curiosity.

*Siddons*. Fond maiden!

*Maid*. No, upon my conscience, madam!  
 If I was fond of 'em I might have had 'em.

*Siddons*. Avoid, avaunt! beshrew me! 'tis in vain  
 That Shakspeare's language germinates again.

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1863 (p. 274), 1876.]

ONE tooth has Mummius; but in sooth  
No man has such another tooth:  
Such a prodigious tooth would do  
To moor the bark of Charon to,  
Or better than the Sinai stone,  
To grave the Ten Commandments on.

I Mummius;] Wordsworth, 1863.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE burden of an ancient rhyme, Is, "By the forelock seize on Time." Time in some corner heard it said; Pricking his ears, away he fled; And, seeing me upon the road, A hearty curse on me bestow'd.	"What if I do the same by thee? How wouldst thou like it?" thun- der'd he, And, without answer thereupon, Seizing <i>my</i> forelock . . it was gone.	10
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[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

METELLUS is a lover; one whose ear  
(I have been told) is duller than his sight.  
The day of his departure had drawn near;  
And (meeting her beloved over-night)  
Softly and tenderly Corinna sigh'd:  
"Wont you be quite as happy now without me?"  
Metellus, in his innocence replied,  
"Corinna! oh Corinna! can you doubt me?"

## SUGGESTED BY HORACE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

NEVER, my boy, so blush and blink, Or care a straw what people think, If you by chance are seen to dally With that sweet little creature Sally. Lest by degrees you sidle from her, I'll quote you Ovid, Horace, Homer. If the two first are loose, there still is	Authority in proud Achilles; And never, night or day, could be his Dignity hurt by dear Briseis . . 10 Altho' I take an interest In having you and Sally blest, I know those ancles small and round Are standing on forbidden ground, So fear no rivalry to you In gentlemen of thirty-two.
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## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

ULYSSES-like had Myrrha known,      And argues better than she swears.  
Aye, many a man in many a town:      "Look now," says she "o'er these  
At last she swore that she would be      fair plains,  
Constant to one alone, to me.      What find you there that long  
She fails a trifle: I reprove:      remains? 10  
Myrrha no longer swears her love;      The rocks upon yon ugly hill  
One falsehood honest Myrrha      Are hard and cold and changeless  
spares,      stil."

[Published in 1853 (No. xx).]

MARTHA, now somewhat stern and old,  
Found men grow every day less bold;  
Yet bad enough; but tolerated  
Because, poor souls! by God created.  
She loved her dog (the worst do that)  
And pamper'd him, morosely fat.  
Rising up half-asleep, it hapt  
She trod upon him and he snapt.  
"Ah, what a pitch," good Martha says,  
"Have dogs arrived at in our days!" 10

[Published in 1853 (No. cxi); reprinted 1876.]

By learned men was England led,  
When England follow'd men like these;  
His father's speeches One had red, . . .  
One, Ovid's Metamorphoses.

### A SENSIBLE GIRL'S REPLY TO MOORE'S

"OUR COUCH SHALL BE ROSES ALL SPANGLED WITH DEW"

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

### REPLY TO AN INVITATION

[Published in *Heroic Idyls, &c.*, 1863, p. 187; reprinted partly in 1876.]

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?  
Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.  
Tommy Moore, Tommy Moore, I'll be hang'd if I do,  
It would give me a cough, and a rheumatise too.  
The girl who is prudent, I take it would rather

## REPLY TO AN INVITATION

Repose (tho' alone) upon horsehair or feather.  
Poor Peggy O'Corcoran listened to some  
Who sang in her ear, *Will you come? Will you come?*  
She swells and she squaddles . . so what I suppose is  
She must have been lying one day upon roses.

10

6 tho' *corrigenda*] and *text*, 1863.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 186; reprinted 1876.]

A DYING man was sore perplext	To suit the tricksters of the trade!
About what people would do next.	I will not have one, for I doubt
"Now was it not too bad that lead	How in the world I should get
Should fasten down the helpless	out.
dead?	A strip of deal is not so tough,
And iron coffins must be made	Yet may be troublesome enough.

## THE CONTRITE PRIEST

[Published in 1863, p. 150; reprinted 1876.]

INCLINE, O Mary, from thy throne	Ay, I have been constrain'd to
To hear a contrite sinner own	stoop
His manifold and grievous sins,	To creeping things, and sigh o'er
Thick as the serried ranks of pins,	soup
But first (for time is precious) hear	Founded on oysters, taught to
What the black score in part may	swim
clear.	For the first time in beardless
I always ate (for 'twas thy wish,	trim.
On Fridays we should dine on	Ah, lady! couldst thou only
fish)	know
Turbot or lamprey or whate'er	The anguish of my heart and toe!
The cook thought proper to pre-	Help! tis impossible without
pare;	Thy help to keep at bay the gout.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 201.]

"WHAT is the matter with your	It is not a <i>lockt jaw</i> , be sure;
spouse?	For other ailments there's a
Lately we hear she keeps the	cure,
house."	But hers is chronic, and began
To this enquiry the reply	When first I was a married man,
Was, "You know quite as much	And sadly do I doubt if ever
as I.	She gets the better of this fever."

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

### A DOMESTIC RULER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 185; reprinted 1876.]

OUTRAGEOUS hourly with his wife is Peter,  
Some do aver he has been known to beat her.  
"She seems unhappy," said a friend one day,  
Peter turn'd sharply . . "What is that you say?  
Her temper you have there misunderstood,  
She dares not be unhappy, if she wou'd."

### [TO A SPECTRE]

[Written c. 1809, part published in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869; the whole now printed from a manuscript.]

Miss Gould sees a spectre every night. At last she has been forced to sleep with her mother. Mrs. [? Cornish] told me it was a fine subject for my pen. She spoke seriously. I wrote jocularly. Here is my apostrophe to the spectre. [*Landor to his sister Elizabeth.*]

If thou hadst eye, if thou hadst ear	Lookst like a fox in some ha-ha ;
Spectre, thou wouldst not make	Who views, with nostrils open'd
her fear.	wide,
But since unhappily thou hast,	A pheasant on the other side,
I trust thy wicked reign is past.	Pants, grumbles, whines with lank
Thou, since she sleeps with her	desires,
mama,	And licks his whiskers, and retires!

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 17, 1839, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

WORDSWORTH has well deserved of late  
A very pretty doctorate!  
O Dons! I would desire no more  
Could you make *me* a bachelor.

### LADY HOLLAND

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 6, 1836, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.

"These other [lines] came into my head on hearing Talfourd say that Lady Holland had an affection of the heart. It was with difficulty that I could abstain from repeating them at the moment."]

OUR steam navigation  
And blood's circulation  
Are wonders in Science and Art.  
Far greater his *nous*  
The physician's who shows  
In Holland's old spouse  
A heart! an affection of heart.

# HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

## [WITTY OR UNWISE]

[Sent in a letter dated November 26, 1836, to R. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). Published with errors in *Life, &c., of Lord Houghton*, by T. Wemyss Reid, 1890, and now printed with the Marquis of Crewe's permission from Lander's MS. Also sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, July 6, 1836, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

SUSPICIONS fall  
On grey Glengall  
When Spite and Falsehood speak ill:  
When we hear wit  
We attribute it  
To Alvanley or Jekyl.

In whatever matter  
There's idle chatter  
At once we father't on  
The luckless Hatherton:

10

So small capacity,  
So large loquacity  
Has luckless Hatherton! luckless Hatherton!

2 grey] *mispr.* great 1890 [Richard Butler, second Earl of Glengall (*ob.* 1858), wrote *The Irish Tutor*, a farce; *The Fool of Fashion*, a comedy, &c. W.]. 5-6 attribute it To] father it On 1895. 6 [Of William, second Baron Alvanley (*ob.* 1849), Charles Greville said that his wit, good humour and drollery "made him the delight and ornament of society". Joseph Jekyll is mentioned elsewhere. See vol. ii, p. 456.] Jekyl] Jekyll 1890. 7 whatever] whate'er 1890. 8 There's] There is 1890. 9 At once we] We're apt to, 1895. 10 Hatherton] *mispr.* Fotherton 1890. [Of Lord Hatherton, Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1833-4, Charles Greville wrote: "his talents are slender, his manners unpopular, and his vanity considerable." W.] 11, 12 reversed in 1895.

## [GEORGE CANNING]

[Printed in *Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*, 1812; published 1907.]

I remember an odd paraphrase of the verses which were written by Caesar on Terence. They are a little changed for the purpose: [*five Latin verses imitated from those quoted by Suetonius, ii. 1118 with translation as follows:*]

AND thou art popt among the great,  
Forsooth! a minister of state!  
A Windham, were invective wit;  
Would clamour make one, half a Pitt.  
Satire we have, and rage, and rant:  
Strength, spirit, these are all we want.  
A mob and massacre or two  
In Ireland, or at home would do,  
And we shall see the very man in  
The peevish petulant George Canning.

10

# HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

## TRANSLATION OF IAMBI 51

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, October 6, 1927.]

I am mischievous enough to wish to get these inserted in Tait's or any other radical paper. But it must be after the Latin is published—and as from the Latin of Walter Savage Landor. [L.]

LEFT-HANDED is that liberality, Russell,  
Which places in office and seats on one trussel  
The wise and the foolish, as you have just done.  
The fleet of old England to him you confide  
Who never had mounted a pinnacle's side,  
To whom mast and foresail and rudder are one.

True! true! 'Tis according to court-regulation  
That all the first honours and trusts of the nation  
Be theirs, and theirs only, whom Plutus has blest:  
Yet here is an Auckland, whom lads of the north 10  
Are used to call Lackland, so little in worth  
A furlong is more than he ever possest.

Thus talk and thus reason the vulgar, but we  
No harm, where no pride is, in poverty see.  
Were he lying and scratching his ribs in the street  
It is not unlikely that we should be willing  
To give him a penny, to give him a shilling,  
But never, good Johnny, to give him a fleet.

[The Latin version published in *Poemata*, &c., 1847, among "Iambi" is entitled "Ad I. Russellum". The English is a free paraphrase with variations. Lord John Russell's ministry, in which the Earl of Auckland was First Lord of the Admiralty, was formed in July 1846. W.] 1 Left-handed . . . liberality [Landor may have borrowed the phrase *sinistra liberalitas* from Catullus, *Ode* XXIX, 16, which he quotes elsewhere more than once. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### ON MAN

[Printed in 1800, published 1802; reprinted 1846, 1863. See note at end of volume.]

In his own image the Creator made,  
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!  
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began  
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

*Title. Om. 1846.*

### AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS

#### AGAINST ANGER

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Look thou yonder, look and trem- ble, Thou whose passion swells so high: See those ruins! that resemble Flocks of camels, as they lie.	All that shields us, all that charms us, Brow of ivory, tower of stone, Yield to Wrath: another's harms us, But we perish by our own. 20
'Twas a fair but froward city, Bidding tribes and chiefs obey; 'Till he came, who, deaf to pity, Tost the imploring arm away.	Night may send to rave and ravage Panther and hyena fell; But their manners, harsh and savage,
Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented What her pride and folly wrought: 10	Little suit the mild gazell.
But was ever Pride contented, Or would Folly e'er be taught?	When the waves of life surround thee,
Strong are cities: Rage o'erthrows 'em:	Quenching oft the light of love;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship. Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,	When the clouds of doubt con- found thee,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?	Drive not from thy breast the dove.

*Title. Om. 1846. 24 gazell] gazelle 1846.*

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### WRITTEN IN 1792

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; part reprinted 1846.]

<p>HE loses all his fame who fights          Against his liberties and rights;          Troublesome things! but soon removed          By <i>our trusty</i> and <i>our well-beloved</i>.          Of late the bile o'erflows your liver          That ships should swim upon a river.          You'd dye with blood the Meuse and Sambre          For nothing but a <i>pot de chambre</i>,          Which Burke, who proves it, fain would tempt ye          To swear by God they shall not empty. <span style="float: right;">10</span>          But come now, let me lead you o'er          The field of fight in times of yore.          We kickt the breech and pull'd the nose          About the colour of a rose:          We seized the throat and stopt the whistle          Because a fellow wore a thistle:</p>	<p>And knight and baron, priest and peasant,          Strove who should tread upon a crescent.          It seems, whenever we are idle,          We call for saddle and for bridle,          And girt and buckled from the throne <span style="float: right;">21</span>          Let others blood to cool our own.          Wars, where nor want nor danger calls,          Have hung with tatters half St. Paul's;          And some years hence this courtly fashion          Will hang with tatters half the nation.          The thirsty tribe that draws the sword          For water less than fills a gourd,          Is wiser in my humble mind          Than men who only fight for wind, <span style="float: right;">30</span>          And merits more from sage and bard          Then Marlbro' or the Savoyard.</p>
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*Title.* 1792] 1795 in 1846, which omits Written in. *ll.* 1-18 om. 1846.

### DIRCE

[Published in 1831; inserted in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1846.]

Here are two pieces of verse for you. That on Dirce was sent to me by Pericles; to prove that his Athenians can sport with Charon even now. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,  
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed!  
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
 That he is old and she a shade.

*Introd. not in 1831.*

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [RHYMES TO A GIRL]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

<p>LET this man smile, and that man sigh To see the wheels of Fashion whirl; Place me in some cool arbour nigh My mild and modest country girl! Or under whitening poplars, high O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl To attract such flowers as peer and pry, My mild and modest country girl! <i>Would you not tire there? . . no,</i> <i>not I . .</i> Acids that melt the richest pearl Are envy, pride, satiety, <span style="float: right;">11</span> My mild and modest country girl! Power, office, title . . up they fly Against one light and sunny curl, That plays above thine azure eye, My mild and modest country girl! Knighthood's new spur the squire would try, And vicount be emblazon'd earl.</p>	<p>Content is only seated by My mild and modest country girl. <span style="float: right;">20</span> Possession kings must fortify With moat and barbican and merl: Thine dwells in free security, My mild and modest country girl! Great riches, great authority Turn the best-tempered to a churl; With health and thee no crosses lie, My mild and modest country girl! Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky Ambition's wind-worn flag un- furl, <span style="float: right;">30</span> With thee I'd live, for thee I'd die, My mild and modest country girl! Thus round and round thee busily Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl, I did not well hear thy reply, My mild and modest country girl! *</p>
--	--

\* If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject. It is something to do anything which nobody can do better. [L. It . . . better. *Om.* 1846.]

*Title. Not in either ed.* 18 vicount] viscount 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

WERT thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps  
Thou mightest always have avoided me:  
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,  
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

That crumbles with us to the vale of years)  
 Called thee aside, whether thou rankest on  
 To others who expected, or didst throw  
 Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.  
 But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup  
 For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever 10  
 (When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not	And why the wish! the pure and
The tears that overflow thy urn,	blest
The gushing eyes that read thy	Watch like thy mother o'er thy
lot,	sleep.
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst	O peaceful night! O envied rest!
return!	Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

### ON THE DEAD

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

TEARS driven back upon the fountain-head,  
 And Sorrow's voice suppress,  
 Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead . .  
 Oh! when will they too rest!

*Title. Om. 1846.*

### TO EMMA ISOLA

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

ETRURIAN domes, Pelasgian walls,	Calling the Briton to advance
Live fountains, with their	Amid eternal rocks and snows
nymphs around,	
Terraced and citron-scented halls,	I dare not bid him stay behind,
Skies smiling upon sacred	I dare not tell him where to
ground.	see <span style="float: right;">10</span>
	The fairest form, the purest mind,
The giant Alps averse to France	Ausonia! that e'er sprang from
Pant with impatient pride to	thee.
those,	

[Landon and Crabb Robinson visited Charles Lamb at Enfield, September 28, 1832. "Emma Isola just showed herself. Landon was pleased with her, and has since written verses on her." (*Crabb Robinson's Diary*.) Forster says the visit was in the previous May. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### MALVOLIO

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; reprinted 1846.]

THOU hast been very tender to the Moon,  
Malvolio! and on many a daffodil  
And many a daisy hast thou yearn'd, until  
The nether jaw quivered with thy good heart.  
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,  
Hast thou not sometimes driven from their play  
The village children, when they came too near  
Thy study, if hit ball rais'd shouts around,  
Or if delusive trap shook off thy Muse  
Pregnant with wonders for another age? 10  
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore prest  
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-naild hand)  
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty fare  
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft  
To swallow the red berry on the ash  
By thy white window, three short paces off?  
If *this* thou hast done, and hast done *that*,  
I do exile thee from the Moon twelve whole  
Calendar months, debarring thee from use  
Of rose . . . bud, blossom, odour, simily . . . 20  
And furthermore I do hereby pronounce  
Divorce between the nightingale and thee.

17 thou hast] *rectius* thou hast not 1846.      20 simily] simile 1846.

### INSCRIPTION FOR A GARDEN GATE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837. The Latin version only reprinted in *Poemata*, &c., 1847.]

HOMINUM satis superq  
Multi viderunt. Naturæ nemo  
Hospes introgreditor  
Et in parvis eam ut in maximis mirabilem  
Pio animo heic et ubique contemplator.

#### TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN

OF Men enough, and oft too much is seen;  
Of Nature never.  
Here, Guest! from her some pious musings gleam,  
Who, in majestic or in lowly mein,  
Is wondrous ever.

1847 ed. has for the Latin *In domo vapore tepido pro floribus temperata* and in l. 3 has *ingreditor*.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### TO FISHER THE ARTIST

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

CONCEAL not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow  
    Retrace his mark:  
Let the retiring hair be silvery now  
    That once was dark:  
Eyes that reflected images too bright  
    Let clouds o'ercast,  
And from the tablet be abolisht quite  
    The cheerful past.  
Yet Care's deep lines should one from waken'd Mirth  
    Steal softly o'er, 10  
Perhaps on me the fairest of the earth  
    May glance once more.

*Title.* To a Painter 1846. [A portrait of Landor by William Fisher was given by John Kenyon to Crabb Robinson and by him bequeathed to the nation. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery. W.]

### [TO AN EARL'S DAUGHTER]

[Published in *Portraits of Children of the Nobility*, 2nd series, 1839.]

MANY are prompt, my little maid,  
    To praise thy blooming face;  
And many vainly have displayed  
    The lustre of thy race.  
Be thou as ready, and more wise  
    In asking what they mean;  
Then turn aside those lively eyes,  
    And view thy native scene.  
There honest labour shalt thou see,  
    And labour's rich reward; 10  
Nor want, to praise thy Sire and thee,  
    Courtier, or wit, or bard.

[Printed opposite a portrait of Lady Margaret Sophia Coke, daughter of the first Earl of Leicester ("Coke of Holkham"). The volume in which poem and portrait appeared was edited by Lady Blessington's niece, Mrs. Fairlie. Lady Margaret married, 1849, Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, Bt., and died in 1868. W.]

### [YOUTH AND HOPE]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

YOUTH is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,  
    And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene:  
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,  
    They call the boys to shout her from the green.

## YOUTH AND HOPE

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes  
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail  
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,  
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

BOASTFULLY call we all the world our own:  
What are we who should call it so? The form  
Erect, the eye that pierces stars and suns,  
Droop and decay; no beast so piteously.  
More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we;  
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;  
The very dust is as it was before;  
Dissever'd from ourselves, aliens and outcasts  
From what our pride dared call inheritance,  
We only live to feel our fall and die.

10

[Published in 1846.]

RETIRE, and timely, from the world, if ever  
Thou hopest tranquil days;  
Its gaudy jewels from thy bosom sever,  
Despise its pomp and praise.  
The purest star that looks into the stream  
Its slightest ripple shakes,  
And Peace, where'er its fiercer splendours gleam,  
Her brooding nest forsakes.  
The quiet planets roll with even motion  
In the still skies alone;  
O'er ocean they dance joyously, but ocean  
They find no rest upon.

10

[Published in 1846.]

I WILL not call her fair,  
For *that* all women are,  
Shady or sunny, dim of eye or bright:  
But tell me, tell me where  
Is one of tint so clear,  
Unless it may be one who bathes in upper light.  
The fair above their kind,  
Shallow of heart and mind,

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Share with the fragile flower and senseless stone  
Their richer tints ; we find 10  
No vestige left behind :  
*She* moves the distant breast, and fills the whole alone.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ALL poets dream, and some do nothing more.  
When you have turn'd this paper o'er,  
You then may tell me, if you please,  
Which I resemble most of these.  
One morning as outstretcht I lay,  
Half-covered by the new-mown hay,  
I saw a bird high over-head,  
And round him many smaller fled.  
To me he seem'd a hawk or kite,  
The little birds (who should be in a fright, 10  
Yet never are, as you must oft have found)  
Flew many after, many round.  
Unable at full stretch to keep  
My eyes, they wearied into sleep :  
And, soon as I had sank upon the grass,  
I saw the large and little pass  
All into other shapes ; the great one grew  
Like Time ; like full-grown Loves the smaller flew ;  
All kept their course, as they had done before ;  
But soon the less quite vanisht ; he, the great, 20  
Moved on in slow and solemn state,  
Until I thought at last he reacht the skies ;  
And then I opened (somewhat late) my eyes.

15 sank] sunk *Landor's manuscript emendation 1847.*

[Published in 1846.]

You hate amid the pomp of prayer  
The incense. So then Beauty hates  
What warms for her the cruder air,  
Awakes the Graces, soothes the Fates!  
It rises with soft clouds about it,  
It sinks, and melts itself away ;  
Prayers are of little use without it,  
And with it few men vainly pray.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE wisest of us all, when woe  
Darkens our narrow path below,  
Are childish to the last degree,  
And think what *is* must always be.  
It rains, and there is gloom around,  
Slippery and sullen is the ground,  
And slow the step; within our sight  
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.  
Meanwhile the sun on high, altho'  
We will not think it can be so,  
Is shining at this very hour  
In all his glory, all his power,  
And when the cloud is past, again  
Will dry up every drop of rain.

10

[Published in 1846.]

REMINDE me not, thou grace of serious mien!  
That thy fresh beauties are but frail as flowers;  
Eloquent lip, and lucid eye, and all  
That our fond senses vainly seize upon  
And can not hold; those undulating lights  
Baffling our aspirations, casting down  
Our venturous sight, and almost our desires.  
Religion too comes in: she claims a right  
Of audience; she reproves the worshipper  
Of earthly image; such she calls even thee.  
I bend my head before her, nor deny  
Her potency of argument, yet gaze  
Incredulous awhile, and only say:  
"Pardon, O thou from Heaven! who knowest best!  
Stars, if composed of earth, yet still are stars,  
And must be lookt at with uplifted eyes."

### ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT

[Published in 1846.]

To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline,  
And hold your hand, to the last clasp, in mine . .  
Of these two wishes, these my only two,  
One has been granted, gentle maid, by you:  
Were thus the other certain, I should go,  
And leave but one man happier here below.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WITH rosy hand a little girl prest down  
A boss of fresh-cull'd violets in a rill:  
Often as they sprang up again, a frown  
Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:  
But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,  
She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,  
And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness  
Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,  
"And what had shone for you, by you must die."

### ON HAIR FALLING OFF AFTER AN ILLNESS

[Published in 1846.]

CONON was he whose piercing eyes  
Saw Berenice's hair surmount the skies,  
Saw Venus spring away from Mars  
And twirl it round and fix it 'mid the stars.  
Then every poet who had seen  
The glorious sight sang to the youthful queen,  
Until the many tears were dried,  
Shed for that hair by that most lovely bride.  
Hair far more beauteous be it mine  
Not to behold amid the lights divine,  
But gracing, as it graced before,  
A brow serene which happier men adore.

10

1, 2 Conon . . . Berenice [See Catullus, 66. *De coma Berenice* and Landor's comment thereon in *Last Fruit*, p. 271. W.]

[Published in 1846.]

FIRST bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen  
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,  
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then  
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;  
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise  
His wicked Cupids for those wicked eyes.  
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,  
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.  
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,  
His templed highths and long-drawn solitudes  
I am content, yet fain would look abroad  
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

10

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

HE who sees rising from some open down  
A column, stately, beautiful, and pure,  
Its rich expansive capital would crown  
With glorious statue, which might long endure,  
And bring men under it to gaze and sigh  
And wish that honour'd creature they had known,  
Whose name the deep inscription lets not die.  
I raise that statue and inscribe that stone.

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript, January 30, 1841.]

WHAT, of house and home bereft,  
For my birthday what is left?  
Not the hope that any more  
Can be blest like those of yore,  
Not the wish; for wishes now  
Fall like flowers from aching brow,  
When the jovial feast is past,  
And when heaven, with clouds o'ercast,  
Strikes the colours from the scene,  
And no herb on earth is green. 10  
What is left me after all?  
What, beside my funeral?  
Bid it wait a little while,  
Just to let one thoughtful smile  
Its accustom'd time abide:  
There are left two boons beside . .  
Health, and eyes that yet can see  
Eyes not coldly turn'd from me.

### TO A LADY ON COMING OF AGE

[Published in 1846.]

FEAR not my frequent verse may	That never can bright morns
raise	deceive;
To your clear brow the vulgar gaze.	That brighter must arise for you
Another I reserve in store	Than ever the proud sun rode
For day yet happier; then no	through.
more.	It has been said, on wedlock-land
Believe (youth's happy creed!)	Some paths are thorny, more are
believe	sand. 10



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

<p>I hope the coming spring may          show          How little they who say it, know.          Meanwhile with tranquil breast          survey          The trophies of the present day.          When twenty years their course          have run,          Anxious we wait the following one.          Lo! Fortune in full pomp descends          Surrounded by her host of friends,          And Beauty moves, in passing by,          With loftier port and steadier eye.          Alas, alas! when these are flown,          Shall there be nothing quite your          own? <span style="float: right;">22</span>          Not Beauty from her stores can          give          The mighty charm that makes us          live,          Nor shieldless Fortune overcome</p>	<p>The shadows that besiege the tomb.          You, better guarded, may be sure          Your name for ages will endure,          While all the powerful, all the          proud,          All that excite the clamorous          crowd, <span style="float: right;">30</span>          With truncheon or with diadem,          Shall lie one mingled mass with          them.          Chide you our praises? You alone          Can doubt of glories fairly won.          Genius, altho' he seldom decks          Where beauty does the softer sex,          Approaches you with accents          bland,          Attunes your voice, directs your          hand,          And soon will fix upon your brow          A crown as bright as Love does          now. <span style="float: right;">40</span></p>
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[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

BEAUTY! thou arbitress of weal or woe  
 To others, but how powerless of thy own,  
 How prone to fall on the smooth path, how prone  
 To place thy tender foot on the sharp flint  
 And bleed until the evening fade and die!  
 I see thee happy now, and I rejoice,  
 As if thou wert (*almost* as if!) for me:  
 But thou hast tarried with me long enough,  
 And now hast taken all thy gifts away.  
 How various and how changeful is thy mien! 10  
 Various and changeful as the neck of doves  
 In colour: here so meek, so stately there;  
 Here festive, and there sad; here, tall, erect,  
 Commanding; there, small, slender, bent to yield.  
 I have observ'd thee resolute and bold  
 And stepping forth to conquer, and thy brow  
 Rattling its laurel o'er the myrtle crown;  
 Beauty! I now behold thee lower thine eyes  
 And throw them forward on the ground, while two  
 Close at thy side interrogate and plead. 20

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Others have done the same, but those were met  
 Calmly, and smiles were cast indifferently  
 Back into them; smiles that smote every heart,  
 But most the heart they fell into that hour.  
 It pleas'd me to behold it: we all love  
 To see a little of the cruelty  
 We could ill bear, and, when we read of, weep.  
 Beauty! thou now art with that innocent  
 Who seems of Love's own age, and Love's own power.  
 Haply ere this there are upon the earth  
 Some, by all hope abandoned, who ascend  
 The highths of Himalaya; some who fight  
 Where Napier's foot makes Hindus run strait on,  
 And Kyber quails beneath his eagle eye;  
 While others bear her on untiring breast  
 To Zembla, and with iron that often breaks  
 Engrave her name upon eternal ice.

30

### TO B.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE Devil, when he made believe  
 The pure and simple soul of Eve,  
     Was scarcely yet thy better half,  
 For he had only lied and smiled  
 And ruined whom his arts beguiled,  
     Not mockt her with his hellish laugh.

### QUARREL

[Published in 1846.]

<p><i>Man.</i> Work on marble shall            not be,        Lady fair! the work for me:        For which reason you and I        May together say <i>good-bye</i>.</p>	<p><i>Lady.</i> Say of marble what you            will,        Work on sand is vainer still:        For which reason I and you        Very wisely say <i>adieu</i>.</p>
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[Published in 1846; reprinted with variants 1853 (No. XLV).]

I REMEMBER the time ere his temples were grey,  
 And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say,  
 But now he's grown old he may say what he will,  
 I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

3 he's grown] he grows 1853.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,  
For he watches no longer the slyly beloved,  
No longer as once he awakens my fears,  
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,  
For his only delight is to see me admired; 10  
And now pray what better return can I make  
Than to flirt and be always admired . . for his sake.

9 he . . . has] ever he heard one, it 1853.      12 Than to flirt] Than flirt 1853.

## PLAYS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.]

ALAS, how soon the hours are over,  
Counted us out to play the lover!  
And how much narrower is the stage,  
Allotted us to play the sage!  
But when we play the fool, how wide  
The theatre expands; beside,  
How long the audience sits before us!  
How many prompters! what a chorus!

*Title. Not in 1846.*      1 Alas . . . soon] How soon, alas, 1858.      6 theatre]  
theater 1858.

## FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 20, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. oxor).]

<p>THERE lived a diver once, whose boast Was, that he brought up treasures lost, However deep beneath the sea Of glossy-hair'd Parthenope. To try him, people oft threw in A silver cross or gold zecchin, Down went the diver "fathoms nine", And you might see the metal shine Between his lips or on his head, While lazy Tethys lay abed,      10</p>	<p>And not a Nereid round her heard The green pearl-spangled curtain stirr'd. One day a tempting fiend threw down, Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown, And said, "O diver, you who dive Deeper than any man alive, And see, where other folks are blind, And, what all others miss, can find,</p>
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[Printed in *The Examiner* just below an article on the forged Shelley MSS. and the discovery of the fraud. W.]

## FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS

<p>You saw the splendid crown I threw Into the whirlpool: now can you Recover it? thus won, you may Wear it . . not once, but every day,</p>	<p>So may your sons." Down, down he sprang . . A hundred Nereids heard the clang, And closed him round and held him fast . . The diver there had dived his last. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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*Signature. Om. 1853.*

## TO YOUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 5, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccix).]

<p>WHERE art thou gone, light- ankled Youth? With wing at either shoulder, And smile that never left thy mouth Until the Hours grew colder: Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near That thou and I must part; I doubted it; I felt no fear, No weight upon the heart: If aught befell it, Love was by And roll'd it off again; 10</p>	<p>So, if there ever was a sigh, 'Twas not a sigh of pain. I may not call thee back; but thou Returnest, when the hand Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow His poppycrested wand; Then smiling eyes bend over mine, Then lips once prest invite; But Sleep hath given a silent sign And both, alas! take flight.</p>
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## TO AGE

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 5, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccx).]

<p>WELCOME, old friend! These many years Have we lived door by door: The Fates have laid aside their shears Perhaps for some few more. I was indocil at an age When better boys were taught, But thou at length hast made me sage, If I am sage in aught. Little I know from other men, Too little they from me, 10</p>	<p>But thou hast pointed well the pen That writes these lines to thee. Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope, One vile, the other vain; One's scourge, the other's tele- scope, I shall not see again: Rather what lies before my feet My notice shall engage . . He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat Dreads not the frost of Age. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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*Signature. Om. 1853.*

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxi).]

PENTHEUS, by maddening Furies driven,  
Saw, it is said, two suns in heaven,  
And I believe it true;  
I also see a double sun  
Where calmer mortals see but one . .  
My sun, my heaven . . in you.

1 Pentheus [see Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 469.]

[Published in 1853 (No. XLIII).]

THE crysolites and rubies Bacchus brings  
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,  
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,  
They who have coveted may covet now.  
Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrusht,  
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,  
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is hush't,  
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

[Published in 1853 (No. LIII).]

THOU needst not pitch upon my	Prythee, ah prythee get along!
hat,	Whisper as gently in the ear,
Thou wither'd leaf! to show	I once could whisper in, to
how near	fear
Is now the winter of my year;	No change, but live for dance and
Alas! I want no hint of that.	song.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXI).]

Love thou thy neighbour as thyself	The greater have come up and
Lies an old sawe upon the shelf.	done
With intercourse and accent bland	All honor, the minuter none.
Dogs . . smooth Maltese, rough	Singling me from amidst the
Newfoundland,	crowd
And spirited and faithful Spitz . .	My next-door neighbor barks most
Accost me: let them teach the wits.	loud.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXIII).]

BLYTHE bell, that calls to bridal halls,  
Tolls deep a darker day;  
The very shower that feeds the flower  
Weeps also its decay.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [INDEPENDENCE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXVII).]

IN port, beyond the swell of winds and tides,  
My little skiff the *Independence* rides.  
Scanty, tho strong and hearty is her crew,  
So, come aboard; she can find room for *you*.

*Title. Not in text.*

### ANSWER TO "WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?"

[Published in 1853 (No. xciv); reprinted 1858. Also printed with facsimile from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

"WHAT is my faith?" I do be-	" <i>She lost us immortality!</i> "
lieve	"Well, so she might; and what
That ladies never would deceive,	care I?
And that the little fault of	Eden and Paradise are nigh
Eve	As ever: should we pass them
Is very easy to retrieve.	by?"

*Title. Not in 1853. What is really my belief 1895. 1 "What . . . faith?" This is my faith. 1858. My faith is this. 1895. 3 little] petty 1858. 6 "Well . . . and] But in good earnest 1895. For ll. 7-8 1895 substitutes:*

If you receive my latest sigh  
And give me one—*before* I die  
8 should . . . by?] you know where and why. 1858.

[Published in 1853 (No. c).]

DEATH stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into my ear:  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not a word of fear.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxiv).]

PENTHESILEIA, bright and bold,	He, without shuddering, dared to
Led forth her Amazons of old,	twist
And every man was fain to yield	Its rings around his stubborn fist.
Who met her on the Attic field	The times are alter'd: now again
Save Theseus; by that bosom	Our Attic virgins scour the plain,
bare	And Pallas is observed to rear
Undazzled, or that golden hair;	O'er those her Ægis and her spear.

1 Penthesileia [Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 491. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxvii).]

IF, when a man has thrown himself on flowers,  
He feels a sharp flint under him and springs  
Upon his legs, he feels the flint again  
Tomorrow, not the flowers: they drifted down  
The stream of Lethe imperceptibly,  
Heavier and sooner now to be engulphed  
For every surface-drop which they imbibed.  
I have so much of leisure that I hate  
To lose a particle; as hate the rich  
To lose the dross they know not to employ  
Else would I moralize a good half-hour  
On pleasure and its sequences, and speak  
As ill of them as men whom they have left  
Usually do . . ungrateful, like the rest.

10

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxix).]

LET Youth, who never rests, run by; But should each Grace desert the Muse? Should all that once hath charm'd us, fly At heavy Age's creaking shoes?	The titter of light Days I hear To see so strange a figure come; Laugh on, light Days, and never fear; He passes you; he seeks the tomb.
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## TO AN INNOCENT GIRL

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxiv).]

MAID! who canst hardly yet believe The Tempter could have tempted Eve, And wonderest with religious doubt What the good angels were about To let that horrid creature in And try to teach her what is sin . . Trust me, my little girl, altho	Strange is the story, it was so. Her whom the hollow world applauds Where'er she moves, whate'er the gauds Of wit and beauty she may wear, One evil action strips her bare; One groveling and seductive vice Tempts her . . and farewell Para- dise!
---	--

10

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### LIGHT AND DARK

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CXL1).]

As trees that grow along the waterside,  
However stiff and stately be their kind,  
Forego their nature, put away all pride  
And bend their lofty heads before the wind  
Of spring, erect thro winter's; while a voice  
From the mild ripples charms their branches down,  
Branches and ripples each in each rejoice,  
And these forget to swell and those to frown;  
So does that grave stern man before you now  
Lose all his harshness while you sing or speak: 10  
Methinks I see shot upward on his brow,  
The tender radiance of your virgin cheek.

7 rejoice] *so in errata 1853; first printed delight.*

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVI).]

EASY I thought it to descry	What we see smooth we trust is
In your heart's depths its purity.	sound,
It seem'd pellucid; but alas	Nor fear to slip on even ground:
Pellucid too is fragile glass!	I rise and rub my broken knee,
	And so will they who follow me.

### AGE

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXVI).]

DEATH, tho I see him not, is near  
And grudges me my eightieth year.  
Now, I would give him all these last  
For one that fifty have run past.  
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,  
But bargains: those he will not strike.

### TO THE GOD TERMINUS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVII).]

TERMINUS! whether stock or stone,\*  
We, like our sires, thy godhead own,  
And may be pardon'd, let us hope,  
If we have changed thy name to *pope*.

\* Termine! sive lapis sive es defossus in agro Stipes.—TIBULLUS. [L. But the quotation is from Ovid, *Fasti*, ii. 641. W.]



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXVII).]

A BIRD was seen aloft in air; the sun  
 Shone brightly round him, yet few eyes could see  
 His colour, few could scan his size; his form  
 Appear'd to some like a huge bow unbent,  
 To others like a shapeless stake hurl'd by,  
 With a stiff breeze against it in its flight.  
 It was an eagle all the while: he swoopt  
 Steadily onward, careless of the gang  
 Below him, talkative, disquisitive,  
 But all agreeing 'twas a bird on wing, 10  
 Some said nine inches, some said ten across.  
 There were old people who could recollect  
 That market-day, the crowd, that questioning,  
 Those outcries to drive off the fearless bird.  
 One of them I accosted; he replied,  
 "Yea, I have seen him, and must say for him  
 Now he is dead (and well it is for us)  
 He liked a coney or a lamb too much,  
 But never settled on dead carcasses  
 To pluck out eye or tug at putrid tongue. 20  
 They who reviled him while he swept the air  
 Are glad enough to wear a feather now  
 Of that strong wing, and boast to have observ'd  
 Its sunny soaring on that market-day."

### TO A LADY ARCHER

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXIX).]

<p>Two Goddesses, not always friends,          Are friends alike to you:          To you her bow for trial lends          The statelier of the two.</p> <p>"Let Cupid have it," Venus          cries,          Diana says "No! no!          Until your Cupid grows more          wise          He shall not have my bow."</p>	<p>Her boy was sitting at her side,          His bow across his knee. <span style="float: right;">10</span>          "Use thou thy own, use this," she          cried:          "I did, in vain!" cried he.</p> <p>"Mother! we may as well be gone;          No shaft of mine can strike          That figure there, so like thy          own,          That heart there, so unlike."</p>
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## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853, where wrongly printed as conclusion of another poem (No. CLXXVI). The mistake was noted in *corrigenda*.]

BITTER are many tears, but sweet are some;  
 These have short courses, those run long and wide.  
 Who hath not struck his brow when Time hath plow'd  
 Its flowery fields, at thought of wrong and pain  
 A careless hour inflicted? Mere neglect  
 Of helping up a sufferer, is enough  
 By its reflection to o'ershadow years  
 Serenely lying on life's colder slope.  
 Well is it for us when we feel the power  
 To take another turn, a fairer view,  
 And bring back homeward little charities,  
 And hear kind words and grateful sighs again.  
 Ah! 'tis refreshing as the earlier breath  
 Of mower's morn: then tears are sweet indeed,  
 And from no earth-stain'd sources do they flow.

10

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXVI).]

THERE are some words in every tongue	When slowly swings life's vesper bell
That come betimes and linger long:	Between its throbs they hear it well,
In every land those words men hear	Fainter the sound, but stil the same,
When Youth with rosebud crown draws near;	Recalling one beloved name; 10
Men hear those words when life's full stream	And graven on ice that name they find
Is rushing to disturb their dream;	When Age hath struck them almost blind.

## CONVERTERS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXVIII).]

ALL trifle life away; the light and grave  
 Trifle it equally. If 'twere at home  
 'Twere well; but they are busy too abroad.  
 They loudly cry, "Take not God's name in vain,"  
 And call God down to punish all he hates:  
 The fools are fewer than the hypocrites;  
 And yet the fools are Legion.

Viper brood!

Denounced by Him, the gentle and the pure,

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Whom your transgressions persecute, look up  
And read the tables of eternal law.  
Idlers, and worse than idlers, ye collect  
Pebbles and shells along the Red Sea coast,  
Horeb and Sinai standing close before,  
And you not looking from above the sands!

10

### AN OLD MAN TO A YOUNG GIRL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxcv).]

I SAW the arrow quit the bow	Lovers who see thy drooping
To lay thy soaring spirits low,	head
And warn'd thee long ere	In lover's phrase have often said,
now;	"The lily drives the rose
For this thou shunnest me, for	In shame away from that sweet
this	face,
No more the leap to catch the kiss	Yet shall she soon regain her
Upon thy calm clear brow.	place
I pitied thee, well knowing why	And fresher bloom disclose."
The broken song, the book thrown	Show them, show one above the
by,	rest,
And Fido's foot put down,	A lily's petals idly prest
Who looks so sorrowing all the	Are firm as they are pure;
while,	Those which but once have given
To hear no name, to hope no	way
smile,	Stand up erect no second day,
To fear almost a frown.	No gentlest touch endure.

20

### SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION

[Published in 1853 (No. ccm).]

FORGET thee? when? *Thou* biddest me? dost *thou*  
Bid me, what men alone can, break my vow?  
O my too well beloved! is there aught  
I ever have forgot which thou hast taught?  
And shall the lesson first by thee imprest  
Drop, chapter after chapter, from my breast?  
Since love's last flickering flame from thine is gone,  
Leave me, O leave me stil, at least my own.  
Let it burn on, if only to consume,  
And light me, tho it light me to the tomb.  
False are our dreams or there are fields below  
To which the weariest feet the swiftest go;

10

## SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION

And there are bitter streams the wretched bless,  
Before whose thirst they lose their bitterness.  
'Tis hard to love! to unlove harder yet!  
Not so to die . . and then . . perhaps . . forget.

### ON MUSIC

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxii).]

MANY love music but for music's sake,  
Many because her touches can awake  
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,  
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.  
What various feelings come from days gone by!  
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!  
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play  
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,  
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,  
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

10

### SOME ANCIENT POET'S DITTY

[Published in 1853 (No. ccxviii).]

A LURID day is coming on, Melissa!  
A day more sad than one of sleet and storm.  
Together we, Melissa, *we* have spent  
. . 'Twas not the summer of my life, 'twas not  
The earliest, brightest, of autumnal hours,  
Yet your sweet voice persuaded me 'twas spring:  
You said you felt it so, and so must I.  
My hedge begins to show the naked thorn,  
The glow-worm disappears from under it:  
Impending is that hour when I must lay  
My brow no longer on the placid lap  
Of my beloved, bending my right arm,  
Around her ancle in a sad constraint,  
And fearing to look up and wake reproof  
Which fain would slumber: then were lost that hand  
Compressing now its petals over mine  
And now relaxing to compress again,  
Moist as was ever Hebe's or the Morn's.  
I go where, sages tell us, bloom afresh  
Heroines, divinities: I would not change  
(Credulous as I am, and pious too)  
Certainties for uncertainties; beside,  
My soul is only soul enough for one.

10

20

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### LEDA

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxix).]

WONDER we that the highest star above	Jove, until then half-envious of his son,
Sprang forth to thy embrace,	Then threw his scepter down.
O Leda! wonder we, when daring Love	Loose hung his eagle's wings; on either side
Turn'd thy averted face?	A dove thrust in her head:
Smiles he had seen in Hebe, such as won	Eagle had lost his fierceness, Jove his pride . .
Him of the poplar crown.	And Leda what? . . her dread.

### UNDER THE LINDENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 4, 1855; reprinted 1858. See note at end of volume.]

UNDER the lindens lately sat	Had then the Faeries given a treat
A couple, and no more, in chat;	Under the lindens?
I wondered what they would be at	I pondered long and could not tell
Under the lindens.	What dainty pleas'd them both so
I saw four eyes and four lips meet,	well: 10
I heard the words, <i>How sweet! how</i>	Bees! bees! it was your hydromel
<i>sweet!</i>	Under the lindens.

L.

*Title. Not in 1855. 11 it was] was it 1858. 12 lindens.] lindens? 1858.*  
*Signature ['L.'] omitted in 1858.*

### DESTINY UNCERTAIN

[Published in *The National Magazine*, 1857; reprinted 1858.]

GRACEFULLY shy is yon gazelle;  
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,  
Only to shine upon a wild,  
Or be reflected in a shallow well?  
Ah! who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat  
Her neck? who wreaths the flowers around?  
Who give the name! who fence the ground?  
Pondering these things, a grave old dervish sat,  
And sigh'd, "Ah who can tell?"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 Or] And 1858.      Signature om. 1858.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### REPLY TO ABOVE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

OLD Dervish! O how good you are!  
Your verses lit papa's cigar.

### DEFIANCE

[Published in 1858.]

CATCH her and hold her if you can . .	That girls and time will not re- turn;
See, she defies you with her fan, Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread	Of each you should have made the most.
In threat'ning guise above your head.	Once gone, they are for ever lost. 10
Ah! why did you not start be- fore	In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
She reacht the porch and closed the door?	In vain will you remember how Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Simpleton! will you never learn	Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

### WITH FLOWERS

[Published in 1858.]

THE Goddess of beauty, who loves early hours,  
Awakened the Graces to gather you flowers:  
The Goddess of wisdom comes later, and says,  
"Those wither; take mine; they shall last all your days."

2 you] yon, a palpable misprint, 1858, here corrected.

### COMMINATION

[Published in 1858.]

TAKING my walk the other day I saw a little girl at play, So pretty, 'twould not be amiss, Thought I, to venture on a kiss. Fiercely the little girl began . . "I wonder at you, nasty man!" And all four fingers were applied,	And crimson pinafore beside, To wipe what venom might re- main. "Do, if you dare, the like again; 10 "I have a mind to teach you better." And I too had a mind to let her.
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## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### DULNESS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

DEEM me not sad and sorrowful	Among the pebbles, cold as they.
Because my looks and words are	Come, sit upon my knee, and
dull.	then
Are not deep rivers, as they flow	I shall be quite alive agen,
Along the pleasant meadow, slow?	Altho' my too imperfect speech
While shallow streamlets frisk and	Say nothing more than what you
stray	teach.

### CHILDREN PLAYING IN A CHURCH-YARD

[Published in 1858.]

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play;  
Your kindred angels plainly say,  
By God's authority, ye may.

Be prompt His holy word to hear,  
It teaches you to banish fear;  
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the spriteliest lad  
In Nature's face will look more sad,  
And ask where are those smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close . . . 10  
Play on, play on; for then (who knows?)  
You who play here may here repose.

### FUR AND MOTHS

TO THE GIVER OF THE FUR.

[Published in 1858.]

THE fur you gave me I'll take care	Fearing them most when, flutter-
To keep away from sun and air,	ing round,
Wrapping it well in linen-cloth	They scarcely made the slightest
All over, to avoid the moth.	sound, 10
Those little animals alight	Til, driven wildly on, the lamp
Mostly on what is warm and	Singed them, or forced them to
bright;	decamp.
And trouble I have had enough	Only bring you the looser linen,
In former days to keep them off;	Leave it to me to put the pin in.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### LA PROMESSA SPOSA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SLEEP, my sweet girl! and all the sleep	Generous, ungenerous, will confess Their joy that you have slumber'd
You take away from others, keep:	less,
A night, no distant one, will come	And envy more than they con-
When those you took their slum-	demn
bers from,	The rival who avenges them.

### DECLINE OF LIFE

[Published in 1858.]

How calm, O life, is thy decline!  
Ah! it is only when the sun  
His hot and headstrong course hath run,  
Heaven's guiding stars serenely shine.

### BRETHREN

[Published in 1858.]

SOMEWHERE in youth I think I heard	Thy word (for it is thine) O God! Give me the grace to keep;
Brethren we all should be.	Nor scourge with too severe a rod
From heaven, I do believe, the word	Those who should hear, yet
Came, and it fell on me.	sleep.

### THE PIGEON-FANCIER

[Published in 1858.]

SOME are fanciers in religions,	Pigeon's blood, nor threaten ill,
Some (the wiser they) in pigeons.	Whether hell's or kitchen's flame . .
I confess it, I prefer	Can those others say the same?
Much the pigeon-fancier.	Fools! to fancy loads of faggot
For I never knew him spill	Are required to cook a maggot! 10

### THE GARDENER

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

BLOOM, O my rose!	Thy graceful jar
Bloom there where blows	Was rais'd afar
The vernal, not autumnal, air.	From that which holds my coarser
Enough for me	clay,
At times to see	Yet could thy smile 10
A flower an angel ought to	Warm it awhile
wear.	And melt the distance half away.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### THE LOST JEWEL

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

THE jewel that is absent from the ring  
We, after long entreaty, may supply;  
But who, infolded in his breast, shall bring  
A word once fallen, a long wanting sigh?  
Such word, such sigh, as must perforce have burst  
From him who placed it or who saw it placed,  
And lookt between those eyelashes when first  
A tender smile his little gift had graced.

### THE LAST MISLETO

TO AN OAK.

[Published in 1858.]

Ir was a cruel hand that tore	Blind idiots! is there none to
From thee, so helpless now and	trace
hoar,	That misleto's more noble race?
That misleto, the only one	None who can sing in celtic rhyme
Left on our oaks: how many a sun	The glories of its parents' prime?
Its ripe and rounded pearls hath	How (bards behind) we Druids
seen,	stood
And leaves, when yours had fallen,	In the dim center of the wood,
green!	With golden blade, in vest of
Where all assert an ancient stem	snow,
Had pity hold on none of them?	To clip our sacred misleto?
And did no Druid reappear	And dare ye, recreants, so efface
To cry in threatening tone "for-	Here the last scion of his race."
bear!	10

### JUPITER'S COMMANDMENTS

[Published in 1858.]

How is it that the loveliest lands	Ready to gibbet me and you,
Of Mother Earth are barren sands?	Because we may not quite find
The best and boldest once they	out,
bore,	And seem in some degree to
Alas! these races are no more.	doubt,
Wisdom went forth from sea to sea	That they can make our sins
To join her sister Poetry;	weigh lighter,
Unlike that Wisdom, call'd the	Or life's expiring lamp shine
true,	brighter.

## JUPITER'S COMMANDMENTS

Ye men of Croton! grew ye  
 brave  
 By listening to a lazy knave,  
 Who caught and held you from  
 the school  
 Where Samos sent her sage to  
 rule;  
 Where Milo swung his cestus round  
 And only fear'd to strike and  
 wound.

O for the days so blythe and  
 free  
 When piped the swains of Sicily!  
 The glorious days when mutual  
 song, 21  
 Mountains and vales and woods  
 among,  
 Ascended under smiling skies,  
 And opposite more radiant eyes;  
 Days when the gravest Gods  
 above  
 Laught at a tale of wily Love,  
 And jeer'd each other; for they  
 knew  
 It was but what they used to do;  
 When Jupiter was heard to say  
 Amid the dreaminess of day, 30  
 "Eat the vine-berries when ye  
 please,

But when ye kiss abstain from  
 cheese:

Drink from the spring when ye are  
 dry,

But lay the flask and flagon by:  
 Check petulance in kid or goat,  
 But seize no rival by the throat,  
 Never hurl hatred back agen,  
 But one caress repay with ten.

I have so many things to do  
 I can no longer talk with you, 40  
 But bid my daughter and her son  
 Report what youths and maids  
 have done.

Smile not, thou youth! shrink not,  
 thou maid!

Nor thou be bold, nor thou afraid.  
 Gentle as ye may deem her now,  
 With not a frown across the brow,  
 My daughter is as strong as I,  
 And, where *she* bids, *his* arrows fly:  
 He bears no thunder; but he bears  
 Enough to deluge earth of tears.  
 Keep my commandments; hers  
 too keep, 51

Or she will give you cause to weep:  
 In brief, whoever contravenes  
 We banish from these blissful  
 scenes."

## TO ALEXANDER THE VENTRILOQUIST

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

STANDING with courtiers, princes,  
 Tzars,

Methinks I'm acting in a farce:  
 Not one among these scenic men  
 Would wish to see my face agen;  
 And here for ever may there be  
 A pure and perfect sympathy.

But, O Nymph Echo's darling  
 brother!

Whenever you or such another  
 Senses and reason have beguiled  
 And puzzled me like any child, 10  
 I'll run and scribble down a verse  
 And puzzle you to find one worse.

[See "Adventures of a ventriloquist or rogueries of Nicholas as delivered by Monsieur Alexandre at the Adelphi Theatre, London, May 6, 1822", and "Lines to Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist", written by Sir Walter Scott in 1824. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### TO LIBERTY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O GODDESS of heroes and sages! I know thee  
By the patriot beside and the tyrant below thee!  
O Goddess, whose breath is the soul of the free:  
Such didst thou appear over Hellas ten ages,  
Not such over Gaul, where a phantom yet rages,  
A frightful (if any) resemblance of thee.

### ALARM AT ROME

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, &c., 1863, p. 132.]

WE fear that Christ must come once more	And made the viceroy king of heaven?
To land Saint Peter on our shore, For never were the Fisher's sails	Must he then stoop his crown from thence
So torn and tattered by the gales.	To catch in it a pauper's pence? 10
What if his Lord he did deny,	O shame of shames! his eldest son
And added many another lie,	Quizzes, and cries <i>By Jove! what</i>
Was he not long ago forgiven	<i>fun!</i>

[Published in 1863, p. 134, under page-heading 'On Southey's Tomb'.]

LIVE, Sweetbriar, and protect the bones	Thy blossoms, look for others rather,
Of him who lies beneath these stones.	Showing them, if they will not mind,
Tho' perriwinkles cover o'er	Avenger Nemesis is behind,
His relics, they can do no more.	Who threatens they shall search
Bid idle girls, who come to gather	in vain 9 That finger with the guilty stain.

### TO MEMORY

[Published in 1863, p. 135.]

THY daughters often visit me	For here and there I think I trace
And call thee mother, Memory!	A more than freckle in thy face.
Doubtful if thou art quite divine,	Why tell me how serenely bright
I never askt them who was thine	Shone over me the morning light?
Altho' these children are so good,	Why lead me backward far away
There's something acrid in thy blood,	And make me wish for close of day? 12

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 136.]

How many lives we live in threescore years!  
If any Power could bring *one* back again  
Would we accept it, offer'd us entire,  
Forbidden to scoop out the pulp alone?  
We think we would; but never did deceit  
Illude us more: a little while we look,  
And but a little, on the proffer'd gift,  
Then we start off from it, and feebly cry  
"Go restless youth! insatiate manhood! go . . .  
Age! art thou here too?"

Let us bend an arm 10

Under the weary head and doze awhile;  
Before another noon we may have found  
A softer turf for sleeper, 'tis the grave's.

4 pulp] *so in corrigenda*, price in text.

### PRAYER OF WALTER MAPES TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

[Published in 1863, p. 159.]

BEATITUDE! we humbly ask  
For each poor priest his second  
flask.

Hourly we pray for daily bread.  
Take half, and give us wine  
instead.

Thou keepest, as we know, the keys  
Of heaven and earth; now, one of  
these

Can ope the cellar as thou wilt;

Trust us, no drop shall there be  
spilt.

If ever should a vintage fail  
(God help us!) we must come to  
ale. 10

In sooth our sins deserve it all,  
Yet never may such evil fall  
Upon the priesthood and the  
grapes

Most fervently prays Walter Mapes.

[Published in 1863, p. 169.]

A SCHOLAR was about to marry,  
His friend said, "Ere thou dost,  
be wary.

So wise art thou that I forsee  
A wife will make a fool of thee.  
Foolishest of all fools are those  
Wise men led daily by the nose.

It hardly seems a woman's  
while

The fond half-witted to beguile:  
And yet I must confess, my  
friend,

Sometimes they do so conde-  
scend." 10

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 176.]

YE who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt  
Of other men who lived in other days,  
Whether the ruins of a citadel  
Rais'd on the summit by Pelasgic hands,  
Or chamber of the distaff and the song . . .  
Ye will not tell what treasure there ye found,  
But I will.

Ye found there the viper laid  
Full-length, flat-headed, on a sunny slab,  
Nor loth to hiss at ye while crawling down.  
Ye saw the owl flap the loose ivy leaves  
And, hooting, shake the berries on your heads.

10

Now, was it worth your while to mount so high  
Merely to say ye did it, and to ask  
If those about ye ever did the like?  
Believe me, O my friends, 'twere better far  
To stretch your limbs along the level sand  
As they do, where small children scoop the drift,  
Thinking it must be gold, where curlews soar  
And scales drop glistening from the prey above.

[Published in 1863, p. 177.]

<p>WHERE, Cross of Savoy! shall be found To fix thee on, a palm of ground? The Church's son by right divine Seizes on every span of thine. But do not so lament thy loss</p>	<p>While yet remains another Cross: A sister Cross of prouder stem Invites thee to Jerusalem. Jerusalem thou stil mayst get to, Mounting an Angel at Loreto.</p>
--	--

10

3 Church's] Church's *mispr. in text.*

### A FOREN RULER

[Published in 1863, p. 185.]

HE says, *My reign is peace*, so slays  
A thousand in the dead of night.  
*Are you all happy now?* he says,  
And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.  
He swears he will have no contention,  
And sets all nations by the ears;  
He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*  
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 188.]

I WELL remember one departed now  
Who rais'd in wonder an unbraided brow,  
When I said, "Come to me, my pretty child!" . .  
She hesitated, ran to me, and smiled.  
"Now mind!" cried she, "don't tumble my lace-frill!  
Nothing like that would dear mamma take ill."  
She grew in beauty to her twentieth year,  
Then knew, nor fear'd to know, that death was near.  
Like ripen'd corn was laid her patient head,  
Yet say not, impious Man! that she is dead. 10

[Published in 1863, p. 188.]

OFF, when the Muses would be festive,  
Unruly Pegasus runs restive,  
And, over the Pierian fount  
Flies upward to their sacred mount;  
Aware that marshes rot the hoof  
He proudly wings his way aloof.  
He loves the highest ground the best,  
And takes where eagles soar his rest.

[Published in 1863, p. 190.]

How calm, how bland, appears the moon above us!  
Surely there dwell the Spirits who most love us.  
So think we, and gaze on: the well-pois'd glass  
Suddenly bids the sweet illusion pass,  
And tells us, bright as may be this outside,  
Within are gulphs and desolation wide,  
Craters extinct and barren rocks around,  
And darkest depths no plummet-line could sound;  
Then on the heart these jarring words descend . .  
Man! hast thou never found such in a friend? 10

## EUTOPIA

[Published in 1863, p. 200.]

FORGERS of wills were hanged in other lands;  
Here the black cap is threadbare, and instead  
A triple crown is mounted, and amends  
Made for the loss of patrimonial wealth,  
Farms in all countries, houses, slaves, in all.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Such are the men who make some doubt of virtue.  
All-seeing Providence, all-judging Judge,  
Save them from scourges, carry back the ladder,  
Restore their own to them, restore that house  
Two Angels brought from Bethlehem, and refit  
Its kitchen, frying every fish therein  
Fresh from the sea of Galilee . . . be quick,  
Or ye must pickle it to make it keep.

10

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 202.]

Two youths were standing somewhere near the Louvre,  
When thus the younger said:

“Can you discover  
Yon words half-chisel’d out and hard to trace?”

ELDER.

Res publica.

YOUNGER.

What do they mean?

ELDER.

Disgrace!

To France, of liberty’s brief life bereft,  
What else than shame and sorrow is there left,  
And where assemble unforsworn old men,  
The visit of a hangman now and then,  
A court where gleams the fratricidal sword,  
And judges kneel, and prelates praise their Lord.  
Where are true friends? a thousand hearts complain  
That heaven has these, and that the false remain.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 204.]

THE pathway to the gate of Death	But suddenly, as if a spell
Grows darker at each step we	Came over us, we fall asleep.
take,	In Earth’s warm bosom cuddled
And when we reach it, out of breath,	well
Our bones, before we rest them,	Her children never toss and
ache:	weep.

[Published in 1863, p. 205.]

AN aged man who loved to doze away  
An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,  
As if he had seen too many suns go down  
And rise again, dreamt that he saw two forms

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Of radiant beauty: he would clasp them both,  
But both flew stealthily away.

He cried

In his wild dream,

“I never thought, O Youth,  
That thou, altho' so cherisht, wouldst return,  
But I did think that he who came with thee,  
Love, who could swear more sweetly than birds sing,  
Would never leave me comfortless and lone.” 10  
A sigh broke thro' his slumber, not the last.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 218.]

I LIE upon my last made bed,  
About to share it with the dead.  
Death's cold hand makes me think  
the more  
Of other hands less cold before.  
I will not press too close; no fear  
Of finding any rival near;

Nor will ye turn your heads away  
From the fond things I used to say,  
Nor shall I hear. *Now, I declare,*  
*You jealous man! how changed you*  
*are.* 10  
Too true indeed is that remark,  
And ye may see it in the dark.

[Published in 1863, p. 221.]

A FRIEND by accident met Socrates,  
And hail'd, accosting him in words like these.  
There are two miseries in human life,  
To live without a dog and with a wife!  
My Xanthos in his early doghood died  
Xantippa sticks like pitch against *thy* side;  
Men, were such wives unfaithful, might forgive,  
But ah! they are *so* faithful, and they live.

3, 4 *For a variant of these two lines see p. 301.*

## THE GROWTH OF LIES

[Published in 1863, p. 226.]

A BURDOCK's dryest slenderest thread  
Thro' a whole garden soon is spred,  
And every shoot you tear away  
Sends up a hundred day by day.  
Such is a lie; but lies are sown  
With diligence, and, fully grown,  
Each busy neighbour multiplies  
By culture its varieties.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 227.]

I WONDER what the wise would say	With its soft pulp the wounds we feel
If they could only see me play	From sharper strokes than struck with steel,
With little children half the day.	And is best able to repair
The tiniest hand can soonest heal	The crevice on the brow of Care.

[Published in 1863, p. 230.]

THE sorrowing heart will seek no pleasant place  
To rest in, but drops down on each sharp thorn.  
Poor self-tormentor! were not pangs enow  
Thine heretofore? must wrongs afflict thee stil?  
Must Pleasure bring thee fresh, with Memory  
Recalling them, then leaving her behind?  
So 'tis decreed: drop on thy thorn, and die.

[Published in 1863, p. 234.]

DISTURBERS of the earth! who make  
Her fairest regions quail and quake,  
As torne Vesuvius at this hour  
By some alike infernal power.  
God's realm with God ye might possess,  
But ye will ever strive for less.  
Fools! fools! the fragile crowns ye wear  
Sink into slough and leave you there.

### A PAINTER'S REPROOF

[Published in 1863, p. 239.]

REVILER! you should have been taught	How precious some of them may be?
Better than to hold kings at nought.	Let them, like mummies, be well ground,
Look on my pallet; don't you see	And then their uses may be found.

[Published in 1863, p. 243.]

I saw upon his pulpit-perch	"Wretches! ye raise your throats to men
A well-fed gamecock of the church	Who pry into your father's pen;
Spread out his plumes, and heard him crow	Look at your betters, do as they do,
To his lean pullets croucht below.	And be content to chant a <i>credo</i> ."

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 245.]

THERE is a tribute all must pay, Willing or not, on Christmas- day. I would be generous, nor confine Within too narrow limits mine.	For such warm wishes, and such true Assurances as come from you, I almost doubt I send enough In sending a full pinch of snuff.
---	---

[Published in 1863, p. 246.]

SOME, when they would appear to mourn, The tomb like drawing-room adorn; And foren flowers of richest scents Bestrew the way to compliments. Grief never calls on Grace or Muse, Nor dares the Fates and Stars accuse,	Demanding clamorously why They doom'd one so belov'd to die. In her dim chamber solitary She sits; her low tones little vary; Now on the earth her eyes are bent, And heavenward rais'd implore content.
--	--

[Published in 1863, p. 246.]

AWAITING me upon a shore  
Which friends less loved had reacht before,  
Stood one, my well-known voice drew nigh,  
And said . . but said it with a sigh,  
Lest Proserpine might hear afraid . .  
Ah! were we somewhat more than shade.  
I threw my arms her neck around,  
I woke; it was an empty sound.  
In groves, in grots, on hills, on plains,  
With me that Vision stil remains.

10

### A GREEK TO THE EUMENIDES

[Published in 1863, p. 252.]

YOUR lips, old beldames, will get dry,  
'Tis time to lay the spindle by.  
With that incessant hum ye make  
Ye will not let me lie awake,  
Or, what is better, fall asleep . .  
Ah! what a doleful din ye keep!  
Unvaried all the year around  
The tiresome tune; its tremulous sound  
By fits and starts makes tremble too  
Me who would fain get rid of you.

10

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Maids are yel maids whom Love derides  
 Until he almost cracks his sides.  
 He points at you, all skin and bones,  
 And stiff as horn and cold as stones.  
 I can not bear your nearer breath,  
 A pleasanter is that of Death.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 253.]

LET me look back upon the world before  
 I leave it, and upon some scattered graves,  
 Altho' mine eyes are dim with age and tears,  
 And almost all those graves lie far remote.  
 Memory! thou hast not always been so kind  
 As thou art now; at every step I come  
 Nigher to those before me: part I owe  
 To thee, and part to age: I ask no more,  
 For I have seen enough, and go to rest.

[Published in 1863, p. 261.]

THE Muses at the side may move	And yield to him alone her hand.
But can not hold the wings of Love.	The tender heart is ever true
Lesbia was faithless to Catullus,	And all its world contains but
And Delia wandered from Tibullus,	two,
One closer when Death came	Inseparable those, nor cold
would stand.	Until they mingle with the mould.

5 One] *so in errata*, Who *in text*.

[Published in 1863, p. 263.]

So sad a mourner never bent	What shall I do! what shall I
Against a marble monument	do!
As, poorest of the paupers, she	Are all she says, but those aloud,
On the damp grass who bends the	And pity moves the silent crowd.
knee	She rises . . she must carry back
O'er her one lost; her words are	The lent and oft darn'd gown of
few,	black.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 272.]

*Hic jacent cineres* are words that show  
 Burnt were the bodies of the dead below.  
 Some tell us that live heretics alone  
 Were thus consumed when Mary graced the throne;

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

But others, more inquisitive, maintain  
It was the practise in a later reign,  
And point to recent tombstones that attest  
Where not the *bones* but where the *ashes* rest.

### TO PETER THE FISHERMAN

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 275.]

THOU hast been ever active, Peter,  
And netted loads on loads of fish;  
Could we but get them somewhat sweeter  
'Twere well . . . alas, how vain the wish!  
We must remember that they come  
Close-hamper'd all the way through Rome.

### BID TO THINK OF FAME

[Published in 1863, p. 276.]

RATHER than flighty Fame give me A bird on wrist or puss on knee. Death is not to be charm'd by rhymes Nor shov'd away to after-times. Of maiden's or of poet's song Did anything on earth sound long? Why then should ever mortal care About what floats in empty air?	All we devise and all we know Is better kept for use than show. Perhaps we deem ourselves the wise, Other may see with clearer eyes. Little I care for Fame or Death, Or groan for one gasp more of breath. Death, in approaching me looks grim, I in return but smile at him.
---	--

### TO ONE ILL-MATED

[Published in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869; reprinted in *Monographs*,  
by Lord Houghton, 1873.]

WE all wish many things undone Which now the heart lies heavy on. You should indeed have longer tarried On the roadside before you mar- ried, And other flowers have picked in jest	Before you singled out your best. Many have left the search with sighs Who sought for hearts and found but eyes. The brightest stars are not the best To follow in the way to rest.
--	--

5 in jest] or past 1873.

6 best] last 1873.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### LAST WORDS

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

PRETTY Anne Boleyn made a joke On her thin neck, just when the stroke That was to sever it was nigh, And show'd how innocence should die. The wittier and the wiser More With equal pace had gone before. Earlier in Athens died the sage Who's death o'er Plato's puzzling page	Sheds its best light: well matcht with these Was shrewd and sturdy Socrates. He laugh't not at the gods aloud, For that would irritate the crowd; But, not to die in debt, he said, 13 To the few friends about his bed, "Let Æsculapius have his fee For radically curing me. A gamecock he deserves at least So catch and take one to his priest."
--	--

### A PASTORAL

[Published in 1897. See note at end of volume.]

DAMON was sitting in the grove With Phyllis, and protesting love; And she was listening; but no word Of all he loudly swore she heard. How! was she deaf then? no, not she,	Phyllis was quite the contrary. Tapping his elbow, she said, "Hush! O what a darling of a thrush! I think he never sang so well As now, below us, in the dell." 10
--	---

### POET AND BUTTERFLY

[Published in 1897.]

A POET sate in bower; there soon came nigh  
With flappings up and down a butterfly.  
Her name was Gloriosa; 'twas a name  
Given at her birth by one who bore the same.  
He saw its likeness, and he loved its ways  
And gaudy colours in all sunny days.  
"Ah!" sigh'd the poet, "soon such days are over,  
And our best plumage books and bindings cover.  
Vainly we flutter, vainly are we loth  
To leave our heritage to grub and moth." 10

### INFLUENCES

[Published in 1897.]

THERE are two rivals for the heart of Man,  
Pleasure and Power; first comes into the field  
Power, while yet Pleasure has not learnt to smile

## INFLUENCES

At the fond teacher bending o'er the task.  
 Years fly fast over him, then Pleasure calls  
 Nor waits, but shows before him various paths,  
 All verdant, fresh, and flowery: midst of these  
 He wearies and he stretches out his arms  
 To some fair object beckoning from beyond.  
 Even at the feast of Love he sits morose  
 If any should sit opposite this one  
 And hold sly converse with prone ear too close  
 To ear as prone.

10

Tell me, ye whom the Muse  
 Hath wean'd from Pleasure, tell me have not ye  
 Been also jealous, tho' afar from Love,  
 Afar from Beauty, and in dell or bower  
 Immerst; and have not oft your temples throb'd,  
 Withering the moss whereon they would repose  
 When Power was leading, high above your heads,  
 A happier brother onward.

We are all  
 Babes at some moment of our after-life.

20

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

A CHILD TO A BIRD.

BAD little bird! why art thou  
 gone,  
 Deserter of my breast?  
 Why to the wood? In wood is  
 none  
 So soft and safe a nest.

CHILD AGAIN.

*Question.*

And what became of that old man  
 Whose name I could not spell,  
 So fond of that sad boy who ran  
 Pelting the birds? Come, tell.

*Answer.*

Good little birds fly not from  
 home,  
 Nor, when we call 'em, linger.  
 I will not scold thee, only come  
 And perch upon my finger.

My pretty child! the tale all  
 through  
 I would have gladly told  
 When I repeated all I knew  
 About both young and old. 20

I long to feel thy claw, I long  
 To hold thy beak in mine, 10  
 Then loosen it. Come, bring thy  
 song,  
 No song so sweet as thine.

*Question.*

But surely you will let me hear  
 What, when Ænone died,  
 Became of those two faithful deer,  
 And how they must have cried?

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

*Answer.*

They wept, I doubt not, but they  
left

The shed, their haunt before,  
Of her who fondled 'em bereft,  
And fed them at the door.

*Question.*

I am (and are not you?) afraid  
The dogs who came from Troy

Would presently find where they  
stray'd, 31  
Cheer'd on by wicked boy.

*Answer.*

No hound (or hunter crueler  
Than hound) would hurt those  
two,

Who lay upon the grave of her  
Whose love had been so true.

## GRACE BEFORE MEAT

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

THERE was a clergyman who used to say  
(Morn, noon, and night) his prayers every day;  
Perhaps they all do; but this worthy priest  
Long before dinner-time outran the rest.  
Now mark the sequel of his earnest words,  
After the solemn reading of the Lord's,  
"O Lord! be merciful to me a sinner!  
Sally! what is there in the house for dinner?"

## CHURCHMEN

[Published in 1897.]

CHURCHMEN there are who, after one more bottle,  
Would even leave old port to kick the shin  
Of dissident, but would not push aside  
The last half-cup of luke-warm tea to loose  
A martyr from the stake. And some there are  
Who curb and spur, and make curvet and prance  
That piebald steed the jockies call *Religion*.  
By Jove! what quarters has the jade! what thews!

## ON EPIGRAMS

[Published in 1897.]

<p>GERMANS there are who sweat to cram Conundrum into epigram; And metaphysics overload A cart that creaks on sandy road.</p>	<p>All who look out for quaint and queer Are sadly disappointed here: Our only aim has been to fit A ready rhyme to ready wit.</p>
---	--

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### WORDS ADAPTED TO A RUSSIAN AIR

[Published in the *Howard College Bulletin*, Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., August 1929.]

HASTE to me home, for time is a-flying,  
Time is a-flying, haste to me home.  
William is absent, Mary is dying,  
She cannot go, but he surely may come.

Many day's sailing (yet not half the number  
They would persuade me) is William away.  
I've lost him and met him again in my slumber . . .  
I will not believe 'tis so far as they say.

Three days only left me! then *can* you come over  
To hear my last words, to breathe my last breath, 10  
To say, what I know, how faithful my lover,  
But to say it again ere I deafen in death?

Try to return! do but try! for whatever  
You try, my beloved, is sure to succeed.  
Was not your parting a harder endeavour?  
And yet . . . O my heart! 'twas accomplisht indeed!

Haste to me home, for time is a-flying,  
Make me, the Death is between us, your bride.  
Yes, you will come, you will pity the dying . . .  
None love as you do, none love beside. 20



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### PART II. OCCASIONAL POEMS INTERPOLATED IN PROSE WRITINGS

#### IN "IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS"

#### LORD BROOKE AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

*Brooke.* Few days, very few in our year, are like this: there is a fresh pleasure . . . in every turn the eye takes.

YOUTH, credulous of happiness, throw down  
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln  
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,  
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro:  
Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age,  
Who lackest heart to laugh at life's deceit.

*Sidney.* Desire of lucre . . . is the tartar that encrusts economy.

. . . Avarice  
Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,  
And shuts his heart against his own life's blood.

*Introduction.* 1826, 1846 have:

*Brooke.* Avarice . . . is more unlovely than mischievous, although one may say of him that he at last

1 . . . Avarice] *om.* in poem 1826, 1846.

*Sidney.* Let us congratulate our country . . . Triumphantly and disdainfully may you point to others.

#### 1.

WHILE the young blossom starts to light,  
And heaven looks down serenely bright  
On Nature's graceful form;  
While hills and vales and woods are gay,  
And village voices all breathe May,  
Who dreads the future storm?

#### 2.

When princes smile and senates bend,  
What mortal e'er foresaw his end

7 When] Where 1826. 8 end] end, 1826, 1846.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Or fear'd the frown of God?  
Yet has the tempest swept them off,  
And the oppress, with bitter scoff,  
Their silent marble trod.

10

### 3.

To swell their pride, to quench their ire,  
Did venerable Laws expire  
And sterner forms arise;  
Faith in their presence veil'd her head,  
Patience and Charity were dead,  
And Hope . . beyond the skies.

[Appended with other prose to the *Conversation* in 1824; reprinted as part of it,  
1826, 1846.]

*Sidney.* Having once collected . . . *invocations to Sleep*, I fancied it possible to  
compose one differently . . .

SLEEP! who contractest the waste realms of night,  
None like the wretched can extoll thy powers:  
We think of thee when thou art far away,  
We hold thee dearer than the light of day,  
And most when Love forsakes us wish thee ours . . .  
O hither bend thy flight!

Silent and welcome as the blessed shade  
Alcestis, to the dark Thessalian hall,  
When Hercules and Death and Hell obeyed  
Her husband's desolate despondent call.

10

What fiend would persecute thee, gentle Sleep,  
Or beckon thee away from man's distress?  
Needless it were to warn thee of the stings  
That pierce my pillow, now those waxen wings  
Which bore me to the sun of happiness,  
Have dropt into the deep.

16 deep.] deep.\* 1826, with footnote:

\* The speakers were passionately fond of poetry, and more was introduced; but as  
this was altogether in imitation of their manner, which pleases few and ill accords  
with the character of the prose, it has been omitted. [L. not in 1846.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

*Sidney.* We have nothing to dread while our Laws are equitable and our impositions light: but children fly from mothers that strip and scourge them.

*Brooke.*

ACROSS the hearse where homebred Law lies dead  
Strides Despotism, and seems a bloated boy,  
Who, while some coarse clown drives him, thinks he drives,  
Shouting, with blear bluff face, give way, give way!

4 give way, give way! *italics in 1846.*

[Appended to the *Conversation* in 1826; reprinted without the prose as part of it, 1846.]

The following lines were once intended for the preceding dialogue, and they appear to a critical friend of mine so adapted to the time and the persons, that, upon his judgement, I subjoin them.

<p>AGAIN thou comest, breezy March! Again beneath heaven's brighter arch The birds, that shun our win- ters, fly: O'er every pathway trip along Light feet, more light with frolic song, And eyes glance back, they know not why.</p> <p>Say, who is that of leaf so rank, Pushing the violet down the bank With hearted spearhead glossy- green? And why that changeface mural box <span style="float: right;">10</span> Points at the myrtle, whom he mocks, Regardless what her cheer hath been?</p>	<p>The fennel waves her tender plume; Mezereons, cloathed with thick perfume, And almonds, wait the lagging leaf: Ha! and so long then have I stood And not observed thee, modest bud, Wherefrom will rise their lawful chief!</p> <p>O never say it, if perchance Thou crown the cup or join the dance, <span style="float: right;">20</span> Neither in anger nor in sport; For Pleasure then would pass me by, The Graces look ungraciously, Love frown, and drive me from his court.</p>
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*Introduction.* Only thus in 1826. In 1846, 1876 the verses come in the dialogue thus:  
*Sidney.* Two poets cannot walk or sit together easily while they have any poetry about them . . . I shall call on you presently; take all I have in the meanwhile. [*poem follows.*]

1 Again . . . breezy] At last thou goest, breezy 1846. Afar behind is gusty 1876.  
2 heaven's brighter] a wider 1876. 3 shun . . . winters] fear'd grim winter 1876.  
15 wait] urge 1846, 1876.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Sidney.* . . . blinded by the rapidity of our course toward the treasure . . . we find another hand upon the lock . . . 'tis Death!

*Brooke.* There is often a sensibility in poets which precipitates 'em thither.

THE winged head of Genius snakes surround,  
As erewhile poor Medusa's.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Sidney.* Unfold the paper. What are you smiling at?

*Brooke.* The names of the speakers. I call one "*Poet*", the other "*Lady*". How questionably the former! how truly the latter.

*Poet.* THUS do you sit and break the flow'rs  
That might have lived a few short hours,  
And lived for you! Love, who o'erpowers  
My youth and me,  
Shows me the petals idly shed,  
Shows me my hopes as early dead,  
In vain, in vain admonished  
By all I see.

*Lady.* And thus you while the noon away,  
Watching me strip my flowers of gay  
Apparel, just put on for May,  
And soon laid by!

10

Cannot you teach me one or two  
Fine phrases? if you can, pray do,  
Since *you* are grown too wise to woo  
To listen I.

*Poet.* Lady, I come not here to teach,  
But learn, the moods of gentle speech;  
Alas! too far beyond my reach  
Are happier strains.

20

Many frail leaves shall yet lie pull'd,  
Many frail hopes in death-bed lull'd,  
Or ere this outcast heart be school'd  
By all its pains.

*Sidney.* Let me hope that here is only

A VOLANT shadow, just enough to break  
The sleeping sunbeam of soft idleness.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Sidney.* While the weather is so temperate . . . I care not how late I tarry among  
NIGHT airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep  
Washed white in the cold moonshine on grey cliffs.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### SOUTHEY AND PORSON

[Dialogue published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

*Porson.* A friend of mine . . . would have been but an indifferent courtier in the palace of a certain prince, whose exclamation was,

O COULD a girl of sixty breed,  
Then, marriage, thou wert bliss indeed!

*Introduction* and couplet only in 1824 and 1826.    2 marriage] Marriage 1826.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

*Elizabeth.* He [Edmund Spenser] hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness . . . but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me . . . Read them.

*Cecil* [reads:]

How much is lost when neither heart nor eye  
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;  
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy  
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

When, springing from the turf where youth reposed,  
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;  
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,  
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.

5 springing] rising 1846.

*Elizabeth.* The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras . . . a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at . . . Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

*Cecil* [reads:]

WHERE forms the lotus, with its level leaves  
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,  
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves  
The darksome wave! unwonted beauty smiles

On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,  
On every nymph, and twenty sate around . .  
Lo! 'twas Diana . . from the sultry hour  
Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight nor sound.

Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds  
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly,  
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,  
And watched and wonder'd at that fixed eye.

10

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Forth sprang his favorite . . with her arrow-hand  
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,  
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,  
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew . .  
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!  
The last marred voice not even the favorite knew,  
But bayed and fastened on the upbraiding deer.

20

Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine  
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!  
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine . .

*Elizabeth.* Psha! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended . . pitifully,  
pitifully.

13, 19 favorite] favourite 1846. 19 even] e'en 1826.

## GENERAL KLEBER AND SOME FRENCH OFFICERS

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

[*General.*] Is there nothing else to examine?

[*Interpreter.*] Only one more leaf.

[*General.*] Read it.

*Written in England on the battle of Aboukir.*

LAND of all marvels in all ages past,  
Egypt, I hail thee from a far-off shore;  
I hail thee, doom'd to rise again at last,  
And flourish, as in early youth, once more.

How long hast thou lain desolate! how long  
The voice of gladness in thy halls hath ceast!  
Mute, e'en as Memnon's lyre, the poet's song,  
And half-suppress the chaunt of cloister'd priest.

Even he, loquacious as a vernal bird,  
Love, in thy plains and in thy groves is dumb,  
Nor on thy thousand Nile-fed streams is heard  
The reed that whispers happier days to come.

10

O'er cities shadowing some dread name divine  
Palace and fane return the hyena's cry,  
And hoofless camels in long single line  
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

8 suppress . . chaunt] suppress'd . . . chant 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

No errant outcast of a lawless isle,  
Mocker of heaven and earth, with vows and prayers,  
Comes thy confiding offspring to beguile,  
And rivet to his wrist the chain he wears. 20

Britain speaks now . . her thunder thou hast heard . .  
Conqueror in every land, in every sea;  
Valour and Truth proclaim the Almighty word,  
And all thou ever hast been, thou shalt be.

23 proclaim] proclame 1826.

### MILTON AND ANDREW MARVEL

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846.]

*Marvel.* By way of experiment, I attempted to imitate his [Plautus's] manner;  
I will give you a specimen.

FRIENDSHIP, in each successive stage of life,  
As we approach him, varies to the view:  
In youth he wears the face of Love himself,  
Of Love without his arrows and his wings;  
Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan  
Thou findest him, or hearest him resign  
To some dog-pastor by the quiet fire,  
With much good-will and jocular adieu,  
His ageworn mule or brokenhearted steed. 10  
Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace,  
Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear  
Thou art the best good fellow in the world,  
But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!  
Or laughter wag his newly-bearded chin  
At recollection of his childish hours.  
But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,  
When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory, fails?  
Look at yon figtree statue, golden once,  
As all would deem it; rottenness falls out 20  
At every little chink the worms have made,  
And if thou triest to lift it up again  
It breaks upon thee: leave it, touch it not,  
Its very lightness would encumber thee . . .  
Come, thou hast seen it . . 'tis enough . . . away!

# IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

## PERICLES AND SOPHOCLES

[Published in 1824; reprinted 1826, 1846, 1853, and as a separate poem in *Hellenics*, 1847.]

*Sophocles.* Hail, men of Athens! . . . behold the Gods, the Demigods, and Pericles!

THE colours of thy waves are not the same  
Day after day, O Neptune! nor the same  
The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose  
Under thy trident the brave friend of man.  
Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts  
Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,  
Gray hairs have strown these rocks: here Egeus cried,

“O Sun! careering o’er the downs of Sipylus,  
If desolation (worse than ever there  
Befell the mother, and those heads her own  
Would shelter, when the deadly darts flew round)  
Impend not o’er my house, in gloom so long,  
Let one swift cloud illumined by thy chariot  
Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail!”

10

Deeper and deeper came the darkness down;  
The sail itself was heard; his eyes grew dim:  
His knees tottered beneath him . . . but availed  
To bear him till he plunged into the deep.

Sound, fifes! there is a youthfulness of sound  
In your shrill voices . . . sound again, ye lips  
That Mars delights in . . . I will look no more  
Into the times behind for idle goads  
To stimulate faint fancies . . . hope itself  
Is bounded by the starry zone of glory;  
On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe:

20

Athens! be ever, as thou art this hour,  
Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide.

*Title* Sophocles to Poseidon 1847.      *Introduction* not in 1847: *edd.* 1846, 1853  
*have:*

*Sophocles.* . . . Have you received the verses I sent you in the morning? . . .

*Artemidorus.* Actaios brought them . . .

*Sophocles.* Begin we.

2 O Neptune] Poseidon 1846, 1847, 1853.

7 Egeus] Ægeus 1846, 1847, 1853.

8 o'er the downs of] over 1846, 1847, 1853.

Sipylus] Sipylos 1853.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### MAUROCORDATO AND COLOCOTRONI

[Appended with other prose to the *Conversation* in 1824; reprinted as a separate poem 1831, 1846, 1847, 1859.]

The notes I intended for this *Conversation*, but as they contained some particulars which I think it imprudent to divulge at present, I shall insert some verses in their place . . . [L.]

#### TO CORINTH

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him  
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen  
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;  
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left  
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,  
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,  
So high that vastest billows from above  
Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;  
Seen generations throng thine Isthmian games,  
And pass away . . . the beautiful, the brave, 10  
And them who sang their praises.

But, O Queen,  
Audible still (and far beyond thy cliffs)  
As when they first were uttered, are those words  
Divine which praised the valiant and the just,  
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge  
So perilous, him who brought before his eye  
The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last!  
Medea! . . . is that blood? again! it drops  
From my imploring hand upon my feet . . .  
I will invoke the Eumenides no more, 20  
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee  
In all thy wishes . . . do but thou, Medea,  
Tell me, one lives."

"And shall I too deceive?"  
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;  
And swifter than two falling stars descend  
Two breathless bodies: warm, soft, motionless,  
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,  
They lie three paces from him: such they lie  
As when he left them sleeping side by side,  
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks 30  
Between them, flushed with happiness and love.

8, 32 Shew . . . shew] Show . . . show 1846, 1847. 9 thine] thy 1831-1859. 24  
fiery] fry 1831. 31 flushed] flusht 1831-1859.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

He was more changed than they were . . . doomed to shew  
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred  
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,  
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our Earth  
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the Gods  
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round  
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.  
A nobler work remains: thy citadel  
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote  
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:  
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled  
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings  
Run bellowing, where their herdsman goad them on:  
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,  
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

40

36 Earth] earth 1831-1859. 46 terror] terrour 1831. 47 whereon] wheron 1831.

### REGENERATION

[Appended to *Imaginary Conversations* in 1824; so reprinted 1826, and as a separate poem in 1846, 1847.]

I have occasionally, but rarely, scattered a few verses amongst the Dialogues. The following, connected in subject with much, and in spirit with all that has gone before, may stand here as a voluntary to close the work.

WE are what suns and winds and waters make us;  
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills  
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.  
But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties; as the feet  
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.  
Then Justice, called the eternal one above,  
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form  
That bursts into existence from the froth  
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best  
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.  
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,

10

*Title.* Only in 1847. [In "*Works*", 1876, this poem is wrongly printed as the conclusion of *Chrysaor*. W.] 9 called . . . one] call'd the Eternal One 1846, 1847.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Spreading from Venice's deserted courts  
 To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,  
 What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? tis the breath 20  
 Of God! awake ye nations! spring to life!  
 Let the last work of his right hand appear  
 Fresh with his image . . . Man.

Thou recreant slave

That sittest afar off and helpest not,  
 O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame  
 Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge  
 At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst  
 Of holy Freedom in his agony,  
 And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!

Must Italy then wholly rot away 30  
 Amidst her slime, before she germinate  
 Into fresh vigour, into form again?  
 What thunder bursts upon mine ear! some isle  
 Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,  
 Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast  
 Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale  
 From golden Hermus and Melæna's brow.  
 A greater thing than isle, than continent,  
 Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,  
 Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath risen. 40  
 Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove  
 Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight  
 Would I complain, but that no higher theme  
 Than a disdainful youth, a lawless King,  
 A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,  
 When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw  
 From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,  
 Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assailed  
 The naval host of Asia, at one blow  
 Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was free . . . 50  
 And ere these glories beamed, thy day had closed.

Let all that Elis ever saw give way,  
 All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon.  
 The Marathonian columns never told  
 A tale more glorious, never Salamis,

31 Amidst] Amid 1846, 1847.      33, 38 isle] ile 1847.      37 Melæna's] Melena's  
 1826-1847.      50 free . . . ] free . . . \* 1847 with footnote \*Reduced now by the Holy  
 Alliance into worse slavery than before.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,  
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount  
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,  
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot  
In the warm streamlet of the strait below.\*

60

Goddess! although thy brow was never reared  
Among the Powers, that guarded or assailed  
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,  
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed  
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful Pain,  
Yet hast thou touched the extremes of grief and joy . . .  
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,  
A solitary mother . . . joy beyond,  
Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy fane;  
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.

70

I, in the land of strangers, and deprest  
With sad and certain presage for my own,  
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, though afar,  
There where my youth was not unexercised  
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:  
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades,  
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun . . .  
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.  
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls  
That, rising from the seas into the heavens,  
Have ransomed first their country with their blood!

80

O thou immortal Spartan! at whose name  
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,  
Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain  
To mingle names august as these with thine;  
Nor thou, twin star of glory, thou whose rays  
Streamed over Corinth on the double sea,  
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons  
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,  
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,  
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears . . .  
For the hand that then poured ashes o'er their heads  
Was loosened from its desperate chain by thee.

90

\* The Amphictyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela. [L.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

What now can press mankind into one mass,  
 For Tyranny to tread the more secure?  
 From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire  
 That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone  
 Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,  
 And under her sits Hope! O how unlike  
 That graceful form in azure vest arrayed,  
 With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone  
 In patience fixt, in fondness unobscured!  
 What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree  
 Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!  
 What poison floats upon the distant breeze!  
 But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?  
 Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,  
 Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry . . .  
 Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,  
 Dejected Man, and scare this brood away.

100

110

### BISHOP BURNET AND HUMPHREY HARDCASTLE

[Published in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

*Burnet.* Your uncle . . . was stout and resolute with the sluts . . . calling them what they ought to be called, at the first word.

LISTEN, mad girl! for giving ear	Setting a lover's tears at nought,
May save the eyes hard work:	Like any other dew;
Tender is he who holds you dear,	And some too have been heard to
But proud as pope or Turk.	swear,
	9
Some have been seen, whom	While with wet lids they stood,
people thought	No man alive was worth a tear . .
Much prettier girls than you . .	<i>They</i> never wept . . nor would.

12 would] wou'd 1846.

### ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY

[Published in 1826; reprinted 1846.]

*Ascham.* Recollectest thou who wrote . . . the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

INVISIBLY bright water! so like air,  
 On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear  
 My little bark, of all light barks most light,  
 And looked again . . . and drew me from the sight,  
 And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,  
 And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

*Jane.* I was very childish when I composed them.

# IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

## XENOPHON AND CYRUS

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846, 1853.]

*Cyrus.* I have asked the Sun several times for counsel . . . Only once it was attended by a lark, suddenly

SPRINGING from crystal step to crystal step  
In the bright air, where none can follow her . .

Thus one of our old poets . . . describes her.

## COLERAINE, BLOOMBURY, AND SWAN

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

*Coleraine.* Well then, doctor, write.

DEATH! we don't halt then! march I must,  
Mortally as I hate the dust.  
I should have been in rare high glee  
To make an April-fool of thee.\*

\* George Hanger, Viscount Coleraine, died on the 1st of April, 1824. [L. For George . . . Coleraine 1846 substitutes He.]

## RICHELIEU, SIR FIREBRACE COATS, AND LADY GLENGRIN

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

*Sailor.* Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls beginning to dance . . . A young man . . . the poet of the city . . . ran along the streets singing this song . . .

COME, let us dance upon the grass, Ye maidens of Montreuil! Sorrows and fears O bid them pass! 'Tis better Love should rule. If you abuse the power you have, If you are cruel, know We too may make the light look grave And lay the lofty low. Frown not, in heedlessness or haste If any step go wrong, If too far circled be the waist, Or hand be held too long. In knees yet tottering from a rod Let failures be forgiven;	Slippery with sunshine is the sod, With tufted flowers uneven. Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap . . To fear it, is no use; Whene'er you meet with such mishap We'll make the best excuse. 20 I cannot dance nor sing alone . . Haste, haste, my heart Lisette! Manon! what are you at, Manon! That frill not pleated yet! Nay, never mind what people think, Too sorrowful Elise! Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink, Lilac, or what you please,
---	---

*Introduction.* For *Sailor*, 1846 substitutes *Normanby*.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

<p>But put it on and trip away . .          My life! the violin                      30          Never was play'd so as today,          Nor was the mead so green.</p>	<p>Come, let us dance then on the grass,          Ye maidens of Montreuil!          Sorrows and fears O bid them pass!          'Tis better Love should rule.</p>
--	---

*Normanby.* Two verses which my father taught me . . .

Ah spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain;  
 He lives with pleasure and he dies with pain.

### WOLFGANG AND HENRY OF MELCTAL

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

*Wolfgang.* Anastasius Griffenhoof! read aloud those seditious rhymes marked Z.

<p>STORM Morgarten's larch-plumed          crest,          Search the sun-eyed eagle's nest,          Tear from hook-nosed wolf his          prey,          Drag the dozing bear to day,          O'er the forest shout the deer . .          Dogs and men have voices here.          Freedom here shall make his          stand,          Happy, happy, Switzerland!</p> <p>You whose pliant legs with ease          Clasp and win the tallest trees, 10          Swarm the flat-head tawny pine,          Bring, a gift to Adeline,          Squirrel roll'd into a ball,          Squirrel, young, nest, nuts, and          all.          While her balmy breath she blows          In the grandam's icy nose,          See the tail, it quits the chin,          Feel the heart, it thaws within.          Shew her what her touch can do . .          Ask but half as much for you. 20</p> <p>Fishers, leave the spangled          trout,          And the pike with pitcher snout,          Whisker'd carp and green-coat          tench . .</p>	<p>Who for these his shoes would          drench?          For the otter they were meant,          Or the saints of lanky Lent.          Stars are swinging in the lake,          Come, our heartier fare partake.          Home again! the chimney's blaze          Melts our toils and crowns our          days. 30</p> <p>Hal of Melctal has in store          Seventy full kegs and more.          He who grudges one of these,          Is less liberal than his bees,          Or his flowers and flowering trees.          Hal could live without old wine,          But without old friends would pine.          Where old wine is, there the cellar          Of that safe and sound indweller          May be very good, which he 40          Who confines it cannot be.          Give me rather men of proof          (What say you?) than wall and          roof;          Rather than a talc-paved floor,          Pine-dust bin and iron door.          I have always seen that liquor          Runs, like us, in youth the quicker.          And that rarely older juice          Sparkles forth from hand profuse.          Here for absent friends is plenty . .</p>
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## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Toast them all . . and then some  
 twenty 51  
 Pretty girls . . your Hal, 'tis said,  
 . . Father, do not shake thy head;  
 Though of thirty I had heard,  
 I would never say a word.

Pour the meed for those who  
 stay,  
 Wormwood for who slink away.  
 What! my friends? ye drink no  
 more?

Then the day indeed is o'er!  
 Whiter than a marriage shift 60  
 See the window! still they drift  
 By the thousand flake on flake . .  
 Each his road might well mistake,  
 And the soberest foot must trip,  
 For the tricks of snow are deep.  
 Brunn shall pitch upon his skull,  
 Glendorp scoop his girdle-ful,  
 Pliffer, Borgardt, Sprengel, Grim,  
 Lose a cap or break a limb,  
 And the northern maidens smother  
 In their feathers one or other. 71  
 Things ye never meet by day,  
 Things at night ye wish away,  
 Some in linen, some in fur,  
 Some that moan, and some that  
 purr,  
 Wander almost everywhere,  
 But have never enter'd here.  
 They are out upon the snow,  
 Scattering it with naked toe;  
 Ye shall hear them thro the wild  
 Cry like hungry kid or child. 81  
 These are they, the wiser think,  
 Who spite most the sons of drink,  
 And who leave them on the waste  
 With their faces pale as paste.

Thessinger, sit still . . be bolder. .  
 Squint not over that left shoulder:

56 meed] mead 1846.

67 girdle-ful] girdle-full 1846.

ll. 98-155 om. 1846.

I could tell of many fiercer,  
 But, I warrant, none are here, sir.  
 Some that neigh, and bray, and  
 rattle 90  
 Like the horns of fighting cattle,  
 Or like over stones the log  
 Of the truant shepherd-dog.  
 Some, but most in summer these,  
 Shaking under shaking trees,  
 (*My heart too is now afraid*)  
 One half priest, and one half  
 maid!

Peter Fattar well knows how  
 Girls are to be claspt, but snow  
 Puzzles his sagacious noddle 100  
 To embrace her, worse than  
 fuddle.

Her white paps with arms out-  
 stretched

While he presses he looks  
 wretched;

Rises, rubs his weary knees,  
 And sighs deep for roasted cheese.  
 Sit thee down then, Peter Fattar!  
 Where thou art for staying, all are.  
 Whisper Funcks, who looks so  
 tiffy,

Twitching up his breeches, if he  
 From the walnut-tree or middin,  
 Which he once lay chin-deep hid  
 in, 111

Whistles to the wise-man's nieces,  
 Trenck will tear him all to pieces,  
 Or that mastif bred at Hartz,  
 Given them by the gauger  
 Schwartz,

Gauge-mark him his hinder parts.  
 Never dog slept under manger  
 With a quicker ear at danger,  
 Or would make a louder pother  
 Should those wenches take an-  
 other. 120



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Now the middin piled with snow,  
Will not let the worst weed grow.  
Funcks would treat the girls but  
ill

With another icicle,  
Tho he should contrive to clamber  
Into their round whispering cham-  
ber.

Funcks may fear nor dog nor elf,  
Fear he must the wise-man's self.  
He will give him stone or gravel,  
Or some whimsy neath his navel,  
Thirsty as the devil, tho in't 131  
Cardamum and peppermint  
Flow like water, without stint . .  
Or the gout, tho he should go  
Fort to Wich, or where flow  
Rheine's green ripples (honest  
Rhine

Shows you water like his wine,  
I have heard great people say,  
Who could ride,\* and rode that  
way)  
And should pluck it from lawn  
sleeves, 140  
Or at Cologne or at Cleves.  
With one stroke the wise-man  
cures

Much worse ills than mine and  
yours.

And can bring upon us more  
Than the cleverest kend before.  
At his fancy he can clap  
Other feathers in Death's cap,  
Teaching him to aim as well  
As my cousin Willy Tell.

Nature has been very good 150  
To us children of the wood,  
None the less tho others clame  
Power and will to do the same.  
When we cannot stand nor go  
We can sit or lie . . and so  
Sleep before the hearth tonight,  
Still the stouter sticks are bright,  
And the stump will burn till light.

Back, my hounds . . give us our  
turn . .  
Shake, lads, shake the matted  
fern. 160

If the curs have left unsweet  
(As may hap) your russet sheet,  
Strew a little tansey on it,  
Or but tuck it in the bonnet,  
Hanging just below your nose.  
So, gay dreams and sound repose!

\* "*Who could ride.*" No small accomplishment in the eyes of a Swiss mountaineer at that period, and no trifling indication of wealth and dignity. [L.]

### LANDOR, ENGLISH VISITOR, AND FLORENTINE VISITOR

[Published in 1828.]

*Landor*. . . He addresses Byron thus.

WHY tar and sulphur hearts of oak,  
The honestest of English folk,  
Singing upon them, O thou Nero,  
Byron? . . while yet unscorcht and free  
The devil take me but I'll flee  
To goodman Gifford, under zero.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

*English Visitor.* Whoever he is, I will give him my mind upon the subject, and in verse too.

'Tis better at the stake than in the stall,  
And nobler in the axe than in the awl.

*Introduction.* [The passage in which the eight lines of verse occur was not reprinted in 1846. Some words seem to have been left out, and both the poetry and prose context are obscure. The cobbler's stall and the awl are, of course, insignia of Gifford's sometime occupation. W.]

### BOCCACCIO AND PETRARCA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

*Boccaccio.* Listen! what a fine voice (do not you think it so?) is Amadeo's.  
*Amadeo (singing),*

OH! I have erred!  
I laid my hand upon the nest  
(Tita, I sigh to sing the rest)  
Of the wrong bird.

### ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA, ACRIVE, AND TRELAWNY

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

*Tersitza.* He [Trelawny] repeated a Kleptic song . . .

SAY but you do not hate me, as you flee;  
One word bears up the heartless to his lot.  
I speak but to the winds! she answers not . . .  
Not to the winds gives she one word for me!

### CHAUCEr, BOCCACCIO, AND PETRARCA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

*Chaucer.* "My father", said he [Ralph Roebuck], "made a song for himself . . . when he had a sorry jade to dispose of."

Who sells a good nag  
On his legs may fag  
Until his heart be weary.  
Who buys a good nag,  
And hath groats in his bag,  
May ride the world over full cheery.

### PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO

[Published in 1829. See note at end of volume.]

The following lines express the sentiments of an expatriated Pargan. [From a footnote. The verses and introduction were not reprinted after 1829.]

MOUNTAINS and winding vallies, that unfold  
Your freshest verdure and first flowers, farewell!  
Go, native land . . the Briton's slave . . be sold! . .  
To other times let other voices tell,

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

By riches unsubdued, by force unbowed,  
What ages thou hast stood, and yet shouldst stand,  
Had thy own faith not ruined thee: be proud  
Even of thy fall! farewell, my native land!

### EPICURUS, LEONTION, AND TERNISSA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846, 1853.]

*Ternissa.* I will tell you in verses; for I do think these are verses, or nearly:

I HATE those trees that never lose their foliage:  
They seem to have no sympathy with Nature:  
Winter and Summer are alike to them.

*Introduction not in 1829.*

*Epicurus.* Well might the poet say.

FEWER the gifts that knarled Age presents  
To elegantly-handed Infancy,  
Than elegantly-handed Infancy  
Presents to knarled Age: from both they drop;  
The middle course of life receives them all,  
Save the light few that laughing Youth runs off with,  
Unvalued as a mistress or a flower.

1, 4 knarled] gnarled 1846.      2 -handed] -handled 1846 (*mispr.*).

*Leontion.* I know not what Thracian lord recovers his daughter from her ravisher:  
such are among the words they exchange.

*Father.*

Insects, that dwell in rotten reeds, inert  
Upon the surface of a stream or pool,  
Then rush into the air on meshy vans,  
Are not so different in their varying lives  
As we are . . . O! what father on this earth,  
Holding his child's cool cheek within his palms  
And kissing his fair front, would wish him man!  
Inheritor of wants and jealousies,  
Of labour, of ambition, of distress,  
And, cruelest of all the passions, lust.  
Who that beholds me, persecuted, scorned,  
A wanderer, e'er could think what friends were mine,  
How numerous, how devoted! with what glee  
Smiled my old house, with what acclaim my courts  
Rang from without whene'er my war-horse neighed.

10

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

### *Daughter.*

Thy fortieth birthday is not shouted yet  
By the young peasantry, with rural gifts  
And nightly fires along the pointed hills,  
Yet do thy temples glitter with grey hair  
Scattered not thinly . . . ah! what sudden change! 20  
Only thy heart and voice remain the same . .  
No, that voice trembles, and that heart (I feel)  
While it would comfort and console me . . breaks.  
21 heart . . . voice] voice and heart 1846, 1853.

### WILLIAM PENN AND LORD PETERBOROUGH

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

*Peterborough.* A Scotchman one day came before him [Halifax] . . . holding out a piece of rumped paper . . . "it's poesy, my laird! written on the scaith of a maiden in Dundalk."

THE southern blast was so bitter cold,  
It almost sheared the sheep in our fold  
And made the young maiden look like the old,  
Blue as baboon is, where he is bluest . .  
Mind thy steps, Meggie! mind, or thou ruest.

*Peterborough.* . . . reminds me of a recitative, I know not in what opera . . .

To love one, and to be beloved by one,  
Is the greatest good a mortal can enjoy:  
Two love me; I love three; I am unhappy.

*Peterborough.* I am but the more confirmed in the sentence of a poet, whose name I have forgotten, that Pride is

MOTHER of Virtues to the virtuous man;  
And only hateful with her arm round Vice.  
l. 1 = l. 130 in "From the Phocæans". See vol. i, p. 65.

*Peterborough.* My father was fond of repeating two couplets, which he was likewise fond of attributing to a maiden aunt.

LITTLE that theologian teaches  
Under whose text hang tattered breeches.  
The devil take him who disbelieves  
Verities shaken from lawn-sleeves.  
3 The devil] Devil 1846.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Peterborough.* I am no courtier . . . This must depend upon the Cabinet, as such things are fitly called.

IN games of politics and games of cricket  
Some must stand out while others keep the wicket.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

The story of Godiva . . . has always much interested me . . . and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby . . . The verses are these.

IN every hour, in every mood,  
O lady, it is sweet and good  
To bathe the soul in prayer,  
And, at the close of such a day,  
When we have ceased to bless and pray,  
To dream on thy long hair.

### IZAAC WALTON, COTTON, AND WILLIAM OLDWAYS

[Published in 1829; reprinted 1846.]

*Walton.* Whenever I am beside a river or rivulet on a sunny day . . . I am readier to live and less unready to die.

SON Cotton! these light idle brooks,  
Peeping into so many nooks,  
Yet have not for their idlest wave  
The leisure you may think they have:  
No, not the little ones that run  
And hide behind the first big stone,  
When they have squirted in the eye  
Of their next neighbour passing by;  
Nor yonder curly sideling fellow  
Of tones than Pan's own flute more mellow, 10  
Who learns his tune and tries it over  
As girl who fain would please her lover.  
Something has each of them to say . . .  
He says it, and then runs away,  
And says it in another place . . .  
Continuing the unthrifty chase.

We have as many tales to tell,  
And look as gay and run as well,  
But leave another to pursue  
What we had promised we would do, 20  
Till, in the order God has fated,  
One after one precipitated,  
Whether we *would* on, or would *not* on,  
Just like these idle waves, son Cotton!

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

*Cotton.* If you must have them, here they are.

*Walton (reads).*

Rocks under Okeover park-paling Better than Ashbourne suit the grayling. Reckless of people springs the trout, Tossing his vacant head about, And his distinction-stars, as one Not to be touched, but looked upon;	And smirks askance, as who should say "I'd lay now (if I e'er <i>did</i> lay) "The brightest fly that shines above, "You know not what <i>I'm</i> thinking of; <span style="float: right;">10</span> "What <i>you</i> are, I can plainly tell.. "And so, my gentles, fare ye well!"
---	---

*Cotton.* But really I do not recollect that paper of mine, if mine it be . . .

*Walton (reads).*

IN my bosom I would rather  
 Daffodils and kingcups gather,  
 Than have fifty sighing souls,  
 False as cats and dull as owls.

*For l. 1 1846 substitutes:* Where 's my apron? I will gather  
 2 gather], rather 1846.      3 sighing] silly 1846.      4 owls.] owls, 1846 which adds  
 two lines:

Looking up into my eyes  
 And half-blinding me with sighs.

*Walton.* Anon then. [Not in 1829.]

HERE I stretch myself along,* Tell a tale or sing a song, By my cousin Sue or Bet . . And for dinner here I get Strawberries, curds, or what I please, With my bread upon my knees,	And when we have had enough, Shake, and off to <i>blindman's</i> buff: Which I cannot do if they Ever come across my way, <span style="float: right;">10</span> They so puzzle one! . . that tongue Always makes one cry out wrong!
---	---

\* I cannot but think that I am indebted to a beautiful little poem of Redi, for the train of these ideas, though without a consciousness of it while I was writing. [L. 1829. For Redi's poem see note at end of volume. W.]

ll. 9-12 om. 1846.

*Walton.* I have heard it reported that you have some of his [Donne's] earlier poetry. *Oldways.* I have . . . a trifle or two . . . Take and read them . . .

*Walton.* I will read aloud the best stanza only. What strong language!

MAG's one hair would hold a dragon,  
 Mag's one eye would burn an earth:  
 Fall, my tears! fill each your flagon!  
 Millions fall. O drought! O dearth!

1 Mag's] Her 1846.      2 Mag's] Her 1846.      4 O . . . O] A dearth! a 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

*Oldways.* He [Donne] wrote this among the earliest:

JUNO was proud, Minerva stern,  
Venus would rather toy than learn.  
What fault is there in Margaret Hayes?  
Her high disdain and pointed staves.

4 staves] stays 1846.

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Walton.* Is that . . . another piece of honest old Donne's poetry?

*Oldways.* Yes . . . composed in the meridian heat of youth and genius.

SHE was so beautiful, had God but died  
For her, and none beside,  
Reeling with holy joy from east to west  
Earth would have sunk down blest;  
And, burning with bright zeal, the buoyant Sun  
Cried thro' his worlds *well done!*

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Oldways.* He [Donne] told me the rose of Paphos was of one species, the rose of Sharon of another. Whereat he burst forth to the purpose,

RATHER give me the lasting rose of Sharon,  
But dip it in the oil that oil'd thy beard, O Aaron!

## SCIPIO, POLYBIUS, AND PANÆTIUS

[Published in *The Philological Museum*, vol. ii, 1833; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; 1846, 1853.]

*Polybius.* He observed on her [Thelymnia's] eyelashes what had arisen from his precipitation . . .

A HESITATING long-suspended tear,  
Like that which hangs upon the vine fresh-pruned,  
Until the morning kisses it away.

## SOUTHEY AND PORSON

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842; reprinted 1846.]

*Porson.* There are, indeed, base souls which genius may illuminate, but cannot elevate.

STRUCK with an ear-ache by all stronger lays,  
They writhe with anguish at another's praise.

*Porson.* Permit me to repeat, in this sick chamber, an observation I once made in another almost as sick.

WHEN wine and gin are gone and spent,  
Small beer is then most excellent.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

*Porson.* These [lines by Wordsworth], in good truth, are verses *pleni ruris et inficetiarum*,

DANK, limber verses, stuff with lakeside sedges,  
And propt with rotten stakes from broken hedges.

*Introduction* [see Catullus, xxxvi. 19.]

*Porson.* Here is an inscription which perhaps you will remember in Theocritus, and translated to the best of my ability.

### INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF LOVE

MILD he may be, and innocent to view,  
Yet who on earth can answer for him? You  
Who touch the little god, mind what ye do!

Say not that none has caution'd you: although  
Short be his arrow, slender be his bow,  
The king Apollo's never wrought such woe.

*Introduction* [1846 has Theocritus\* with footnote: \* Where?]

*Porson.* This, and one petty skolion, are the only things I have attempted. The skolion is written by Geron, and preserved by Aristenetus:

HE who in waning age would moralize,  
With leaden finger weighs down joyous eyes;  
Youths too, with all they say, can only tell  
What maids know well:

And yet if they are kind, they hear it out  
As patiently as if they clear'd a doubt.  
I will not talk like either. Come with me;  
Look at the tree!

Look at the tree while still some leaves are green;  
Soon must they fall. Ah! in the space between  
Lift those long eyelashes above your book,  
For the last look!

10

*Introduction*, and . . . Aristenetus *om.* 1846, 1876. [? 'Ἀριστόνικος of Alexandria, grammarian. W.]

*Porson.* In all the time we have been walking together at the side of the lean herd  
you are driving to market,

Can you make it appear  
The dog Porson has ta'en the wrong sow by the ear?



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### TASSO AND CORNELIA

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1843; reprinted 1846. See note at end of volume.]

\* The author wrote the verses first in English, but he found it easy to write them better in Italian . . .

SWALLOW! swallow! though so jetty	(And how many pass me by!) You're the first I ever prest,
Are your pinions, you are pretty:	Of the many, to my breast:
And what matter were it though	Therefore it is very right
You were blacker than a crow?	You should be my own delight. 10
Of the many birds that fly	

### LUCIAN AND TIMOTHEUS

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1853.]

*Lucian.* Mimnermus says,

IN early youth we often sigh  
Because our pulses beat so high;  
All this we conquer, and at last  
We sigh that we are grown so chaste.

*Introduction* [1853 has says\* with footnote \*Query, where?]

### THE ABBÉ DELILLE AND WALTER LANDOR

[Added to the *Conversation* in 1846.]

*Delille.* And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare.  
*Landor.*

HE lighted with his golden lamp on high  
The unknown regions of the human heart,  
Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful wastes,  
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he rais'd  
Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,  
For all to see, but no man to approach.

### ANDREW MARVEL AND BISHOP PARKER

[Published in 1846.]

*Marvel.* If you will permit me to express my sentiments in verse . . . I would say:

MEN like the ancient kalends, nones, and ides,  
Are reckoned backward, and the first stand last.

## IN IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

### MARY AND BOTHWELL

[Published in 1846.]

*Mary.* Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

*Bothwell.*

THEN by my troth is it pure and bright  
As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

### ARCHDEACON HARE AND WALTER LANDOR

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

*Landor.* Praise on poetry . . . affects my brain but little . . . My rusticity has at least thus much of modesty in it.

*Archdeacon Hare.*

THE richest flowers have not most honey-cells.  
You seldom find the bee about the rose,  
Often the beetle eating into it.  
The violet less attracts the noisy hum  
Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.  
Poets know this; Nature's invited guests  
Draw near and note it down and ponder it;  
The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,  
Unheedingly the rifler of the hive.

### OVID AND A PRINCE OF THE GETÆ

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 7, 1855.]

*Prince.* I was shy (we poets always are) of reading a few of my verses to thee.

*Ovid.* . . . Let me hear them.

*Prince.* They are in thy own favorite meter and manner.

GIVE me thy hand, pretty maiden, and thine be the sword and the scepter!  
Scepter and sword I renounce; give me, but give me, thy hand.  
Pleasant to slay the old wolf, and to tame the young eaglet is pleasant,  
Pleasanter far to bring home lamb that would wander away.  
Many a morning I clomb to the twin-bearing nest of the ring dove,  
Oh could I climb, by thy help, where thou art sleeping anight.  
Gold shall encircle thy arm and in gold shall thy tresses be braided  
When thou hast fastened a clasp, richer than gold around *me*.

### MENANDER AND EPICURUS

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1856. The couplet with variant in *l.* 2 recurs in a poem published 1863. See p. 267.]

*Menander.* I will repeat to you a couple of verses from my successful opponent [Polemon] . . .

THERE are two miseries in human life;  
To live without a friend, and with a wife.  
2 friend] dog 1863.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

[Published in 1876.]

*Menander.* Let me repeat to you a few verses . . . applicable to the people of Attica, and some others:

YE whom your earthly gods condemn to heave  
The stone of Sisypheus uphill for ever,  
Do not, if ye have heard of him, believe,  
As your forefathers did, that he was clever.

Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his head,  
He would have hurl'd his torment higher still,  
And would have brought them down with it, instead  
Of thus turmoiling at their wanton will.

### IN "EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE", 1834

[Published in 1834; reprinted 1846. One piece ('To a sweet-briar', p. 307) was also reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

*Sir T. Lucy.* What my mother said was true . . . "In great grief there are few tears."  
Upon which did the youth, Willy Shakspeare, . . . repeat these short verses

THERE are, alas, some depths of woe  
Too vast for tears to overflow.

### [THE MERMAID]

*Shakespeare.* The song about the mermaid . . . that ancient one which every boy in most parishes has been singing for many years . . .

THE mermaid sat upon the rocks  
All day long,  
Admiring her beauty and combing her locks,  
And singing a mermaid song.

And hear the mermaid's song you may,  
As sure as sure can be,  
If you will but follow the sun all day,  
And souse with him into the sea.

### [THE MERMAN]

*Shakespeare.* Not only the mermaid singeth, but the merman sweareth, as another old song will convince you . . .

1.

A WONDERFUL story, my lasses and lads,  
Peradventure you've heard from your grannams or dads,  
Of a merman that came every night to woo  
The spinster of spinsters, our Catherine Crewe.

## IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

### 2.

But Catherine Crewe  
Is now seventy-two,  
And avers she hath half forgotten  
The truth of the tale, when you ask her about it,  
And says, as if fain to deny it or flout it,  
*Pool the merman is dead and rotten.*

10

### 3.

The merman came up, as the mermen are wont,  
To the top of the water, and then swam upon't;  
And Catherine saw him with both her two eyes,  
A lusty young merman full six feet in size.

### 4.

And Catherine was frighten'd,  
Her scalp-skin it tighten'd,  
And her head it swam strangely, although on dry land;  
And the merman made bold  
Eftsoons to lay hold  
(*This Catherine well recollects*) of her hand.

20

### 5.

But how could a merman, if ever so good,  
Or if ever so clever, be well understood  
By a simple young creature of our flesh and blood?

### 6.

Some tell us the merman  
Can only speak German,  
In a voice between grunting and snoring;  
But Catherine says he had learnt in the wars  
The language, persuasions, and oaths of our tars,  
And that even his voice was not foreign.

### 7.

Yet when she was asked how he managed to hide  
The green fishy tail, coming out of the tide  
For night after night above twenty,  
"You troublesome creatures!" old Catherine replied,  
"*In his pocket*: won't that now content ye?"

30

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

*Sir T. Lucy.* Thou didst tell me, Silas, that the papers found in the lad's pocket were intended for poetry . . . read them aloud unto us, good Master Ephraim.  
Whereupon I took the papers . . . decenter than most, and not without their moral: for example:—

### TO THE OWLET

Who, O thou sapient saintly bird!  
Thy shouted warnings ever heard  
Unbleached by fear?  
The blue-faced blubbering imp, who steals  
Yon turnips, thinks thee at his heels,  
Afar or near.

The brawnier churl, who brags at times  
To front and top the rankest crimes—  
To paunch a deer,  
Quarter a priest, or squeeze a wench,  
Scuds from thee, clammy as a tench,  
He knows not where.

10

For this the righteous Lord of all  
Consigns to thee the castle-wall,  
When, many a year,  
Closed in the chancel-vault, are eyes  
Rainy or sunny at the sighs  
Of knight or peer.

*Sir T. Lucy.* Mercy upon us! have we more?  
Then did I read, in a clear voice, the contents of paper the second, being as followeth:

### THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him: I now would give  
My love could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,  
And this lorn bosom burns

10

## IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears!  
*Merciful God!* such was his latest prayer,  
*These may she never share!*  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
 And, oh! pray too for me!

20

Another paper . . . much pleasanter than the two former, and overflowing with the praises of the worthy knight and his gracious lady . . . was thus couched:—

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Jesu! what lofty elms are here!  
 Let me look through them at the  
 clear  
 Deep sky above, and bless my  
 star  
 That such a worthy knight's they  
 are!

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Innocent creatures! how the deer  
 Trot merrily, and romp and rear!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

The glorious knight who walks  
 beside  
 His most majestic lady bride,

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Under these branches spreading  
 wide,

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Carries about so many cares 10  
 Touching his ancestors and heirs,  
 That came from Athens and from  
 Rome—

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As many of them as are come—

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Nought else the smallest lodge can  
 find  
 In the vast manors of his mind;  
 Envyng not Solomon his wit—

SECOND SHEPHERD.

No, nor his women not a bit;  
 Being well-built and well-behaved  
 As Solomon, I trow, or David.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And taking by his jewell'd hand  
 The jewel of that lady bland, 21  
 He sees the tossing antlers pass  
 And throw quaint shadows o'er  
 the grass;  
 While she alike the hour be-  
 guiles,  
 And looks at him and them, and  
 smiles.

5 the] those 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

SECOND SHEPHERD.

With conscience proof 'gainst	But resting on sound Christianity.
Satan's shock,	Faith you would swear had nail'd†
Albeit finer than her smock,*	her ears on <span style="float: right;">30</span>
Marry! her smiles are not of vanity,	The book and cushion of the
	parson.

\* *Smock*, formerly a part of the female dress, corresponding with *shroud*, or what we now call (or lately called) *shirt* of the man's. Fox, speaking of Latimer's death, says, "Being slipped into his shroud." [L.]

† Faith nailing the ears is a strong and sacred metaphor. The rhyme is imperfect: Shakspeare was not always attentive to these minor beauties. [L.]

*Sir T. Lucy.* What further sayest thou, witness?

*Euseby Treen.* . . . The graver man followed him into the punt, and said, roughly, "We shall get hanged as sure as thou pipest." Whereunto he [Shakspeare] answered,

NATURALLY, as fall upon the ground  
The leaves in winter and the girls in spring.

*Sir T. Lucy.* Prythee no bandying of loggerheads.

*Shakspeare.*

Or else what mortal man shall say  
Whose shins may suffer in the fray.

Master Silas . . . shewed that he was more than a match for poor Willy in wit and poetry. He answered thus:—

If winks are wit,  
Who wanteth it?

*Shakspeare.* Behold my wall of defence!

. . . *Sir Silas.* Have at thee!

THOU art a wall	Thou hast a back
To make the ball	For beadle's crack
Rebound from.	To sound from, to sound from.

*Sir T. Lucy.* What, after all are these comedies and these tragedies . . . I have myself described them,

THE whimsies of wantons and stories of dread,  
That make the stout-hearted look under the bed.

[TO CHLOE]

Now did Sir Thomas . . . repeat from the stores of his memory these rich and proud verses.

CHLOE! mean men must ever make mean loves,  
They deal in dog-roses, but I in cloves.  
They are just scorch'd enough to blow their fingers  
I am a phoenix downright burnt to cinders,

## IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

Willy took heart, and, lowering his voice, did repeat these from memory:

<p>My briar that smelledst sweet          When gentle spring's first            heat          Ran through thy quiet            veins;          Thou that couldst injure none,          But wouldst be left alone,          Alone thou leavest me, and            nought of thine remains.          What! hath no poet's lyre          O'er thee, sweet-breathing            briar,          Hung fondly, ill or well?</p>	<p>And yet methinks with thee          A poet's sympathy,   11          Whether in weal or woe, in life or            death, might dwell.          Hard usage both must bear,          Few hands your youth will            rear,          Few bosoms cherish you;          Your tender prime must            bleed          Ere you are sweet, but freed          From life, you then are prized;            thus prized are poets too.</p>
---	--

4 couldst] wouldst 1846.

### [TO A SWEET-BRIAR]

*Sir T. Lucy.* Don't be abashed; I am ready for even worse than the last.  
 Bill hesitated, but obeyed:

<p>AND art thou yet alive?          And shall the happy hive            Send out her youth to cull          Thy sweets of leaf and flower,          And spend the sunny hour          With thee, and thy faint heart with            murmuring music lull?</p>	<p>Tell me what tender care,          Tell me what pious prayer,            Bade thee arise and live?          The fondest-favoured bee   10          Shall whisper nought to thee          More loving than the song my            grateful muse shall give.</p>
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Also reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, where headed: To a sweet-briar.  
 Planted by the author.   1, 6, 9 alive? . . . lull? . . . live?] alive! . . . lull! . . . live!  
 1837.

### [TO CHLOE]

*Sir T. Lucy.* Before my day, nearly all the flowers and fruits had been gathered by poets . . . Willy! my brave lad! I was the first that ever handled a quince, I'll be sworn.  
 Harken!

CHLOE! I would not have thee wince,  
 That I unto thee send a quince.  
 I would not have thee say unto't  
*Begone!* and trample't underfoot,  
 For, trust me, 'tis no fulsome fruit.  
 It came not out of mine own garden,  
 But all the way from Henly in Arden,—  
 Of an uncommon fine old tree,  
 Belonging to John Apsbury.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

10

And if that of it thou shalt eat,  
 'Twill make thy breath e'en yet more sweet;  
 As a translation here doth shew,  
*On fruit-trees, by Jean Mirabeau.*  
 The frontispiece is printed so.  
 But eat it with some wine and cake,  
 Or it may give the belly-ake.  
 This doth my worthy clerk indite,  
 I sign,

SIR THOMAS LUCY, Knight.

*Sir T. Lucy.* Time was, my smallest gifts were acceptable, as thus recorded:—

FROM my fair hand, O will ye,	Scarce had I said it, ere she took it,
will ye	And in a twinkling, faith! had
Deign humbly to accept a gilly—	stuck it,
Flower for thy bosom, sugared	Where e'en proud knighthood
maid!	might have laid.

*Shakspeare.* Greeks and Trojans may fight for a quince; neither shall have it

WHILE a Warwickshire lad	He shall keep the lists
Is on earth to be had,	With cudgel or fists.
With a wand to wag	And black shall be whose eye
On a trusty nag,	Looks evil on Lucy.

[*Dr. Glaston.*] victories . . . such as ye are invited to by what this ingenious youth hath . . . truly called

THE swaggering drum, and trumpet hoarse with rage.

1 [*The line also occurs with variant in "Andrea of Hungary", Act iv, sc. iv, l. 69.*]

Whereupon did one of the young gentlemen smile, and, on small encouragement from Doctor Glaston . . . he repeated these verses.

IN the names on our books	And if many a quarto	10
Was standing Tom Flooké's,	He gave not his heart to,	
Who took in good time his degrees;	If pellucid in lore, in his cups he	
Which when he had taken,	was deep.	
Like an Ascham or Bacon,	He never did harm,	
By night he could snore, and by	And his heart might be warm,	
day he could sneeze.	For his doublet most certainly	
	was so;	
Calm, pithy, pragmatikal,*	And now has Tom Flooké	
Tom Flooké he could at a call	A quieter nook	
Rise up like a hound from his	Than ever had Spenser or Tasso.	
sleep;		

\* *Pragmatikal* here means only *precise*. [L.]

## IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

He lives in his house,  
As still as a mouse,                    20  
Until he has eaten his dinner;  
But then doth his nose  
Outroar all the woes  
That encompass the death of a  
sinner.

And there oft has been seen  
No less than a dean  
To tarry a week in the parish,  
In October and March,  
When deans are less starch,  
And days are less gleamy and  
garish.                                    30

That Sunday Tom's eyes  
Look'd always more wise,  
He repeated more often his text;

Two leaves stuck together,  
(The fault of the weather)  
And . . . *the rest ye shall hear in  
my next.*

At mess he lost quite  
His small appetite,  
By losing his friend the good dean:  
The cook's sight must fail her!  
The eggs sure are staler!                    41  
The beef too! Why, what can it  
mean?

He turned off the butcher,  
To the cook, could he clutch her,  
What his choler had done there's  
no saying . .  
'Tis verily said  
He smote low the cock's head,  
And took other pullets for laying.

### [TWO JACKS]

"I was talking of the dean," replied Master Silas. "He was the very dean who wrote and sang that song . . ."

JACK Calvin and Jack Cade,  
Two gentles of one trade,  
Two tinkers,  
Very gladly would pull down  
Mother Church and Father  
Crown,  
And would starve or would  
drown  
Right thinkers.

Honest man! honest man!  
Fill the can, fill the can,  
They are coming! they are com-  
ing! they are coming!  
If any drop be left,                    11  
It might tempt 'em to a  
theft . . .  
Zooks! it was only the ale that  
was humming.

*Title not in any ed.      13 it was] 't was 1846.*

### [TO FANNY CAREW]

*Sir T. Lucy.* My friend, Sir Everard Starkeye could never over-leap four bars. I remember but one composition of his; on a young lady who mocked at his inconsistency in calling her sometimes his Grace and at other times his Muse.

My Grace shall Fanny Carew be,  
While here she deigns to stay;  
And (ah, how sad the change for me!)  
My Muse when far away!

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [MISTRESS ANNE NANFAN]

*Sir T. Lucy.* The first poem I ever wrote was in the character of a shepherd to Mistress Anne . . . My own verses . . . are neither here nor there . . . What they are may be seen by her answer . . . :

"Faithful shepherd! dearest Tommy! I have received the letter from ye, And mightily delight therein. But mother, <i>she</i> says, 'Nanny! Nanny! <i>How, being staid and prudent,</i> <i>can ye</i> <i>Think of a man and not of</i> <i>sin?'</i>	"Sir shepherd! I held down my head, And ' <i>Mother! fie for shame!</i> ' <i>I</i> <i>said;</i> All I could say would not content her; Mother she would for ever harp on't, <i>'A man's no better than a serpent,</i> <i>And not a crumb more innocent.'</i> "
---	--

### TO MISTRESS ANNE'S MOTHER

*Sir T. Lucy.* I wished to leave a deep impression on the mother's mind that she was exceedingly wrong in doubting my innocence . . . I shewed her what I was ready to do.

WORSHIPFUL lady! honoured madam! I at this present truly glad am To have so fair an opportunity Of saying I would be the man To bind in wedlock Mistress Anne, Living with her in holy unity. And for a jointure I will gi'e her A good two hundred pounds a-year Accruing from my landed rents, Whereof see 'tother paper, telling Lands, copses, and grown woods for felling, Capons, and cottage tenements. And who must come at sound of horn, And who pays but a barley-corn, And who is bound to keep a whelp, And what is brought me for the pound,	And copyholders, which are sound, And which do need the leech's help. And you may see in these two pages Exact their illnesses and ages, Enough (God willing) to content ye; Who looks full red, who looks full yellow, Who plies the mullen, who the mallow, Who fails at fifty, who at twenty. Jim Yates must go; he's one day very hot And one day ice; I take a heriot; And poorly, poorly 's Jacob Burgess. The doctor tells me he has pour'd Into his stomach half his hoard Of anthelminticals and purges.
---	---

## IN EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE

Judith, the wife of Ebenezer 31  
Fillpots, won't have him long to  
tease her;

Fillpots blows hot and cold like  
Jim,

And, sleepless lest the boys should  
plunder

His orchard, he must soon knock  
under;

Death has been looking out for  
him.

He blusters; but his good yard land  
Under the church, his ale-house,  
and

His Bible, which he cut in spite,  
Must all fall in; he stamps and  
swears 40

And sets his neighbours by the  
ears—

Fillpots! thy saddle sits not  
tight!

Thy epitaph is ready:

‘Here

*Lies one whom all his friends did  
fear*

*More than they ever feared the  
Lord:*

*In peace, he was at times a Chris-  
tian;*

*In strife, what stubborn Philistian!  
Sing, sing his psalm with one  
accord.’*

And he who lent my lord his  
wife

Has but a very ticklish life; 50  
Although she won him many  
a hundred,

’Twont do; none comes with  
briefs and wills,

And all her gainings are gilt pills  
From the sick madman that  
she plundered.

And the brave lad who sent the  
bluff

Olive-faced Frenchman (sure  
enough)

Screaming and scouring like a  
plover,

Must follow—him I mean who  
dash’d

Into the water, and then thrash’d  
The cullion past the town of  
Dover. 60

But first there goes the blear old  
dame

Who nurs’d me; you have heard  
her name,

No doubt, at Compton, Sarah  
Salways;

There are twelve groats at once,  
beside

The frying-pan in which she fried  
Her pancakes.

Madam, I am always, &c.

T. L.

*Signature T. L.] SIR THOMAS LUCY, knight. 1846.*

### [MADAM’S REPLY]

*Sir T. Lucy.* My letter was sent back . . . between the second and third stanza these four lines were written, in a very fine hand:

Most honor’d knight, Sir Thomas! two  
For merry Nan will never do;  
Now under favour let me say’t,  
She will bring more herself than that.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [RAPAX FORTUNA

FROM MEMORANDUM BY EPHRAIM BARNETT]

Let us think gravely and religiously on what the pagans, in their blindness, did call fortune, making a goddess of her, and saying,

ONE body she lifts up so high  
And suddenly, she makes him cry  
And scream as any wench might do  
That you should play the rogue unto:  
And the same Lady Light sees good  
To drop another in the mud,  
Against all hope and likelihood.

The editor has been unable to discover who was the author of this very free translation of an Ode in Horace [i. xxxiv]. He is certainly happy in his amplification of the *stridore acuto*. May it not be surmised that he was some favourite scholar of Ephraim Barnett? [L.]

*Title. Not in any ed.*

### IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

[Published in 1836; reprinted with additions 1846. For some of the longer pieces in *Pericles and Aspasia* see other Sections.]

#### PERICLES TO ASPASIA

My Pericles (mine, mine he is) *has* written verses upon me . . . you will read them with pleasure for their praises of Miletus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

FLOWER of Ionia's fertile plains,	Delay'd his course for Melesander!
Where Pleasure leagued with	If there be city on the earth
Virtue reigns,	Proud in the children of her birth,
Where the Pierian Maids of old,	Wealth, science, beauty, story,
Yea, long ere Ilion's tale was told,	song, <span style="float: right;">I I</span>
Too pure, too sacred for our sight,	These to Miletus all belong.
Descended with the silent night	To fix the diadem on his brow
To young Arctinus, and Mæander	For ever, one was wanting—thou.

#### SOCRATES TO ASPASIA

Yesterday an ugly young philosopher declared his passion for me . . . Pericles touched me on the side of Miletus, and Socrates came up to me straitforward from Prometheus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

HE who stole fire from heaven,  
Long heav'd his bold and patient breast, 'twas riven  
By the Caucasian bird and bolts of Jove.  
Stolen that fire have I,  
And am enchain'd to die  
By every jealous Power that frowns above.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

2.

I call not upon thee again  
 To hear my vows and calm my pain,  
 Who sittest high enthron'd  
 Where Venus rolls her gladsome star,  
 Propitious Love! But thou disown'd  
 By sire and mother, whoso'er they are,  
 Unblest in form and name, Despair!  
 Why dost thou follow that bright demon? why  
 His purest altar art thou always nigh?

10

I was sorry that Socrates should suffer so much for me . . . and wrote him this consolation. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

O THOU who sittest with the wise,  
 And searchest higher lore,  
 And openest regions to their eyes  
 Unvisited before!  
 I'd run to loose thee if I cou'd,  
 Nor let the vulture taste thy  
 blood  
 But, pity! pity! Attic bee!  
 'Tis happiness forbidden me.

2.

Despair is not for good or wise,  
 And should not be for love; 10  
 We all must bear our destinies  
 And bend to those above.  
 Birds flying o'er the stormy seas  
 Alight upon their proper trees,  
 Yet wisest men not always know  
 Where they should stop, or  
 whither go.

5 cou'd] could 1846.

Alcibiades said he did not like them [Aspasia's verses to Socrates *v.s.*] at all and could write better himself . . . he not only wrote, but I fear . . . actually sent these. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

O SATYR-SON of Sophroniscus! Would Alcon cut me an hibiscus, I'd wield it as the goatherds do, And swing thee a sound stroke or two,	Bewilder, if thou canst, us boys, Us, or the sophists, with thy toys, Thy <i>kalokagathons</i> —beware! Keep to the good, and leave the fair.
--	---

2 an] a 1846.

I find in all his [Hesiod's] writings but one verse worth transcribing . . . (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

“IN a soft meadow and on vernal flowers.”

Hesiod, *Theog.* 279. [W.]

He [Pindar] never quite overcame his grandiloquence. The animals we call *half-asses* . . . he calls

“THE daughters of the tempest-footed steeds!”

(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

*Introduction.* [Aristotle, *Rhet.* iii. 2, ascribes this line to Simonides. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### CORINNA TO TANAGRA

*From Athens*

[Also printed without Introduction in *Hellenics*, 1859. See note at end of volume.]  
I will now transcribe for you an ode of Corinna to her native town. (*Aspasia to Cleone*.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1.<br/>TANAGRA! think not I forget<br/>Thy beautifully - storied<br/>streets;<br/>Be sure my memory bathes yet<br/>In clear Thermodon, and yet<br/>greet<br/>The blythe and liberal shepherd-<br/>boy,<br/>Whose sunny bosom swells with<br/>joy<br/>When we accept his matted rushes<br/>Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away<br/>he bounds, and blushes.</p>                                    | <p>Offering no nourishment, no<br/>rest,<br/>To that young head which soon<br/>shall rise<br/>Disdainfully, in might and glory,<br/>to the skies.</p>   |
| <p>2.<br/>I promise to bring back with me<br/>What thou with transport<br/>wilt receive, <span style="float: right;">10</span><br/>The only proper gift for thee,<br/>Of which no mortal shall<br/>bereave<br/>In later times thy mouldering<br/>walls,<br/>Until the last old turret falls;<br/>A crown, a crown from Athens<br/>won,<br/>A crown no God can wear, beside<br/>Latona's son.</p> | <p>4.<br/>Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce<br/>flows<br/>Do white-arm'd maidens<br/>chaunt my lay,<br/>Flapping the while with laurel-<br/>rose<br/>The honey-gathering tribes<br/>away;<br/>And sweetly, sweetly, Attick<br/>tongues<br/>Lisp your Corinna's early songs;<br/>To her with feet more graceful<br/>come <span style="float: right;">31</span><br/>The verses that have dwelt in<br/>kindred breasts at home.</p> |
| <p>3.<br/>There may be cities who refuse<br/>To their own child the hon-<br/>ours due,<br/>And look ungently on the Muse;<br/>But ever shall those cities rue<br/>The dry, unyielding niggard<br/>breast, <span style="float: right;">21</span></p>  | <p>5.<br/>O let thy children lean aslant<br/>Against the tender mother's<br/>knee,<br/>And gaze into her face, and want<br/>To know what magic there<br/>can be<br/>In words that urge some eyes<br/>to dance,<br/>While others as in holy trance<br/>Look up to heaven; be such<br/>my praise!<br/>Why linger? I must haste, or lose<br/>the Delphick bays. <span style="float: right;">40</span></p>                      |

9 I . . . me] A gift I promise: one I see 1846, 1859. 10 What] Which 1846, 1859.  
29 Attick] Attio 1846, 1859. 40 Delphick] Delphic 1846, 1859.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

[MIMNERMUS *incert.*]

Mimnermus . . . Take however the verses . . . Certainly they are his best. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

I wish not Thasos rich in mines, Nor Naxos girt around with vines, Nor Crete nor Samos, the abodes Of those who govern men and Gods, Nor wider Lydia, where the sound Of tymbrels shakes the thymy ground, And with white feet and with hoofs cloven The dedal dance is spun and woven: Meanwhile each prying younger thing Is sent for water to the spring, 10	Under where red Priapus rears His club amid the junipers; In this whole world enough for me Is any spot the Gods decree; Albeit the pious and the wise Would tarry where, like mul- berries, In the first hour of ripeness fall The tender creatures, one and all. To take what falls with even mind Jove wills, and we must be resign'd. 20
---	--

The best Ode of Sappho, the Ode to Anactoria,

“HAPPY as any God is he,” &c.

shows the intemperance and disorder of passion. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

[SAPPHO TO ALCÆUS]

. . . when he renewed his suit to her after he had fled from battle . . . the only epigram attributed to her. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

He who from battle runs away  
May pray and sing, and sing and pray;  
Nathless, Alcæus, howsoe'er  
Dulcet his song and warm his pray'r  
And true his vows of love may be,  
He ne'er shall run away with me.

HEGEMON TO PRAXINOE

His cousin Praxinoe, whom he was not aware of loving until she was betrothed to Callias. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

Is there any season, O my soul,  
When the sources of bitter tears dry up,  
And the uprooted flowers take their places again  
Along the torrent-bed?



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Could I wish to live, it would be for that season,  
To repose my limbs and press my temples there.  
But should I not speedily start away  
In the hope to trace and follow thy steps!

Thou art gone, thou art gone, Praxinoe!  
And hast taken far from me thy lovely youth, 10  
Leaving me naught that was desirable in mine.  
Alas! alas! what hast thou left me?

The helplessness of childhood, the solitude of age,  
The laughter of the happy, the pity of the scorner,  
A colourless and broken shadow am I,  
Seen glancing in troubled waters.

My thoughts too are scattered; thou hast cast them off;  
They beat against thee, they would cling to thee,  
But they are viler than the loose dark weeds,  
Without a place to root or rest in. 20

I would throw them across my lyre; they drop from it;  
My lyre will sound only two measures;  
That Pity will never, never come,  
Or come to the sleep that awakeneth not unto her.

### [BY CLEOBULINE OF LINDOS]

Cleobuline of Lindos . . . Her lover was Cynus of Colophon. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

WHERE is the swan of breast so white  
It made my bubbling life run bright  
On that one spot, and that alone,  
On which he rested; and I stood  
Gazing: now swells the turbid flood;  
Summer and he for other climes are flown!

### [FROM MYRTIS]

Here are two little pieces from Myrtis, autographs, from the library of Pericles.  
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

ARTEMIA, while Arion sighs,  
Raising her white and taper finger,  
Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,  
The ivy that o'ershades her eyes.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

"Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,"  
Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,  
"Are there not other hours for leisure?  
For love is any hour like this?"

Artemia! faintly thou respondest,  
As falsely deems that fiery youth;  
A God there is who knows the truth,  
A God who tells me which is fondest.

10

### FROM MYRTIS

Here is another, in the same hand, a very clear and elegant one (*same letter*).

*I will not love!*

. . . . . These sounds have often  
Burst from a troubled breast;  
Rarely from one no sighs could soften,  
Rarely from one at rest.

[Also reprinted without prose, and with title, *Myrtis*, in 1859.]

The verses of Myrtis, which you sent me last, are somewhat less pleasing to me than those others of hers which I send you in return. (*Cleone to Aspasia*.)

FRIENDS, whom she lookt at blandly from her couch  
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedewed,  
Were arguing with Pentheusa: she had heard  
Report of Creon's death, whom years before  
She listened to, well-pleas'd; and sighs arose;  
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs  
And will be fondled with them.

When I came,  
After the rest to visit her, she said,  
*Myrtis! how kind! Who better knows than thou*  
*The pangs of love? and my first love was he!*

10

Tell me, if ever, Eros! are reveal'd  
Thy secrets to the earth, have they been true  
To any love who speak about the first?  
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars  
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,  
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?  
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,  
Implore from thee, thus questioned; well I know  
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [MNASYLUS TO AGAPENTHE WITH A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES]

Agapenthe's heart is won by Mnasylus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

MAIDEN or youth, who standest here, Think not, if haply we should fear A stranger's voice or stranger's face,	Certain we are we ne'er should find A care so provident, so kind, Altho' by flight we repossess The tenderest mother's warmest nest. <span style="float: right;">10</span>
(Such is the nature of our race, That we would gladly fly again To gloomy wood or windy plain.	O may you prove, as well as we, That even in Athens there may be A sweeter thing than liberty.

*Title. Not in any ed.*

### [ALCIBIADES ON LOVE]

Said he: "attend and pity." . . . I shuddered. He repeated these, and relieved me.  
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

I LOVE to look on lovely eyes,  
And do not shun the sound of sighs,  
If they are level with the ear;  
But if they rise just o'er my chin,  
O Venus! how I hate their din!  
My own I am too weak to bear.

### [FROM A COMEDY]

WE are but pebbles in a gravel walk,  
Some blacker and some whiter, pebbles still,  
Fit only to be trodden on.

These words were introduced into a comedy by Polus . . . Polus and his friends had resolved to applaud the passage, and to turn their faces towards Pericles, I made him [Philonides the actor] a little present, on condition that . . . he should repeat the following verses in reply, instead of the poet's. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

. . . . . Fair Polus!  
Can such fierce winds blow over such smooth seas!  
I never saw a pebble in my life  
So richly set as thou art: now, by Jove,  
He who would tread upon thee can be none  
Except the proudest of the elephants,  
The tallest and the surest-footed beast  
In all the stables of the kings of Ind.

### [ODYSSEY XII. 184]

The Syrens sang

COME hither, O passer by! come hither,  
O glory of the Achaians!

# IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

## ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

In searching the houses of such inhabitants [of Miletus] as were suspected of partiality to the interests of Lacedæmon, these verses were discovered. They bear the signature of *Aletheia* . . . She loved her deliverer; and . . . was slain for loving him. (*Cleone to Aspasia*.)

1.

PHRAORTES! where art thou?  
The flames were panting after us, their darts  
Had pierced to many hearts  
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayers nor vow;

2.

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke  
O'er riven altars broke  
Than curled from myrrh and nard,  
When like a God among  
Arm'd host and unarm'd throng  
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief regard. 10

3.

Thou passest: from thy side  
Sudden two bowmen ride  
And hurry me away.  
Thou and all hope were gone . .  
They loost me . . and alone  
In a closed tent mid gory arms I lay.

4.

How did my tears then burn  
When, dreading thy return,  
Behold thee reappear!  
Nor helm nor sword nor spear. . . 20

5.

In violet gold-hem'd vest  
Thou camest forth; too soon!  
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,  
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

6.

"O send me to my mother! . . bid her come,  
And take my last farewell!  
One blow! . . enough for both . . one tomb . .  
'Tis there *our* happy dwell."

*Sub-title* After the sackage of Miletos added in 1859. 4 prayers] prayer 1846, 1859.  
9 host] hosts 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### 7.

Thou orderest: call'd and gone  
At once are they who breathe for thy command. 30  
Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan  
And pressing in both thine my hand,

### 8.

Then, and then only, when it tore  
My hair to hide my face;  
And gently did thy own bend o'er  
The abject head war-doom'd to dire disgrace.

### 9.

Ionian was thy tongue,  
And when thou badest me to raise  
That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,  
I dared look up . . but dared not long. 40

### 10.

"Wait, maiden, wait! if none are here  
Bearing a charm to charm a tear,  
There may (who knows?) be found at last  
Some solace for the sorrow past."

### 11.

My mother, ere the sounds had ceast,  
Burst in, and drew me down:  
Her joy o'erpowered us both, her breast  
Covered lost friends and ruin'd town.

### 12.

Sweet thought! but yielding now  
To many harsher! By what blow 50  
Art thou dissevered from me? War,  
That hath career'd too far,  
Closeth his pinions . . "Come, Phraortes come  
To thy fond friends at home!"

### 13.

Thus beckons Love . . Away then, wishes wild!  
O may thy mother be as blest  
As one whose eyes will sink to rest  
Blessing thee for her rescued child!

30 are they] they are 1846.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

14.

Ungenerous still my heart must be:  
Throughout the young and festive train  
Which thou revisitest again  
May none be happier (this I fear) than she!

60

59 still] stil 1859.

Among a loose accumulation of poetry, the greater part excessively bad, the verses I am about to transcribe are perhaps the least so. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LIFE passes not as some men say, If you will only urge his stay, And treat him kindly all the while. He flies the dizzy strife of towns, Cowers before thunder-bearing frowns, But freshens up again at song and smile.	Ardalia! we will place him here, And promise that nor sigh nor tear Shall ever trouble his repose. What precious seal will you impress To ratify his happiness? That rose thro' which you breathe —Come, bring that rose.
---	---

10

1 Life [? an error for Love. W.]

### ERINNA TO LEUCONŌE

These I transcribe out of a little volume of Erinna. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

If comfort is unwelcome, can I think Reproof aught less will be! The cup I bring to cool thee, wilt thou drink, Fever'd Leuconŏe?	Rather with Grief than Friendship wouldst thou dwell, Because Love smiles no more! Bent down by culling bitter herbs, to swell A cauldron that boils o'er.
--	---

Demophile, poor honest faithful creature! has yielded to her infirmities . . . my memory and love outlived her . . . I would not close my eyes to sleep until I had performed my promise. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

DEMOPHILE rests here: we will not say  
That she was aged, lest ye turn away;  
Nor that she long had suffered: early woes  
Alone can touch you; go, and pity those!

Alas! how true are the words of the old poet. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

WE lose a life in every friend we lose,  
And every death is painful but the last.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [ASPASIA ON HER NURSE]

I often think of my beautiful nurse, Myrtale . . . My first verses were upon her . . . Do you remember the lines? (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

MYRTALE! may heaven reward thee	One alone thou never heededst, I can boast that one alone;
For thy tenderness and care!	Grateful beats the heart thy
Dressing me in all thy virtues,	nursling,
Docile, duteous, gentle, fair.	Myrtale! 'tis all thy own.

7 nursling] nurseling 1846, 1876.

### [TO ASPASIA PLAYING THE HARP]

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, April 25, 1835. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

I believe he [Pericles] composed these verses while I was playing; although he disowns them. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

COME sprinkle me soft musick o'er the breast,  
Bring me the varied colours into light  
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,  
Shew me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.  
Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords  
Restore what restless years had moved away,  
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,  
Youth's short-lived spring and Pleasure's summer-day.

3 tablet] marble 1895. 6 restless] envious 1895. 8 short-lived spring] vernal morn 1895.

### [ASPASIA'S SONG]

You remember my old song: it was this I had been playing. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

THE reeds were green the other day, Among the reeds we loved to play, We loved to play while they were green.	“What is it like?” my mother said, And laid her hand upon my head; “Mother! I cannot tell indeed. I've thought of all hard things I know,
The reeds are hard and yellow now, No more their tufted heads they bow	I've thought of all the yellow too;
To beckon us behind the scene.	It only can be like the reed.”

### [FROM HESIOD]

We were conversing on oratory and orators, when Anaxagoras said . . . “They are described by Hesiod in two verses, which he applies to himself and the poets. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LIES very like the truth we tell,  
And, when we wish it, truth as well.

*Title. Hesiod, Theog., 27-8.*

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

### [WAR]

The war is very popular at Athens: I daresay it is equally so at Samos . . . Nothing pleases men like renewing their ancient alliance with the brutes. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

WAR is it, O grave heads! that ye  
With stern and stately pomp decree?  
Inviting all the Gods from far  
To join you in the game of war!  
Have ye then lived so many years  
To find no purer joy than tears?  
And seek ye now the highest good  
In strife, in anguish, and in blood?  
Your wisdom may be more than ours,  
But you have spent your golden hours,  
And have methinks but little right  
To make the happier fret and fight.  
Ah! when will come the calmer day  
When these dark clouds shall pass away?  
When (should two cities disagree)  
The young, the beauteous, and the free,  
Rushing with all their force, shall meet,  
And struggle with embraces sweet,  
Til they who may have suffer'd most  
Give in, and own the battle lost'.

20

There are few words in the precept,

GIVE pleasure: receive it:  
Avoid giving pain: avoid receiving it.

For the duller scholar . . . she [Philosophy] cuts each line in the middle, and tells him kindly that it will serve the purpose. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

### LITTLE AGLÆE, TO HER FATHER, ON HER STATUE BEING CALLED LIKE HER

I have leisure to write out what perhaps may be the very last verses written in Miletus, unless we are relieved. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

FATHER! the little girl we see  
Is not, I fancy, so like me . . .  
You never hold her on your knee.  
When she came home the other day  
You kist her, but I cannot say  
She kist you first and ran away.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [FOR AN EPITAPH]

(*Aspasia to Cleone.*) Among the Grecian colonies in Italy . . . one petty tyrant has . . . imprisoned, exiled, and murdered the best citizens. . . . The tyrant, we hear, is sickening, and many epitaphs are already composed for him; the shortest is,

THE pigmy despot Mutinas lies here!  
He was not godless; no: his God was Fear.

### [BACCHUS]

Him whom the poet calls in his dithyrambick,

*The tiger-borne and mortal-mothered God.*  
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

## THE IAMBICKS OF HEPHÆSTION

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

Hephæstion . . . is going to Italy, and has written this poem on the eve of his departure. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

SPEAK not too ill of me, Athenian friends!  
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!  
From others of all tribes am I secure.  
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,  
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip  
Into Cephissus the grey bowl to quench  
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop  
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith  
To gather the hard honey at the sides,  
And give it me for having heard me sing. 10  
Sages and friends! a better cause remains  
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.  
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men  
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,  
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share  
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back  
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.  
Alas! shall this too, never lackt before,  
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach!  
Thus, on the plank, now Neptune is invoked, 20  
I warn you of your peril: I *must* live,  
And ye, O friends! howe'er unwilling, *may*.

*Title.* Iambics . . . 1846. A Poet leaving Athens 1859.  
1859. 19 reach!] reach ? 1859.

6 Cephissus] Cephissos

# IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

## ODE TO ASTERÖESSA

I am quite uncertain whether you know the Ode to Asteröessa. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

1.

ASTERÖESSA! many bring  
The vows of verse and blooms of spring  
To crown thy natal day.  
Lo, *my* vow too amid the rest!  
"Ne'er mayst thou sigh from that white breast,  
*O take them all away!*"

2.

For there are cares and there are wrongs,  
And withering eyes and venom'd tongues;  
They now are far behind;  
But come they must: and every year  
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear,  
Whereof these gifts remind.

10

3.

Cease, raven, cease! nor scare the dove  
With croak around and swoop above;  
Be peace, be joy, within!  
Of all that hail this happy tide  
My verse alone be cast aside!  
Lyre! cimbal! dance! begin!

18 cimbal] cymbal 1846.

The weather . . . is neither bright nor serene . . . And yet on the whole,

HAPPY to me has been the day,  
The shortest of the year,  
Though some, alas! are far away  
Who made the longest yet more brief appear.  
(*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

### [BY A CARIAN POET]

I cannot end my letter in a pleasanter way than with a copy of these verses. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

1.

PERILLA! to thy fates resign'd,  
Think not what years are gone,  
While Atalanta lookt behind  
The golden fruit roll'd on.

2.

Albeit a mother may have lost  
The plaything at her breast,  
Albeit the one she cherisht most,  
It but endears the rest.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

3.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,  
And looks into the skies 10  
For brighter day; she fears to  
cope  
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

4.

Why should the memory of the  
past  
Make you and me complain?  
Come, as we could not hold it fast  
We'll play it o'er again.

There are odes in Alcæus which the pen would stop at, trip at, or leap over . . . this among them. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.

WORMWOOD and rue be on his  
tongue  
And ashes on his head,  
Who chills the feast and checks  
the song  
With emblems of the dead!

His sacred rites shall Bacchus  
have,  
Unspared and undivided.

3.

Cought by my friends, I fear no  
mask

2.

By young and jovial, wise and brave,  
Such mummers are derided.

Impending from above, 10  
I only fear the later flask  
That holds me from my love.

### A MORAL

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, March 16, 1835. Printed without prose in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and *Book of Beauty*, 1841. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

He [Anaxagoras] came into the library, and, to my great surprise, brought me these verses. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

PLEASURES! away; they please no more.  
Friends! are they what they were before?  
Loves! they are very idle things,  
The best about them are their wings.  
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do;  
Musick! I hate your musick too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time  
Hath snatcht the chaplet from our prime,  
Are call'd by Nature, as we go  
With eye more wary, step more slow, 10  
And will be heard and noted down,  
However we may fret or frown,  
Shall we desire to leave the scene  
Where all our former joys have been?

*Title. So in 1837. LINES. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 1841. Other edd. om. title. 4 them] 'em 1837, 1895. 10 eye] eyes 1895.*

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

No, 'twere ungrateful and unwise . . .  
But when die down our charities  
For human weal and human woes,  
Then is the time our eyes should close.

18 Then . . . time our eyes] Then . . . hour our day 1841. 'Tis then the hour our days 1895.

### ODE TO MILETUS

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

You must be dull enough after so much of history and of politicks . . . Take your harp. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

#### 1.

MAIDEN there was whom Jove  
Illuded into love,  
Happy and pure was she;  
Glorious from her the shore became,  
And Helle lifted up her name  
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

#### 2.

And many tears are shed  
Upon thy bridal-bed,  
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!  
Who with unbraided hair  
Wipedst a breast so fair,  
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

10

#### 3.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits  
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,  
Bring to the Gods of sea the victim due,  
Even from the altar raise their eyes,  
And drop the chalice with surprise,  
And at such grandour have forgotten you.

#### 4.

At last there swells the hymn of praise . .  
And who inspires those sacred lays?  
"The founder of the walls ye see."  
What human power could elevate  
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?  
"Miletus, O my sons! was he."

20

15 Gods] God 1846, 1859. 18 grandour] grandeur 1859. 24 Miletus] Miletos 1859  
(though not elsewhere).

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### 5.

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town  
Parent of me and mine!  
But let not power alone be thy renown,  
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

### 6.

Nor visits of the Gods, unless  
They leave their thoughts below,  
And teach us that we most should bless  
Those to whom most we owe.

30

### 7.

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power  
Sink, as a lute's in rain:  
The Gods lend only for an hour  
And then call back again

### 8.

All else than Wisdom; she alone,  
In Truth's or Virtue's form,  
Descending from the starry throne  
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

40

### 9.

Remains as long as godlike men  
Afford her audience meet,  
Nor Time nor War tread down agen  
The traces of her feet.

### 10.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,  
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;  
Therefore shall thy dominion never end  
Til Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

### 11.

With favoring shouts and flowers thrown fast behind,  
Arctinus ran his race  
No wanderer he, alone and blind . .  
And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

50

43 agen] again 1846, 1859. 49 favoring] favouring 1846, 1859. 50 Arctinus]  
Arctinos 1859.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

### 12.

There have been, but not here,  
Rich men who swept aside the royal feast  
On child's or bondman's breast,  
Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

### 13.

Revere the aged and the wise,  
Aspasia . . but thy sandal is not worn  
To trample on these things of scorn . .  
By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

60

Polynices, a fishmonger . . . grown rich . . . was represented on the stage as aiming at supreme power, riding upon a dolphin . . . and singing,

I, WHOM ye see so high on  
A dolphin's back, am not Arion,  
But (should the favoring breezes blow me faster)  
Cecropians! by the Gods! . . your master!  
(*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

3 favoring] favouring 1846.

I will transcribe a few lines on the old subject, which, like old fountains, is inexhaustible. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

## ERINNA TO LOVE

### 1.

Who breathes to thee the holiest prayer,  
O Love! is ever least thy care.  
Alas! I may not ask thee why 'tis so . .  
Because a fiery scroll I see  
Hung at the throne of Destiny,  
*Reason with Love and register with Woe.*

### 2.

Few question thee, for thou art strong  
And, laughing loud at right and wrong,  
Seizest, and dashest down, the rich, the poor;  
Thy sceptre's iron studs alike  
The meaner and the prouder strike,  
And wise and simple fear thee and adore.

10

10 scepter's] sceptre's 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [SAPPHO *incert.*]

Among the poems of Sappho I find the following, but written in a different hand from the rest. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

SWEET girls! upon whose breast that God descends  
Whom first ye pray to come, and next to spare,  
O tell me whither now his course he bends,  
Tell me what hymn shall thither waft my prayer!  
Alas! my voice and lyre alike he flies,  
And only in my dreams, nor kindly then, replies.

### SAPPHO TO HESPERUS

Instead of expatiating on the merits of the verses you last sent me . . . I venture to hope . . . these others are of equal authenticity. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

#### 1.

I HAVE beheld thee in the morning hour  
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,  
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise  
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

#### 2.

Can it be true that thou art he  
Who shinest now above the sea  
Amidst a thousand, but more bright?  
Ah yes, the very same art thou  
That heard me then, and hearest now . .  
Thou seemest, star of love, to throb with light.

10

Sappho is not the only poetess who has poured forth her melodies to Hesperus . . . I much prefer these of hers to what appear to have been written by some confident man, and (no doubt) on a feigned occasion.

#### 1.

HESPERUS, hail! thy winking light  
Best befriends the lover,  
Whom the sadder Moon for spite  
Gladly would discover.

#### 2.

Thou art fairer far than she,  
Fairer far, and chaster:  
She may guess who smiled on me,  
I know who embraced her.

#### 3.

Pan of Arcady . . 'twas Pan,  
In the tamarisk-bushes . . 10  
Bid her tell thee, if she can,  
Where were then her blushes.

#### 4.

And, were I inclined to tattle,  
I could name a second,  
Whom asleep with sleeping cattle  
To her cave she beckon'd.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

5.

Hesperus, hail! thy friendly ray  
 Watches o'er the lover,  
 Lest the nodding leaves betray,  
 Lest the Moon discover. 20

7.

What she heard, and half espied  
 By the gleam, she doubted,  
 And with arms uplifted, cried  
*How they must have sprouted!*

6.

Phryne heard my kisses given  
 Acte's rival bosom . .  
*'Twas the buds, I swore by heaven,*  
*Bursting into blossom.*

8.

Hesperus, hail again! thy light  
 Best befriends the lover, 30  
 Whom the sadder Moon for spite  
 Gladly would discover.

### [ON A STATUE]

Overlooking the fountain of Arethusa there is a statue of Eschylus. An Athenian . . . wrote these verses at the base. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

STRANGER! Athenian hands adorn	Proud are we, but we place no
A bard thou knowest well.	pride
Ah! do not ask where he was	On good, or wise, or brave;
born,	Hence what Cephisus had denied
For we must blush to tell.	'Twas Arethusa gave.

You remember the story of a barbarous king, who would have kept the Muses in captivity. His armoury furnished an enemy of the poet Lysis with these materials for skirmishing. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

### TO LYSIS

A CURSE upon the king of old	Lysis! aware he meant them ill,
Who would have kidnapt all	Birds they became, and flew
the Muses!	away . .
Whether to barter them for gold	Thy Muse alone continues still
Or keep them for his proper uses.	A titmouse to this very day.

1 the king [*Pyrenæus of Thrace. See Ovid, Met. v. 274. W.*]

### INSCRIPTION ON A PLINTH IN THE GARDEN OF MNESTHEUS AT LAMPSACUS

The best inscription I have found. (*Anaxagoras to Pericles.*)

YOUNGSTERS! who write false names, and slink behind  
 The honest garden-god to hide yourselves,  
 Take heed unto your ways! the worshipful  
 Requires from all upright straitforwardness.

4 straitforwardness] straightforwardness 1846.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Away, away then subterfuge with him!  
I would not chide severely; nor would he,  
Unless ye thwart him; for alike we know  
Ye are not childisher than elder folk,  
Who piously (in doing ill) believe  
That every God sees every man . . but one.

10

Behold, O Aspasia! I send you verses. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

### 1.

BEAUTY! thou art a wanderer on the earth,  
And hast no temple in the fairest ile  
Or city over-sea, where Wealth and Mirth  
And all the Graces, all the Muses, smile.

### 2.

Yet these have always nurst thee, with such fond,  
Such lasting love, that they have followed up  
Thy steps thro' every land, and placed beyond  
The reach of thirsty Time thy nectar-cup.

### 3.

Thou art a wanderer, Beauty! like the rays  
That now upon the platan, now upon  
The sleepy lake, glance quick or idly gaze,  
And now are manifold and now are none.

10

### 4.

I have call'd, panting, after thee, and thou  
Hast turn'd and lookt and said some pretty word,  
Parting the hair, perhaps, upon my brow,  
And telling me none ever was prefer'd.

### 5.

In more than one bright form hast thou appear'd,  
In more than one sweet dialect hast thou spoken:  
Beauty! thy spells the heart within me heard,  
Griev'd that they bound it, grieves that they are broken.

19

2 ile] isle 1846.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

These are scratched under the preceding. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

I HAVE some merit too, old man!  
And show me greater if you can.  
I always took what Beauty gave,  
Nor, when she snatcht it back, lookt grave.  
Us modest youths it most beseems  
To drink from out the running streams:  
Love on their banks delights to dwell . . .  
The bucket of the household well  
He never tugs at, thinking fit  
Only to quench his torch in it.  
Shameless old fellow! do you boast  
Of conquests upon every coast?  
I, O ye Gods! should be content  
(Yea, after all the sighs I've spent,  
The sighs, and, what is yet more hard,  
The minas, talents, gone in nard!)  
With only one: I would confine  
Meekly this homesick heart of mine  
'Twixt Lampsacus and Hammon's shrine.

10

I have found eight verses, of which I send you the four last. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

THE thorns that pierce most deep are prest  
Only the closer to the breast:  
To dwell on them is now relief,  
And tears alone are balm to grief!

You perhaps will like these better, Aspasia, though very unlike in sentiment and expression.

1.

PYRRHA! your smiles are gleams of sun  
That after one another run  
Incessantly, and think it fun.

2.

Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain  
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain  
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

3.

Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please  
To shed but (if you wish me ease)  
Twenty of those, and two of these.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Such are the rulers of the world! Well hath it been said by some old poet. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

MEN let themselves slide onward by degrees  
Into the depths of madness; one bold spring  
Back from the verge, had saved them . . . but it seems  
There dwells rare joy within it!

. . . . . O thou Sire  
Of Gods and mortals, let the blighting cloud  
Pass over me! O grant me wholesome rest  
And innocent uprisings, although call'd  
The only madman on thy reeling earth!

I had looked in my garden for some anemones . . . usually they appear in spring; so does poetry. I will present to you a little of both. (*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*)

WHERE are the blooms of many dyes  
That used in every path to rise?  
Whither are gone the lighter hours?  
What leave they? . . . I can only send  
My wisest, loveliest, latest friend  
These weather-worn and formless flowers.

### [DEATH OF ÆSCHYLUS]

The verses I shall presently write out for you . . . are composed, as you will perceive, in the broadest Dorian, on the extraordinary death of Æschylus. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

1.	They meant the eagle by the bard,
BARD of Eleusis! art thou dead	But placed the creature wrong.
So strangely! can it be	
An eagle dropt upon thy head	3.
A tortoise? no, not he.	Quickest in courts those ever

2.	Whom nature made most slow:
They who devised the fable,	Tortoise wears plumes and springs
marr'd	above
The moral of their song:	While eagle moults below.

### CLEONE TO ASPASIA

You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow,  
Bringing a little on the bill at once,  
And fixing it attentively and fondly,  
And trying it, and then from your soft breast  
Warming it with the inmost of the plumage.

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

Nests there are many, of this very year  
 Many the nests are, which the winds shall shake,  
 The rains run thro', and other birds beat down;  
 Yours, O Aspasia! rests against the temple  
 Of heavenly Love, and thence inviolate,  
 It shall not fall this winter nor the next.

10

*Title Cleone to Aspasia 1846. Aspasia to Cleone wrongly 1836.*

[The following poems were added to *Pericles and Aspasia* when reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

Our farmers . . . entertain a firm belief that any soil is rendered more fertile by burying an ass's head in it. On this idea is founded the epigram I send you. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

LEAVE me thy head when thou art dead,  
 Speusippus! Prudent farmers say  
 An ass's skull makes plentiful  
 The poorest soil; and ours is clay.

### THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA

[Another version (B) without prose also published among *Hellenics* in *Works*, 1846, and so reprinted 1847, 1859. Text *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1846.]

Artemidora of Ephesus was betrothed to Elpenor, and their nuptials . . . were at hand . . . On these occasions there are always many verses but not always so true in feeling . . . as those which I shall now transcribe for you. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,  
 While thou art lying faint along the couch,  
 Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,  
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
 Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.  
 Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness  
 Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,  
 Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd  
 The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.  
 Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen  
 While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into  
 Eyes that had given light and life erewhile  
 To those above them, those now dim with tears  
 And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy

10

*Title. Not in Pericles and Aspasia, 1846.*

3 veined] slender 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 7 thine . . . nigh] thy . . . near 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 8 Soliciting . . . thy] And nearer, and solicit an 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 11 Fate's . . . were] Iris stood 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 14 those now] but now 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. 15 watchfulness] wakefulness 1846 (B), 1847, 1859.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,  
 Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,  
 Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob  
 Swell'd through the darkened chamber; 'twas not hers:  
 With her that old boat incorruptible, 20  
 Unwearied, undiverted in its course,  
 Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

18 one sob, one] and now a 1846 (B), 1847, 1859. ll. 20-2 om. 1846 (B), 1847,  
 1859.

It is difficult and unsafe to pick up a pearl dropped by Alcman . . . Here however is one . . . (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

"So pure my love is, I could light  
 The torch on Aglae's wedding-night,  
 Nor bend its flame with sighs,  
 See, from beneath, her chamber-door  
 Unclose, and bridemaids trip before,  
 With undejected eyes."

Cupid stood near and heard this said,  
 And full of malice shook his head,  
 Then cried "I'll trust him when he swears  
 He can not mount the first three stairs; 10  
 Even then I'll take one look below  
 And see with my own eyes 'tis so."

Even Mimnermus . . . is irreproachable in these verses, which he appears to have written in the decline of life. (*Same letter and repeated with another introduction in a later one.*)

Love ran with me, then walk'd, then sate,  
 Then said "*Come, come! it grows too late:*"  
 And then he would have gone . . . but . . . no . . .  
 You caught his eye; he could not go.

From Athens you shall have nothing that is not Attic. I wish I could always give you the names of the authors. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

Look at that fountain! Gods around  
 Sit and enjoy its liquid sound,  
 Come, come: why should not we draw near?  
 Let them look on: they can not hear.  
 But if they envy what we do,  
 Say, have not Gods been happy too?

4 can] will *MS. emendation.*

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

The following were composed on a picture in which Cupid is represented tearing a rose-bud. (*Same letter.*)

<p> <b>AN</b> Cupid! Cupid! let alone              That bud above the rest:              The Graces wear it in their zone,              Thy mother on her breast.              Does it not grieve thee to destroy              So beautiful a flower?              If thou must do it, cruel boy,         </p>	<p>             Far distant be the hour!              If the sweet bloom (so tinged with                  fire              From thy own torch) must die,              Let it, O generous Love! expire              Beneath a lover's sigh. <span style="float: right;">12</span> </p>
--	--

### A FAUN TO ERIOPIS

[Published in 1846.]

Eriopis, a Wood-nymph, who had permitted a kiss, and was sorry for it. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

<p> <b>TELL</b> me, Eriopis, why              Lies in shade that languid eye?              Hast thou caught the hunter's                  shout              Far from Dian, and without              Any sister nymph to say              Whither leads the downward                  way?              Trust me: never be afraid              Of thy Faun, my little maid!              He will never call thee <i>Dear</i>,              Press thy finger, pinch thy ear, 10         </p>	<p>             To admire it overspread              Swiftly with pellucid red,              Nor shall broad and slender feet              Under fruit-laid table meet.              Doth not he already know              All thy wandering, all thy woe?              Come! to weep is now in vain,              I will lead thee back again.              Slight and harmless was the slip              That but soil'd the sadden'd lip.              Now the place is shown to me 21              Peace and safety shall there be.         </p>
---	--

### CLEONE TO ASPASIA

[Also reprinted without prose in 1859.]

Now here are the worse verses for the better, the Milesian for the Attic. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-sky  
 Is hastening on; but when the golden orb  
 Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulphs  
 Of air and ocean open to receive him,  
 Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think  
 Ah! thus it is with Youth. Too fast his feet  
 Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid  
 Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;  
 The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,  
 The revel, the entangling dance, allure, 10

*Title. Not in 1846. 6 it is] is it 1859.*

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

And voices mellowed than the Muse's own  
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.  
A little while, and then . . . Ah Youth! dear Youth!  
Listen not to my words . . . but stay with me!  
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh  
That follows is for thee, and not for Life.

12 Heave] *Heap text, Heave corrigenda 1859.*      13 dear Youth] Youth! Youth  
1859.      16 follows] rises 1859.

The two pieces I am about to transcribe . . . I find them among the collections of Pericles, but am ignorant of the authors. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

FAR from the harp's and from the singer's noise,  
The bird of Pallas lights on ruin'd towers.  
I know a wing that flaps o'er girls and boys  
To harp and song and kiss in myrtle bowers;  
When age is come, I too will sit apart,  
While age is absent, *that* shall fan my heart.

### CUPID AND LIGEIA

CUPID had played some wicked trick one day  
On sharp Ligeia; and I heard her say,  
"You little rogue! you ought to be unsexed."  
He was as spiteful tho' not quite so vexed,  
And said (but held half-shut the folding-doors)  
"Ah then my beard will never grow like yours!"

### [KISSES]

The lines below are none of my composition, as you may well imagine from my character. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

THERE is in kisses a delight;  
A fragrance of the wine  
Quaff by the happier in the genial night  
Is there; may these be mine!

What said I? empty kisses? none are empty.  
Gods! all the just who give  
That graceful feast from every grief exempt ye!  
Blest, honour'd, grant they live!

1 kisses] empty kisses *MS. emendation.*

## IN PERICLES AND ASPASIA

Niconœ was awarded by her judge Priapos the prize of beauty . . . In return for this favourable decision she dedicated to him a golden ewer and a fawn-skin. A poet . . . wrote this epigram. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

<p>NICONŒ is inclined to deck Thy ruddy shoulder and thick neck     With her own fawn-skin, Lamp-         sacene! Beside, she brings a golden ewer To cool thy hands in, very sure     Among what herbage they have         been.</p>	<p>Ah! thou hast wicked leering eyes, And any maiden were unwise     Who should invest thee face to         face; Therefore she does it from behind, And blesses thee, so just and     kind In giving her the prize for grace.</p>
---	--

Here are some others, I believe by Erinna herself, but I find inscribed on them  
*Address to Erinna. (Same letter.)*

Ay, shun the dance and shun the grape,  
Erinna! thou shalt not escape.  
Idle the musing maid who thinks  
To lie unseen by sharp-eyed lynx  
Where Bacchus, god of joy and truth,  
Hunts with him, hunts for bashful youth.  
So take the thyrsus if you please,  
And come and join the Mœnades.

8 Mœnades] *misp. for Mænades.*

A poem . . . If you have forgotten it, let me bring it back again. (*Cleone to Aspasia.*)

Ah! what a blessed privilege it is  
To stand upon this insulated rock  
On the north side of youth! I see below  
Many at labour, many at a game  
Than labour more laborious, wanting breath  
And crying *help!* What now! what vexes them?  
Only a laughing maid and winged boy,  
Obstinate boy indeed, who will not shoot  
His other arrow, having shot the first.  
Where is the harm in this? yet they meanwhile  
Make all the air about them pant with sobs,  
And with one name weary poor Echo down.

Youth, like the aloe, blossoms but once, and its flower springs from the midst of thorns: but see . . . to what height the aloe-flower rises over them: be not surprised by it. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

ON love, on grief, on every human thing,  
Time sprinkles Lethe's water with his wing.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS

I would be grave, Cleone! . . . but really there is no harm in laughing at children and old women. (*Aspasia to Cleone.*)

"WHAT art thou doing with those shears?"

I shouted in an urchin's ears,  
Who notched them and who made them grate,  
While three old women near him sate,  
And scowl'd at every scratch they heard,  
But never said a single word.

In a dark corner thus all three  
Sate with an elbow on the knee,  
And three blue fingers held their tips  
Imprest on three still bluer lips.

10

Although the froward boy I chid  
Did not (boys will not) what was bid,  
His countenance was not malign  
As that was of the elder trine.

"Look at those frightful ones!" he said,  
And each one shook her thin-hair'd head.

"Nay, never fear the angry crones" . .

Said he; and each replied with groans.

"They are all vicious; for they knew

That what I did I did for you,

20

Contemplating the fairest maid

That ever with my bow has play'd.

Crones! by my help your shears have got

A set of teeth, which you have not.

Come! come! Death's bridesmaids! snip as fast

As snip ye may, her years shall last

In spite of you, her beauty bloom

On this side and beyond the tomb:

I swear by Styx."

"And I by thee,"

Cried I, "that what thou sayest shall be."

30

## IN "THE PENTAMERON AND PENTALOGIA"

[Published in 1837; reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

### [OLD LETTERS]

*Petrarca.* Ours are commemorative of no reproaches, and laden with no regrets.  
Far from us,

With drooping wing the spell-bound spirit moves  
O'er flickering friendships and extinguisht loves.

## IN THE PENTAMERON

[Verses transferred in 1846 to *A Mother's Tale*, vol. ii, p. 245.]

*Petrarca.* What a year was Rienzi's last to me! . . . Visionary as was the flash of his glory, there was another more truly so, which this, my second great loss and sorrow, opened again before me:

Nor youth nor age nor virtue can avoid  
Miseries that fly in darkness through the world,  
Striking at random, irremissibly,  
Until our sun sinks through the waves, until  
The golden brim melts from its brightest cloud,  
And all that we have seen hath disappeared.

*Introduction.* [Rienzi, crowned as Tribune August 1347, abdicated and fled from Rome December 15, 1347. Petrarca's Laura died April 6, 1348. W.]

*Petrarca.* When youth and comeliness and pleasantry are departed,  
Who would desire to spend the following day  
Among the extinguisht lamps, the faded wreaths,  
The dust and desolation left behind?

*Petrarca.* Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis?

*Boccaccio.* . . . What indiscretion! and at her time of life too!

TETHYS then really, most gallant Cæsar!  
If you would only condescend to please her,  
With all her waves would your good graces buy,  
And you should govern all the Isle of Skie.

*Introduction.* [See Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 31. W.]

### [PURE LOVE]

*Boccaccio.* There is something so sweetly sanctifying in pure love!

*Petrarca.*

PURE love? there is no other; nor shall be,  
Till the worse angels hurl the better down  
And heaven lie under hell: if God is one  
And pure, so surely love is pure and one.

*Boccaccio.* You understand it better than I do: you must have your own way.

## THE PILGRIM'S SHELL

[Also printed without prose in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837. Supposed in *The Pentameron* to be recited by Boccaccio.]

UNDER a tuft of eglantine, at noon,  
I saw a pilgrim loosen his broad shell  
To catch the water off a stony tongue;  
Medusa's it might be, or Pan's, erewhile,  
For the huge head was shapeless, eaten out  
5 shapeless . . . out] without form and void, Ablett.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

By time and tempest here, and here embost  
With clasping tangles of dark maidenhair.

"How happy is thy thirst! how soon assuaged!  
How sweet that coldest water this hot day!"  
Whispered my thoughts; not having yet observ'd  
His shell so shallow and so chipt around.

10

Tall though he was, he held it higher, to meet  
The sparkler at its outset: with fresh leap,  
Vigorous as one just free upon the world,  
Impetuous too as one first checkt, with stamp  
Heavy as ten such sparklers might be deemed,  
Rusht it amain, from cavity and rim  
And rim's divergent channels, and dropt thick  
(Issuing at wrist and elbow) on the grass.

The pilgrim shook his head, and fixing up  
His scallop,

20

"There is something yet," said he,  
"Too scanty in this world for my desires!"

*For ll. 6-7 Ablett substitutes*

With many holes, nor few excrescences,  
And shaggy maiden-hair clung close about.

9 this . . . day] dropt from high *Ablett*.    11 around] all round *Ablett*.    12 though  
. . . higher] as . . . up *Ablett*.    16 might . . . deemed] could be thought *Ablett*.    22  
this] the *Ablett*.

### [MORAL]

*Petrarca*. Oh, Giovanni! these are better thoughts and opportuner than such lonely  
places formerly supplied us with . . . we sometimes found other images: sometimes  
the pure fountain failed in bringing purity to the heart.

UNHOLY fire sprang up in fields and woods,  
The air that fann'd it, came from solitudes.

*Petrarca*. There are indeed, for nearly all,

Rocks on the shore wherefrom we launch on life,  
Before our final harbour rocks again,  
And (narrow sun-paced plains sailed swiftly by)  
Eddies and breakers all the space between.

### [NIGHTINGALE]

*Petrarca*. We are not old while we can hear and enjoy, as much as ever,

THE lonely bird, the bird of even-song,  
When, catching one far call, he leaps elate,  
In his full fondness drowns it, and again  
The shrill shrill glee through Serravalle rings.

## IN THE PENTAMERON

### [PLEASURE]

*Petrarca.* If Laura and Fiametta were allegorical, they could inspire no tenderness in our readers, and little interest. But, alas! these are no longer the days to dwell on them.

LET human art exert her utmost force,  
Pleasure can rise no higher than its source;  
And there it ever stagnates where the ground  
Beneath it, O Giovanni! is unsound.

### DEPARTURE FROM FIAMETTA

*Boccaccio.* You have given me a noble quotation; for which I can only offer you such a string of beads as I am used to carry about with me . . .

WHEN go I must, as well she knew,    So from her cheek upon my head  
And neither yet could say adieu,    It falling on the neck behind,  
Sudden was my Fiametta's fear    Hung on the hair she oft had  
To let me see or feel a tear.    twined.    10  
It could but melt my heart away,    Thus thought she, and her arm's  
Nor add one moment to my stay,    soft strain  
But it was ripe and would be shed . .    Claspt it, and down it fell again.

*Introduction.* quotation] quaternion 1846.    9 It] It, 1846.

### [DANTE]

*Boccaccio.* Among men he is what among waters is

THE strange, mysterious, solitary Nile.

### [LINES BY BOCCACCIO]

The morning [of the fifth day] was warm and sunny; and it is known that on this occasion he composed the verses below.

MY old familiar cottage-green!  
I see once more thy pleasant sheen;  
The gossamer suspended over  
Smart celandine by lusty clover;  
And the last blossom of the plum  
Inviting her first leaves to come;  
Which hang a little back, but show  
'Tis not their nature to say no.  
I scarcely am in voice to sing  
How graceful are the steps of Spring;  
And ah! it makes me sigh to look  
How leaps along my merry brook,  
The very same to-day, as when  
He chirrup first to maids and men.

10

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### [MORAL]

*Petrarca.* The sight of the green turf reminds me rather of its ultimate use and destination.

For many serves the parish pall,  
The turf in common serves for all.

### [BOCCACCIO'S DREAM]

*Petrarca.* Love, O Giovanni, and life itself, are but dreams at best. I do think

NEVER so gloriously was Sleep attended  
As with the pageant of that heavenly maid.

[Given as translation of an Italian couplet quoted in appendix to *The Pentameron*.

Nor did the thunderings of a cloudy mind  
Trouble so limpid and serene a water.

## IN "HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY"

[Published in *The Monthly Repository*, September 1837 to April 1838.]

### PRINCE CORSINI'S GIFT

[September 1837]

The minister, Don Neri Corsini, gave to the Duchess of Conegliaro (a lovely little woman, the wife of his nephew) a massy piece of plate. Upon which occasion the following verses were written . . .

POET.

HAVE you been yet to see the piece  
Of plate Don Neri gave his niece?  
If that suspicious stare says *no*,  
Willing or loth you needs must go.

FRIEND.

A niece as pretty as a fairy  
Could squeeze out nothing from Don Neri;  
Not an old shoe, or petticoat,  
Sold at his brother's for a groat,\*  
When the wife died, and when the palace  
Fumed with the scum of stews and allies,

10

\* See "Imaginary Conversations", i, p. 307.—R. R. [*sc. Rodney Raikes, supposed editor of the work. Thomas Raikes, in his "Journal" (Sept. 14, 1839), described Prince Corsini as "extremely avaritious".* W.]

*Title. Not in text.* [Don Neri Corsini, Minister of the Interior under the Grand Duke Ferdinand III, died 1845. W.] *Introduction* Conegliaro [misp. Andrea, Duke of Casigliano, married Louise, Countess Scotto. W.]

## IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

'Twas then Don Neri gave advice  
To girls he loved, how very nice  
An opportunity was there  
To spend the paul he slid elsewhere;  
That those who bought might take his word,  
They soon should see some friend prefer'd.  
He gave advice, he gives it still:  
But silver . . . that he never will.

POET.

Strange as the tale is I've related,  
I saw it . . . and 'twas plate . . . or plated.

20

FRIEND.

Cease, miracles! and Nature keep  
Thy mysteries in the earth and deep.  
Let Leopold shut up his rooms  
Of wonders from the catacombs,  
And high Volterra, and the wood  
Where King Porsenna's palace stood,  
And Populonia's wrinkled brow,  
With sea and briary swamps below,  
And bleak Cortona's walls, whose bard  
Found death too slow and life too hard.

30

POET.

Poor Benedetti! he believed  
That to have written and have grieved  
Were the two things that bards might do  
As formerly, and none say no.

FRIEND.

He was mistaken; and take care  
In that mistake you do not share.  
Florence was always among those  
Who among letters sought their foes.

POET.

Always! Ah, no! The vicious race  
Of Medici gave honour's place  
To those whom better men admir'd,  
Whom glory crown'd and genius fir'd;

40

31 Benedetti [*sc.* Francisco Benedetti, Italian dramatist, born at Cortona c. 1792, died 1821. W.]

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

'Twas not Lorenzo's hand alone  
That placed them near the civic throne:  
No, my dear friend, not only he  
Let hearts beat high and souls breathe free;  
He not alone his wealth bestowed  
Where justice told him wealth was owed.  
The very worst of all his brood  
Bowed to the wise, and feared the good.

50

### FRIEND.

Shame! to have thus forgot—and yet  
Perhaps 'twere better to forget.  
I was like one whose feet stand nigh  
Some dark abyss, and though the eye  
Sees the two sides, it sees not yet  
The shrubs that edge the inner pit.  
Look at Arcetri! Mark the tower  
Where Galileo's lonely hour  
Was slowly, sadly borne away,  
Who sighed for night, and grieved at day;  
For go among the stars he might,  
But not sit down again and write.  
He gave earth motion with his pen,  
But could not move the least of men.  
The walls that we must shortly quit,  
Were raised against the plague and wit.  
Dante was driven out; Alfieri,  
Whom pride made silent, love made wary,  
Was ill-respected, and but spared  
Because a German bed he shared.  
The crime of writing Brutus, he  
Rubbed off by kissing Albany.

60

70

### POET.

Faith! I should think so, were it one  
Fouler than ever moon, or sun,  
Twilight, or darkness, looked upon!  
He must have been, to touch that weed,  
A very red-haired man indeed.  
And thus, alas! he closed the year,  
Whose spring was lovely Ligonier.  
Come, come along; if you are late,  
To view the noble piece of plate,

80

## IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

*You will be down with the suspected,  
Turbulent, studious, disaffected,  
Illuminated Carbonari—  
Freemasons—And no hope to tarry.*

FRIEND.

Must I admire it too?

POET.

Not quite  
So much the workmanship as weight.

FRIEND.

I will make no remark, nor ask  
One question.

POET.

You are saved the task.  
Whether you say one word or no  
About Don Neri's raryshow,  
One the shrewd maker will repeat ye . .  
'Twas ordered ere he signed the Treaty.

90

## MR. TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

[December 1837]

I have asked my father's consent to marry. Never on earth was so beautiful, so modest, a creature. . . . I first saw her in the church of the Carmine . . . it grieves me that she cannot understand what rebounds from my heart in verse . . . (*Edward Talboys to H. Beaconley*).

WHAT was that the abbot said  
While I looked on you, sweet maid?  
What was his or your device,  
When you touched your bosom  
twice?

At the time I thought the cross  
Was to guard it from a loss,  
Mignonnette or rose-bud in it,  
Or the amethyst to pin it,  
Or the piece of Brussels lace  
Now for the first time in place, 10

And as such (like flesh and blood)  
Standing higher than it should;  
Or perhaps the wakening heart  
Might, as some do, push to start.  
Mine has never to this hour,  
From your spell's mysterious  
power  
Morn or noon or night been  
free . .  
Come and tell me when 'twill  
be.



# OCCASIONAL POEMS

## [ARIOSTO IMITATED]

[January 1838]

Talboys laid down an Italian poet on his knee the other day, and began to write on a scrap of paper what your Ladyship will see below. (*Stivers to Lady C.*)

ORLANDO, when he was beside	Fore Gad! he has no other
Himself (says Ariosto) cried . .	blemish."
"Stop, gentle Sir! my horse lies	One to the sages of the stable
dead,	Somewhat indeed exceptionable;
Pray will you give me yours instead?	But a mere fancy in a poet,
Come, swap him, swap him! why	And half who judge him never
so squeamish?	know it. <span style="float: right;">10</span>

*Title. Not in text. [See Orlando Furioso, xxx, 5 ff. W.]*

[January 1838]

I just lifted the lid of Mr. Talboys' writing-desk, and transcribed these lines:

THE clouds, o'erladen, throw their burdens down  
On mountain-tops: Man seeks the humble scene  
When the heart's labour wants its pause, when tears  
Would run for its refreshment. Gentle maid!  
Disturb them not, nor check them, but permit  
Their course before thee, bidding it flow on  
Softly, and warm'd by thy celestial smile.

### *Dialogue between a Lover and a Canary-Bird.*

It would be a very nice thing if you would write some more verses . . . (*Serena Bruchi to Talboys.*)

Thanks and obedience to my Sweet Serena. (*Talboys to Serena.*)

[Feb. 1838; reprinted without prose in *Works*, 1846.]

LOVER.

You little pert and twittering pet  
Who triumph so, do you forget  
That wooden bolt and wiry bar  
Too plainly shew us what you are?

CANARY-BIRD.

You taunting, envious, monstrous thing,  
You who can neither fly nor sing!  
I would not, if I could, forget  
I am a little twittering pet.  
Proud man may banish from his mind  
A mistress, lovely, gentle, kind; 10

4 Too . . . shew] So clearly show 1846.  
fond, and 1846.

5 taunting] ugly 1846.

10 gentle]

## IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

The wildest woods have never heard  
 Such manners of the grateful bird.  
 I wish one instant you could see  
 The blessed fate allotted me;  
 I should exult that Heaven had sent  
 The vision for your punishment.  
 No language, but a bird's can speak  
 The transports of my quivering beak;  
 My quivering beak alone can sing  
 The glories of my golden wing. 20  
 What though I tremble as I stand  
 Perched high on her protecting hand,  
 As my reflected form I view  
 In two clear founts of heavenly blue,  
 My ruffled wing her fingers close,  
 Her bosom bids my fears repose;  
 So froward is my fondled will,  
 I struggle to be nearer still;  
 The beating of her breast I hear,  
 And yet would I be still more near. 30  
 I chirp . . . but oh, my voice! how dull!  
 Where flies it when the heart is full!  
 Tell me, vain mortal, when will you  
 Sip the live rose's fragrant dew?  
 Riot and revel in her hair;  
 And dream of nests and nestlings there?  
 Then may you triumph, and forget  
 The little pert and twittering pet.

12 manners . . . grateful] wickedness of gentler 1846.      25 wing] wings 1846.  
 29 breast] heart 1846.

## ON THE MOON'S ECLIPSE

[April 1838; reprinted in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838, and in *Works*, 1846.]

I have just room enough for a copy of verses on an *Eclipse of the Moon*, written, I suspect, when it was at the full . . . (*Stivers to Lady C.*)

STRUGGLING, and faint, and fainter, didst thou wane,  
 O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train  
 Came forth to help thee, with wide-open eyes,  
 And trembled, every one, in still surprise,  
 That the black spectre should have dared assail  
 Their glorious queen and grasp her awful veil.

*Title.* On an eclipse of the moon. *Examiner, Works*, 1846.      6 grasp . . . awful]  
 seize . . . sacred 1846.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

### CONTINUATION OF THE POETRY BY MR. STIVERS

[April 1838.]

#### 1.

Ah who could believe in the days of his youth,  
When Bath was the gayest of places,  
When Time had not ravisht a friend or a tooth,  
And he walkt with the Loves and the Graces! . .

When Tyson was ruler o'er Pleasure's wide realm,  
When the sun she was warm'd by ne'er set,  
And Sotheby held the poetical helm,  
Such another, as Rogers is yet . .

Ah who could believe, O my dearly beloved!  
That the ardour of passion will cool,  
That he ever can look upon beauty unmoved,  
Unmoved upon gooseberry-fool!

10

#### 2.

##### RONDEAU

*Sent with some rosebuds from the conservatory.*

*Couleur de rose* behold the tape  
That checks and hinders from escape  
Flora's fair children, all agape,  
*Couleur de rose!*

Gentlest of ladies! do untie  
These innocents! Should creatures die  
Who have just left the nursery,  
*Couleur de rose!*

So, for such liberal watch and ward,  
Soon may some happy youth have dar'd  
To gather hope from one regard  
*Couleur de rose!*

10

#### 3.

##### ON THE DEVIL'S WALK.

DICK PORSON! thou whoreson! what made thee pretend  
In thy drunken wild talk  
To have taken that walk  
With the Devil, thy hearty old friend?  
I very well know thee,  
I also know Southey,

## IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE

And altho thou hast much the best right  
To claim from the Devil  
Whatever is civil,  
Thou hast claim'd what thou never couldst write. 10

[April 1838]

. . . the smell of roses may remind you of summer . . . Imagine that the disembodied spirit of the sweetest . . . whispers these words. Mr. Talboys to Serena Gaddi.

THE pride of Persia once was I,  
The envy now of Italy.  
The breast wheron I breathe shall find  
I leave nor thorn nor stain behind.  
Form, colour, life, these disappear,  
But my concentered soul is here.

Two poems supposed to be written by Edward Talboys. These and the prose intended for insertion in *High and Low Life in Italy*. From MSS. in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise.]

List to a Captain and a knat  
Caught under his three-cornered hat.  
"So! I have caught you, sorry Sir!  
And now I'll stop that wirey whirl  
Which ruffles the smooth wing of Night  
And haunts one worse than any sprite."

These words the Captain spake, whereat  
Fluttering her last, replied the knat.  
"Would you then kill me?"

Quoth he. "Yes, by Jove!"

"Will prayers nor reasons move?"  
Cried the thin voice . . . the louder, "No."  
"God," said the knat, "ordains it so!  
The drop that hunger craves I draw . . .  
What were the sentence of his law  
If I had drawn as deep as you  
At Trafalgar and Waterloo!"

He [Mr. Talboys] seems, the Captain says, to be more fortunate in imitation than in original composition. You shall judge now for yourself. I send you an imitation of what he told us is the poetry most in fashion.

Passing the ancient pine-wood near Ravenna,  
(Few cities are more dull, nor many cleaner)  
I met a gentleman in good *arnese*,  
His speech was English, Turkish, Bolognese.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

"How do you do? buon giorno! salam alicum!  
Pray, how long since are you into this valley come?"  
I told him I had been there half an hour,  
And was quite well, and thanked him: he looked sour.  
"Why! how the devil can a man be well  
(He drawled and yawned and stretched) on this side hell?  
When I set out upon my travels hither,  
O God! how many things had I endured!  
First my heart's core, and then my horse's wither.  
Never shall this, nor soon shall that, be cured!  
To be in marriage and at home immured,  
Of all things fidgetty do these two ferret  
Most cursedly the free and daring spirit;  
Then to be duped by eight or ten we love,  
And then to care a fig for him above."  
I would have comforted the gentleman,  
He spoke so sorrowful and looked so wan,  
But he burst forth again. . . . "Beware Ravenna!  
Fly it, my friend, as you would fly Gehenna.  
There is a woman worst of all her race,  
Who had, or so I thought, a pretty face.  
Now hear my tale, which not more strange than true is,  
She wheedled out of me near twenty louis."

## IN "LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN"

[Published in 1854. For a longer poem interpolated in this pamphlet see "To the Emperor Louis Napoleon", vol. ii, p. 324.]

[Printed on cover and title-page of *Letters of an American*.]

O EARTH! deceived so often by false glare,  
Why hast thou sent away thy truest friend?  
Scorn'd, he returns. All round how pure the air  
That sings, "Let Freedom on thy breast descend!"

4 Let . . . descend] see On Freedom, p. 368.

Our friend Luke Greenwood has written these lines upon the Ottomans and Russians.  
(*Jonas Pottinger to Ephraim Maplebury, April 10.*)

POOR Osmanli! poor Osmanli!  
Profoundly do I pity ye:  
Ye mount, alas, one only God,  
Your enemies nine-score and odd.

## IN LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN

General Bem took refuge in this University [Oxford], and taught his language here.  
... Somebody (it could not surely be an Oxonian), wrote this epigram on the occasion.  
(*Pottinger to Maplebury, May 20.*)

OXFORD! wert thou bewicht, to have endured  
Blake, Ireton, Bem?  
Disown all three: thy glory is secured,  
Ingrate! by them.  
At Reason's side, and Freedom's, issued forth  
Those sturdy fighters:  
"What if they did?" sayst thou; "are all three worth  
"As many mitres?"

*Pottinger to Maplebury, June 5:* I know not what old poet has written,

NATIONS by violence are espous'd to kings,  
And men are hammer'd into wedding-rings.

## BREVITIES

### IN "GEBIR, COUNT JULIAN, ETC.," 1831,

[Reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

LOVE's like the echo in the land of Tell,\*  
Which answers best the indweller of her bowers,  
Silent to other voices, idly loud  
Or wildly violent, letting them arouse  
Eagle or cavern'd brute, but never her.

\* There is said to be such an echo on the Lake of Lucerne. [L.]

1 Love's . . . echo] Love is like Echo 1846.

#### SEVERE WINTER

[Reprinted in *Works*, 1846.]

SUCH rapid jerks, such rude grim-  
aces,  
Such lengthened eyes, such crum-  
pled faces,  
Grinning with such a stress and  
wrench,  
One fancies all the world is French.

[Not reprinted.]

EXHAUSTED now her sighs, and dry  
her tears,  
For twenty youths these more than  
twenty years,  
Anne, turning nun, swears God  
alone shall have her . .  
God ought to bow profoundly for  
the favour.

#### EPIGRAM.

BY W. S. L.

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837,  
and now reprinted exactly, without cor-  
rection.]

Αἰλουρος ἡβαιος καλος τ' ἀπώλετο  
Σοφός τε καρτερός τε νυν εἶδεις,  
βροτε  
Οτ' ἐστὶ πασι καταδυεῖν εἰμαρμενῇ

#### TRANSLATION

BY THE SAME

MY cat, in youth's and beauty's  
pride,  
In wisdom's and in strength's, has  
died!  
O mortals! by his fate ye see  
All suffer one catastrophe.

#### ANIMAL MAGNETISM

[Published in *The Examiner*, Septem-  
ber 2, 1838.]

THERE is some truth in half the odd  
Stories the magnetizers tell ye.  
Fathers (as they are called) in God  
Read ye the Scriptures thro' the  
belly.

#### FROM THE GREEK

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1842*,  
where inserted in "A Skolion . . . trans-  
lated from the Greek".]

I never dare ask for an interpretation  
of my dream. . . . The words I heard in it  
. . . seemed to be the repetition of a choral  
song. Thus it sounded:

"O Friendship! Friendship! the  
shell of Aphrodite\*  
Lies always at the bottom of thy  
warm and limpid waters."

\* Venus. [L.]

## IN WORKS, 1846

### LXXVIII

WHEN we have panted past life's  
middle space,  
And stand and breathe a moment  
from the race,  
These graver thoughts the heav-  
ing breast annoy:  
"Of all our fields how very few are  
green!  
And ah! what brakes, moors, quag-  
mires, lie between  
Tired age and childhood ramping  
wild with joy."

### CXXVIII

DID I then ask of you why one so  
wise  
Should often look on life with  
downcast eyes,  
And mar sometimes their bright-  
ness with a tear?  
The vainer and less gentle are more  
gay,  
Over the level wave they glide  
away,  
And little know what hidden  
rocks are near.

### CLXI

REPREHEND, if thou wilt, the vain  
phantasm, O Reason!  
Of the breast we have lean'd on,  
the hand we have linkt,  
That dream is so vivid at no other  
season  
As when friendship is silent and  
love is extinct.

### CLXXII

In age the memory, as the eye  
itself,  
Sees near things indistinctly, far  
things well,  
And often that which happen'd  
years ago

Seems sprung from yesterday,  
while yesterday's  
Fair birth lies half-forgotten and  
deform'd.

### CLXXIII

VARIOUS the roads of life; in one  
All terminate, one lonely way.  
We go; and "Is he gone?"  
Is all our best friends say.

### CCIII

SUMMER has doft his latest green,  
And Autumn ranged the barley-  
mows.  
So long away then have you been?  
And are you coming back to  
close  
The year? It sadly wants repose.

### CCXXVII

#### WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM

PASS me: I only am the rind  
To the rich fruit that you will  
find,  
My friends, at every leaf behind.

### CCXXVIII

#### ON ANOTHER

WHY have the Graces chosen me  
To write what all they love must  
see?  
I can not tell you for my life.  
But why was Venus Vulcan's wife?  
The reason must be just the same;  
My verses are not much more lame.

### CCXXXI

YOUTH but by help of memory can  
be sage:  
Wiser by losing some of it is Age.



## BREVITIES

CCXXXVI

### THE PERFIDIOUS

[Reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Go on! go on! and love away!  
Mine was, another's is, the day.  
Go on, go on, thou false one! now  
Upon his shoulder rest thy brow,  
And look into his eyes until  
Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

*Title. Only in 1858. Between ll. 2-3  
1858 inserts four lines:*

Hear me awhile, and do not speak . .  
I see the pressure on the cheek,  
I know the very red it took  
When its first posture it forsook  
3, thou . . . one] ! perfidious 1858.

CCXXXVII

EGG strikes on egg and breaks it;  
true;  
But, striking, is not broken too.  
Thus, while one smitten heart,  
a-fire,  
Gives way, the other is entire.

CCXXXVIII

TEN thousand flakes about my  
windows blow,  
Some falling and some rising, but  
all snow.  
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye  
not just so?

CCXLVII

THE blackest of grapes, with a  
footpath hard by,  
Should scarcely be watcht with so  
watchful an eye  
As that kid of a girl whom old  
Egon has made  
His partner for life, nor ashamed,  
nor afraid.

CCLI

COME Sleep! but mind ye! if you  
come without  
The little girl that struck me at the  
rout,

By Jove! I would not give you  
half-a-crown  
For all your poppy-heads and all  
your down.

CCLVIII

"I'm half in love," he who with  
smiles hath said  
In love will never be.  
Who'er, "I'm not in love," and  
shakes his head,  
In love too sure is he.

CCLXXI

### WHERE ARE SIGHS

[Reprinted with variants in *Dry Sticks*,  
1858.]

SIGHS must be grown less plentiful,  
Or else my senses are more dull.  
Where are they all? These many  
years  
Only my own have reacht my ears.

*Where are sighs] Title. Not in 1846.  
For ll. 1-2 1858 has:*

Unless my senses are more dull  
Sighs are become less plentiful.

CCLXXII

PLANTS the most beauteous love  
the water's brink,  
Opening their bosoms at young  
Zephyr's sighs.  
Maidens, come hither: see with  
your own eyes  
How many are trod down, how  
many sink.

CCLXXIII

TIME past I thought it worth my  
while  
To hunt all day to catch a smile:  
Now ladies do not smile, but laugh,  
I like it not so much by half;  
And yet perhaps it might be shown  
A laugh is but a smile full-blown.

## IN WORKS, 1846

CCLXXIV

### WHAT SIGHS DO

[Reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

EACH year bears something from  
us as it flies,  
We only blow it farther with our  
sighs.

*What sighs do*] *Title. Not in 1846.*

CCLXXXI

I WOULD give something, O Apollo!  
Thy radiant course o'er earth to  
follow,  
And fill it up with light and song,  
But rather would be always young.  
Since that perhaps thou canst not  
give,  
By me let those who love me live.

CCLXXXII

### ON A PORTRAIT

DAUBER! if thou shouldst ever  
stray  
Along Idalia's mossy way,  
Heedless what deities are there,  
And whom they view with fondest  
care,  
At thee for this shall Venus pout,  
And all three Graces push thee out.

CCLXXXIV

Is it not better at an early hour  
In its calm cell to rest the weary  
head,  
While birds are singing and while  
blooms the bower,  
Than sit the fire out and go  
starv'd to bed?

## LOVE AND AGE

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850; reprinted 1853.]

LOVE flies with bow unstrung when Time appears,  
And trembles at the approach of heavy years.  
A few bright feathers leaves he in his flight,  
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

*Title. om. 1853.*  
bear him on 1853.

2 approach] assault 1853.

3 leaves . . . in]

## TO A LYRIC POET

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851.]

If you go on with odes so trashy,  
Cripples will seize the crutch and thrash ye.

## BREVITIES

### IN 'LAST FRUIT', 1853

UNDER the title of *Epigrams* some will be found here which the general reader may hardly recognise in that character. It will also easily be believed, from the subjects if not from the execution, that several of the lighter pieces were written in early youth. My thanks are now returned to those amiable friends who have thought them worthy of preservation so long. At the close of my seventy-ninth year I am amused in recollecting the occasions.

W. S. L.

#### I

#### TO ONE WHO QUOTES AND DETRACTS

ROB me and maim me! Why, man,  
take such pains  
On your bare heath to hang your-  
self in chains?

#### II

WHO never borrow and who never  
lend,  
Whate'er their losses, will not lose  
their friend.

#### III

POET! I like not mealy fruit; give  
me  
Freshness and crispness and solidity;  
Apples are none the better over-  
ripe,  
And prime buck-venison I prefer  
to tripe.

#### IV

THE Rector of Saint Peter's, I  
know where,  
Of erring ignorance takes special  
care;  
Preaching, "It much behoves us  
that we pray  
For these, our flock; none want it  
more than they.  
For such benighted creatures all  
must feel . .  
Scarce can they tell a lamprey from  
an eel!"

#### VIII

THERE falls with every wedding  
chime  
A feather from the wing of Time.

You pick it up, and say "How fair  
To look upon its colours are!"  
Another drops day after day  
Unheeded; not one word you say.  
When bright and dusky are blown  
past,  
Upon the herse there nods the last.

#### IX

ACROSS, up, down, our fortunes go,  
Like particles of feathery snow,  
Never so certain or so sound  
As when they're fallen to the  
ground.

#### X

EREWHILE exulting in its power  
Rose thy bright form o'er worlds  
of sighs:  
Graceful as then, at this late hour  
Upon the scatter'd flowers it lies.

#### XVIII

JOY is the blossom, sorrow is the  
fruit,  
Of human life; and worms are at  
the root.

#### XXII

YE who adore God's Vicar while  
he saith,  
*Blessed be every lie that props the faith,*  
Draw ye from Peter's fish no purer  
oil  
To feed your *Lamp*? In vain then  
do ye toil.

#### XXIII

THOUGHT flights with thought: out  
springs a spark of truth  
From the collision of the sword and  
shield.

## IN LAST FRUIT

XXVI

ALAS! 'tis very sad to hear,  
Your and your Muse's end draws  
near:

I only wish, if this be true,  
To lie a little way from you.  
The grave is cold enough for me  
Without you and your poetry.

XXIX

MILD is Euphemius, mild as summer dew  
Or Belgic lion poked to Waterloo.

[French troops marching to Antwerp under Marshal Gérard in 1832 shortened the tail of the monumental lion. W.]

XXX

A FRIENDSHIP never bears un-  
canker'd fruit  
Where one of ancient growth has  
been blown down.

XXXIII

WHETHER the Furies lash the  
criminal  
Or weaker Passions lead him  
powerless on,  
I see the slave and scorn him  
equally.

XXXIV

UNKINDNESS can be but where  
kindness was;  
Thence, and thence only, fly her  
certain shafts  
And carry fire and venom on the  
point.

XXXV

### TO POETS

My children! speak not ill of one  
another;  
I do not ask you not to hate;  
Cadets must envy every elder  
brother,  
The little poet must the great.

XLI

I, NEAR the back of Life's dim  
stage  
Feel thro the slips the drafts of  
age.  
Fifty good years are gone: with  
youth  
The wind is always in the south.

XLII

IN the odor of sanctity Miriam  
abounds,  
Her husband's is nearer the odor  
of hounds,  
With a dash of the cess-pool, a dash  
of the sty,  
And the water of cabbages running  
hard-by.

XLVIII

WHAT garden but glows  
With at least its one rose  
Whether sunny or showery be  
June?  
What heart so unblest  
That it never possest  
One treasure, tho perishing soon?

XLIX

BE not in too great haste to dry  
The tear that springs from sym-  
pathy.

LV

NEITHER in idleness consume thy  
days,  
Nor bend thy back to mow the  
weeds of praise.

LVI

WHILE thou wert by  
With laughing eye,  
I felt the glow and song of spring:  
Now thou art gone  
I sit alone,  
Nor heed who smile nor hear who  
sing.

## BREVITIES

LVII

How many ages did the planets roll  
O'er sapient heads that nightly  
watcht their course,  
Ere the most sapient betwixt pole  
and pole  
Believed them fleeter than the  
dustman's horse!

LVIII

In quadruped or winged game  
Gourmands there are who like  
the *high*:  
'Tis in society the same . .  
A touch of taint is spicery.

LXII

Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would  
you throw  
That tooth away? You little know  
Its future: that which now you see  
A sinner's, an old saint's may be,  
And popes may bless it in a ring  
To charm the conscience of some  
king.

[Mr. J. D. Cogan amongst other voca-  
tions practised dentistry at Bath. His  
photograph of Landor taken in 1840 has  
been engraved. W.]

LXVII

HERE stands a civil man, John  
Hickes,  
Waiting, he says, to cross the Styx.  
Check that dog's treble-bass, O  
Charon!  
Take him, and lay the lightest fare on.

LXIX

A QUARRELSOME BISHOP  
To hide her ordure, claws the cat;  
You claw, but not to cover that.  
Be decenter, and learn at least  
One lesson from the cleanlier beast.

LXXV

HASTEN, O hasten, poet mine!  
To give the hoarsest of the Nine  
Her usual syrop; let her go  
To sleep, as she lets others do.

LXXXVI

WEAK minds return men hatred for  
contempt,  
Strong ones contempt for hatred.  
Which is best?

LXXIX

WHY do the Graces now desert the  
Muse? [wooden shoes.  
They hate bright ribbons tying

LXXX

WHEN a man truly loves he is at best  
A frail thermometer to the beloved:  
His spirits rise and fall but at her  
breath,  
And shower and sunshine are  
divined from her.

LXXXI

BETTER to praise too largely small  
deserts, [defects.  
Than censure too severely great

XCVII

GOD scatters beauty as he scatters  
flowers  
O'er the wide earth, and tells us  
all are ours. [burn,  
A hundred lights in every temple  
And at each shrine I bend my knee  
in turn.

XCIX

THERE are certain blue eyes  
Which insist on your sighs,  
And the readiest to give them is  
far the most wise;  
An obstinate lout  
Resolved to stand out  
Cries at last like a criminal under  
the knout.

CIII

A FLIRT was Belinda! the more she  
reproved  
Her lover for changing his mind.  
"Say who," cried the youth, "O  
my dearly beloved!  
Can be steddly that polks with  
the wind?"

## IN LAST FRUIT

### CVII

COME forth, old lion, from thy den,  
Come, be the gaze of idle men,  
Old lion, shake thy mane and growl,  
Or they will take thee for an owl.

### CVIII

THREATEN the wretch who rashly  
comes  
To violate these tranquil tombs,  
Eglantine! sweet protectress! you  
Can threaten him and punish too.

### CXII

#### OLD MAN

WHAT wouldst thou say,  
Autumnal day,  
Clothed in a mist akin to rain?

#### DARK DAY

Thus I appear,  
Because next year,  
Perhaps we may not meet again.

### CXIV

LOVE, flying out of sight, o'er-  
shadows me,  
And leaves me cold as cold can be;  
Farewell *alasses!* and *no-mores!* and  
you,  
Sweetest and saddest word, *adieu!*

### CXVI

BLIND to the future, to what lies  
before  
The future, what our feet now  
stand upon,  
We see not, look not for, nor think  
about.

### CXVIII

My yarn in verse is short: Is it among  
Our few old women who ne'er  
learnt to spin.

### CXIX

TREASURES of greek has . . ? In vain  
I seek 'em,  
Is all the greek he has worth *album*  
*græcum?*

### CXXII

ALTHO my soberer ear disdains  
The irksome din of tinkling chains,  
I pat two steers more sleek than  
strong  
And yoke them to the car of Song.

### CXXVIII

LEAF after leaf drops off, flower  
after flower,  
Some in the chill, some in the  
warmer hour:  
Alike they flourish and alike they  
fall,  
And Earth who nourisht them  
receives them all.  
Should we, her wiser sons, be less  
content  
To sink into her lap when life is  
spent?

### CXXXVI

No insect smells so fulsome as that  
hard  
Unseemly beetle which corrodes  
the rose.  
Bring forth your microscope; about  
the bard  
One very like it (only less) it  
shows.

### CL

WHEN the mad wolf hath bit the  
scatter'd sheep,  
The madden'd flock their penfold  
overleap,  
And, rushing blind with fury,  
trample down  
The kindest master with the  
coarsest clown.

### CLV

#### ON A HEAVY EPITAPH

HE who hath piled these verses  
o'er thy head  
Resolved, it seems, to bury thee in  
lead.

# BREVITIES

## FROM A LETTER

[Published in *Madden's Countess of Blessington*, 1855. Also printed in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, from a manuscript.]

I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation. [*Landor to Lady Blessington, January 1, 1845.*]

To thee I call

O Sun! to tell thee how I love thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance the blue skies  
Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.

[A parody on Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 35 ff. W.]

[Sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, May 14, 1839. Published in *Madden's Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

In early morn and radiant day  
The merry lark may cheer;  
But is there not a later lay  
More grateful to the ear?

## IN 'DRY STICKS', 1858

[Published in 1858.]

12

### THE SHORTEST DAY

THE day of brightest dawn (day  
soonest flown!)  
Is that when we have met and you  
have gone.

17

### CASUISTRY

OUR brother we believe we must  
not slay;  
His blood we may not spill, his  
tears we may.  
Alas! in this wide world how few  
abstain  
From siezing pleasure thro' an-  
other's pain.

20

### TO A FAIR MAIDEN

FAIR maiden! When I look at thee  
I wish I could be young and free;  
But both at once, ah! Who could be?

23

### OLIM

Do and permit whate'er you will  
With others, I shall love you  
stil.  
Heaven grant we may not love the  
most  
When to each other we are lost!

27

### THE HEART'S ABYSSES

TRIUMPHANT Demons stand, and  
Angels start,  
To see the abysses of the human  
heart.

30

### A LADY IN HASTE SAYS

I CAN not give much time to  
you;  
Will nothing else, I wonder, do?

## IN DRY STICKS

35

### FEAR

I FEAR a little girl I know;  
Were I but younger I were bolder;  
Diana! I would break thy bow  
In twain across her ivory shoulder.

38

### THE TEARS THAT RISE

THE tears that rise  
Into my eyes  
Shall not descend:  
With you began  
The course they ran,  
With you shall end.

40

### A SIGH CAUGHT

HAPPY the man for whom arose  
that sigh,  
And happy too, tho' less by  
half, am I:  
I am the first to catch it on its way,  
The last that winged herald to  
betray.

41

### PLEASURE

WHAT bitter flowers surround the  
fount of Pleasure,  
And poison its bright waters as  
they fall!

48

### ON LOVE

WHAT right have I to hold back  
Love so late,  
When we should long have gone  
to rest?  
But we were pelted by the storms  
of Fate  
From where we rashly built our  
nest.  
One there is yet who drives us not  
away,  
But warms our hands in her's this  
winter day.

50

### ON LAW

WHAT thousands, Law, thy handy-  
work deplore!  
Thou hangest many, but thou  
starvest more.

55

### CONFESSION

CONFESSION soon would be dis-  
carded  
If all our priests were Abeilarded;  
For Faith is hardly worth a pin  
Without a few good works of sin.

59

### INDIFFERENCE

WHETHER a span above ground or  
below  
'Tis best to lie, it boots me not to  
know.

61

### PARTIES

TORIES don't like me, Whigs  
detest;  
Then in what quarter can I rest?  
Among the Liberals? most of all  
The liberals are illiberal.

63

### ADVICE

AT every step of life expect  
Flings from your *Ragged School*,  
O bard!  
Walk quietly, and recollect  
That rotten apples hit not hard.

66

### PLEASURE AND PAIN

PLEASURE and Pain,  
Of equal reign,  
I know not which is strongest;  
But well I know,  
(And grieve 'tis so),  
Which domineers the longest.



## BREVITIES

67

### TO A LADY WHO DROPT A FEW YEARS

LIGHTLY you run thro' years; stop!  
stop!  
Let me pick up the gems you drop.  
Five I perceive are on the ground..  
What! are you angry they are  
found?

69

### JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE

You think Injustice is a curse,  
But Justice you will find the worse;  
Its rotten bench is stuff with thorns,  
And the road to it bad for corns.  
You would ride back then: well,  
but where  
Is money left to pay the fare?

71

### HONOR AND MODESTY

WHEN Honor once hath shut the  
door  
Behind him, he returns no more.  
Modesty finds, once gone astray,  
No forward and no backward way,  
Gone every grace that most en-  
dears!  
Gone, beyond all, the grace of tears!

73

### THE MIDDLE-SIZED

MIDDLE-SIZED men live longest,  
but soon dies  
The phthisic poet of a middle size.

74

### VIRTUE AND VICE

VIRTUE and Vice look much the  
same;  
If Truth is naked, so is Shame.

80

### CONSTANCY

CONSTANCY has one bright day,  
Then like light it fades away.

82

### TO TWO SPINSTERS

#### HOOKS AND EYES

FAIR spinsters! be ye timely wise,  
Where men bring hooks do you  
bring eyes.

83

### THE STEPS OF AGE

I do remember when each stride  
Toward your gate was swift and  
wide:  
Shorter and slower steps become  
As they are bending to the tomb;  
But when within your house I rest,  
I am already with the blest.

94

### A MARBLE DOG FOR PAPER-PRESSER

MARK! always, always watchful,  
here I stand,  
To guard the letters of a lover's  
hand,  
Tho' gems should glisten, and tho'  
gold should shower,  
I would defy, O Jupiter! thy power.

96

### TO A FIELD-MARSHAL

Is it that Care  
Has thinn'd thy hair,  
Field-marshal! let us hope not;  
Venus, they say,  
Is apt to play  
The Devil with the top-knot.

101

### MY WIT SCANTY

I HAVE but little wit, all they  
Whose brains are close and curdy  
say,  
They relish best the broadfaced  
jokes  
Of hearty, burly, country-folks,

## IN DRY STICKS

And are quite certain those must  
judge ill  
Who for the rapier drop the cudgell.

103

### BOYS AND MEN

*LEAVE me alone!* the pettish school-boy cries,  
*Leave me alone!* say too the calm  
and wise.

111

### THE TWO SATIRISTS

WHILE we are frolicking with  
Flaccus  
Comes Juvenal to slash and hack  
us.

120

### THE ROCKS OF LIFE

LIFE's rugged rocks burst thro' its  
flowery plain;  
Flashes of pleasure! thunderbolts  
of pain!

123

### WHO IS SAFE?

MEN always hate  
The man that's great,  
Nor cease to fall  
On him that's small.

127

### GAZELLE-SKIN

SOME dress in marten, some in vair,  
Gazelle-skin is the softest wear.

129

### PERTNESS REPROVED

"I SEE in you not greatly more  
Than I once saw in one before."  
"Then I know why: it is that  
you  
Are on the verge of eighty-two.  
Go, get along; you may be wise,  
But others have much better eyes."

130

### DIFFERENT GRACES

AROUND the child bend all the  
three  
Sweet Graces: Faith, Hope, Cha-  
rity.  
Around the man bend other  
faces;  
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces.

136

### ASHES

UNDER the grate the ashes lie  
Until the dustman passes by:  
Does it occur to young or old  
These ashes were not always  
cold?  
They are the same that shone so  
bright  
And warm'd so many but last  
night;  
They may even now some thought  
suggest,  
Some simily . . but let it rest.

138

### WRITTEN IN ILLNESS

BEFORE another season comes  
And frost the shrinking earth be-  
numbs,  
I think I shall be warm enough,  
Like an old rat in sink or sough.  
Allowing me a higher merit,  
Keep off the terrier and the ferret.

148

### FASHIONS IN POETRY

THE *Swain* and *Nymph* went out  
together,  
Now *Knight* and *Ladie* ride o'er  
heather:  
And who comes next? Perhaps  
again  
Will smirk and sidle *Nymph* and  
*Swain*.

## BREVITIES

149

### ALTERNATIVE

If your heart is warm, come hither,  
Let me bask in its fine weather;  
But if it is cold, my charmer,  
Let me try to make it warmer.

152

### LATE LOVE

Sitting up late, incautious Love  
takes cold,  
The wiser give him over ere grown  
old.

155

### WISE AND UNWISE

To love and to be loved the wise  
would give  
All that for which alone the unwise  
strive.

156

### FIRMNESS

FIRMER the tree when winter  
whirls the leaves;  
And should not we  
Be like the tree?  
Winter is sure, but often spring  
deceives.

157

### ROUTS

THE breath five hundred haggards  
breathe  
Kills every rose in Beauty's  
wreath:  
And thy flame, Genius! soon goes  
out  
Mid Fashion's pestilential rout.

159

### REFLECTION FROM SEA AND SKY

WHEN I gaze upon the sky  
And the sea below, I cry,  
Thus be poetry and love,  
Deep beneath and bright above.

162

### A COMPLAINT OF INCONSTANCY

SILLY one! do you think it strange  
That any woman's heart should  
change,  
That summer's hot, that winter's  
cold,  
That if you live you will grow old?

173

### IDLENESS

O IDLENESS! enchanting Idleness!  
The more we have of thee, the more  
we love thee;  
In this thou art supreme, thou art  
alone.

175

### FIST AND CUDGEL

IN my opinion, rulers judge ill  
Who interdict the fist and cudgel,  
For in the ring an open *set-to*  
Is honester than sly stiletto.

178

### QUESTION AND ANSWER

WHY back to verse?

I love to play  
With children at the close of day.

182

### PITY AND COMPASSION

LET pity and compassion be out-  
spread,  
Early as prayer, above the boyish  
head,  
There take full swoop, there find  
unbroken rest!  
No blessing ever leaves the human  
breast  
Without returning to it, soon or  
late,  
And driving back the strides of  
adverse fate.

## IN DRY STICKS

184

### LIFE'S ROMANCE

LIFE's torne Romance we thumb  
throughout the day:  
Cast it aside: 'tis better this be  
done  
Ere fall between its leaves the  
dust that none  
Can blow away.

197

### HYPOCRICY WHY HATED

THERE's no hypocricy in being  
civil  
Even to one you wish were at the  
devil.  
It is not that you hate it, but you  
hate  
(Don't you?) the man for somewhat  
good or great.  
Half, more than half, the honest  
I have known  
Feel at the heart the truth they  
dare not own.

198

### A GIFT OF POEMS

SEND me such poems as a treat!  
By Jupiter! I'd rather eat  
A mangy fox or Cheshire cheese,  
Or any ordure that you please.

200

### THE BIBLE

THE Bible is the Earth; and we  
begin  
To learn a little of what lies within.

201

### SYMPATHY

WHEN our eyes melt not with  
another's woes  
Methinks 'tis time they should for  
ever close.

203

### WHO ARE THE BEST LABORERS

You in good blinkers can see  
nothing shocking,  
I shy and start before a crimson  
stocking;  
I think what dippings and how  
deep have died  
Those courtly trappings of un-  
christian pride;  
Then, looking into the next field,  
perceive  
Men work the better for less width  
of sleeve.  
3 died] *mispr. rectius* dyed 1876.

205

### TO ONE UNEQUALLY MATCHED

BEAR it, O matcht unequally, you  
must,  
And in your strength and virtue  
firmly trust.  
The Power that rules our destinies  
decreed  
One heart should harden and an-  
other bleed.

206

### FAULTS ACKNOWLEDGED

THE soft I own to; then of fun  
I must acknowledge I have none,  
And am the only man that ever  
Doubted if he, in wit, was clever.

210

### SCRAPES AND MALADIES

THE scrapes of youth and maladies  
of age  
In Life's account-book blur how  
many a page.

## BREVITIES

211

### LIFE HURRIES BY

LIFE hurries by, and who can stay  
One winged Hour upon her way?  
The broken trellis then restore  
And train the woodbine round the door.

214

### ON FREEDOM

LET Freedom on thy breast descend,  
O Earth! and love thy truest friend,  
For wayward as his flights may be,  
He never was unkind to thee.

[See poem in *Letters of an American*,  
p. 352.]

224

### WHAT IS DEPLORABLE

It is deplorable to fear an enemy,  
But more deplorable to fear a friend,  
As wicked men must do, and good men may.

227

### THE IMMOVABLE POWER

THERE is a power, itself immovable,  
Which makes the worlds around it move and shine,  
O thou, of God's bright ministers most lovable,  
Such power and station in this world are thine.

254

### WHY NEVER SEEN

You ask me why I'm "never seen" . .  
Except by you, perhaps you mean.  
Without the gazes of the crowd  
I can be (while you let me) proud.  
Society props slender folk,  
In the deep forest swells the oak.

256

### CREEDS

WE have outlived low Creeds; the high remains.  
One that *our God is good*, the soul sustains.  
Revenge he leaves among the blind below,  
Who miss the object when they aim the blow.  
Far, not too far, it pleases Him to place  
Hope for the humble, terror for the base.

257

### PHILOSOPHER AND POET

PHILOSOPHER and poet you shall find  
Each ever after his own kind:  
'Tis well to watch them . . not too near perhaps . .  
One snarls at you, the other snaps.

261

### THE BANQUET OVER

I LEAVE the table: take my place,  
Ye young, and, when ye rise, say grace.  
Hence all unthankful ones, and go  
Where neither vines nor myrtles grow.

262

### A TRUTH

THERE may be scornfulness, there may be wrong  
Which never rises to the proud man's tongue.

264

### WISHES

WISHES are by-paths to unhappiness,  
And in the vale of Tears they terminate.

## IN DRY STICKS

265

### THE FIRES OF LOVE

THE fires of love are pure in just  
degree,  
Like other fires, to their intensity.

269

### FEW BUT BEND THEIR NECKS

How few there are who live content  
To pass thro' life with neck unbent!  
Yet the bent neck bears shame and  
pain,  
And never comes erect again.

274

### THE BARK

UPON the bark of this old tree  
You here and there your name will  
see;  
You caught the blossoms where  
they fell,  
And may you like the fruit as well.

276

### TO ONE IN GRIEF

AH! do not drive off grief, but place  
your hand  
Upon it gently; it will then  
subside.  
A wish is often more than a com-  
mand,  
Either of yours would do; let  
one be tried.

279

### WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

SEE how this paper, pure no more,  
By worthless hand is scribbled o'er!  
'Tis easy Folly's mark to trace,  
But not so easy to efface.

282

### THE HONEY-MOON

THE honey-moon is very strange.  
Unlike all other moons the change  
She regularly undergoes.

III. 917.22

She rises at the full; then loses  
Much of her brightness; then re-  
poses  
Faintly; and then . . has nought  
to lose.

286

### MUSIC

INTERMINABLE undulating weeds  
Cover sharp rocks along the sea's  
abyss;  
Thus buoyant music waves about  
the breast  
And lifts it up from what lies dark  
below.

296

### FLOWERS AND FRIENDSHIP

FLOWERS wounded may recover  
breath,  
But wounded friendship bleeds to  
death.

304

### REFLECTION

WITH fiftful step unsteddily the  
soul  
Wanders at parting o'er the scenes  
it loved.

306

### A CRITIC

WITH much ado you fail to tell  
The requisites for writing well;  
But, what bad writing is, you quite  
Have proved by every line you  
write.

311

### REPENTANCE

REPENTANCE hastens if forbearance  
halts.

312

### TRUTH WILL PENETRATE

CLOSE as we may our eyes against  
the truth,  
Some light will penetrate the upper  
lid.

B b

369

## BREVITIES

### IN 'HEROIC IDYLS, ETC.', 1863

[P. 215.]

LET fools place Fortune with the  
Gods on high,  
Prudence, be thou my guardian  
deity.

I have neglected thee, alas, too  
long!

But listen now and hear life's even-  
song.

[P. 267.]

MANY can rule and more can fight,  
But few give myriad hearts delight.

[P. 228.]

THERE are sweet flowers that only  
blow by night,  
And sweet tears are there that  
avoid the light;

No mortal sees them after day is  
born,

They, like the dew, drop trembling  
from their thorn.

1-2 with variants recur in *A Dreamer's  
Tale*, p. 143.

#### TO A MOTHER ON A CHILD'S DEATH

[P. 219.]

THE scythe of time, alas! alas!  
Always cuts down the freshest  
grass,

Nor spares the flowers that would  
adorn

The tranquil brow of blooming  
morn:

He lets the corn grow ripe, then  
why

Bids he the germ be knipt and die?

#### CONSOLATION ON A BABE'S DEATH

[P. 221.]

THAT mortal has imperfect trust  
In God who thinks him only just.

God writes among his chosen few  
Those who have loved and wept  
like you.

He numbers every tear they shed  
Upon his last-born children dead.

[P. 209.]

GRIEF is unquiet, and no less  
Unquiet is man's happiness.  
Change is for ever what he wants;  
Dead is the heart that never pants.

[Published in 1863, p. 214; reprinted  
1876.]

THE tears that on two faces meet  
My Muse forbids to dry,  
She keeps them ever fresh and  
sweet

When hours and years run by.

[P. 233.]

DEATH indiscriminately gathers  
The flowering children and rough-  
rinded fathers:

His eyes are horny, thus he knows  
No different color in the dock and  
rose.

[P. 254.]

No truer word, save God's, was  
ever spoken,

Than that the largest heart is  
soonest broken.

#### TO A LITERARY CON- FRATERNITY

[P. 68.]

KEEP, honest sobersided men,  
Across your mouths the impatient  
pen,

I will supply you with a dozen  
When your ink ceases to be frozen.

1, honest] *thus in 1876, mispr. honest  
1863.*

## IN HEROIC IDYLS

### ON SOME OBSCURE POETRY

[P. 214.]

IN vain he beats his brow who  
thinks  
To get the better of a Sphynx.

[P. 182.]

WHY should the scribblers discom-  
pose  
Our temper? would we look like  
those?  
There are some curs in every  
street  
Who snarl and snap at all they  
meet:  
The taller mastif deems it aptest  
To lift a leg and play the baptist.

[P. 169.]

SNAP at me, Malice! snap; thy  
teeth are rotten  
And hurt me not: all know thee  
misbegotten!  
The cureless evil runs throughout  
thy race,  
And from Cain downward thy  
descent we trace.

[P. 240.]

IF you are not a poet you may live  
With poets pleasantly: but if  
you are,  
A little piece of counsel let me  
give . . .  
Praise one you speak with . . .  
praise none else . . . beware!

[P. 214.]

BOTH men and poets of the Saxon  
race  
Excell in vigour, none excell in  
grace.

[P. 180.]

"CALL me not forth," said one who  
sate retired,  
Whom Love had once, but Envy  
never, fired.

"I scorn the crowd: no clap of  
hands he seeks  
Who walks among the stateliest of  
the Greeks."

### IRONY

[P. 131.]

IRONY is the imp of wit,  
The truly witty banish it.  
Where are the mountebank and  
clown  
Who can not turn things upside  
down?  
When one has fail'd in his en-  
deavour  
The other cries, *Zooks!* thou art  
clever.

*6 Zooks!*<sup>1</sup> *so in corrigenda.* Looky! *in*  
*text.*

[P. 182.]

RANCOUR is often the most bitter  
Between two mongrels of one litter.  
The old bitch Themis grins to  
teach  
Her whelps where lies the prey for  
each.  
They crack the hard, they tear the  
tough,  
And never think they gorge enough.  
From Death alone would they  
crouch back,  
For Death shows bones they can  
not crack.

[P. 207.]

THE Devils in the herd of swine  
May madly run down hill,  
Hallooed by never shout of mine,  
Shall they be, shout who will.  
Let them with grunts each other  
shove,  
Their grunts molest not me above.

[P. 208.]

LET a man once be down, and then  
He will be fallen on by ten.



## BREVITIES

[P. 236.]

GIVE me for life the honest name,  
Then take my due arrears of fame.  
I am grown deaf, and shall be-  
come  
A trifle deafer in the tomb.

[P. 254.]

WHEN from above the busy crowd  
I see,  
The great and little seem one-  
sized to me.

[P. 260.]

THE scentless laurel a broad leaf  
displays,  
Few and by fewer gather'd are the  
bays;  
Yet these Apollo wore upon his  
brow . .  
The boughs are bare, the stem is  
twisted now.

[P. 179.]

THE sea has depths no plummet-  
line  
Can reach, no science can divine;  
And earth has poems so profound  
No line can ever reach the ground;  
They fly about in empty air  
And boys catch at 'em here and  
there.

[P. 261.]

I do not think that praises ever  
Derange a sound and healthy liver,  
Altho' they get into the head  
Of some who are too highly fed;  
A hungry mountain swain mean-  
while  
From bitter crust o'erflows with  
bile.

[P. 235.]

OF early days, and promist hours,  
And eyes that brightened shady  
bowers,

Visions had floated round the  
head  
Of Sophron; he awoke and said,  
"Ah! were but all things what they  
seem  
Then life were nearly worth a  
dream."

[P. 207.]

LOVE-MAKING is like haymaking,  
soon over,  
And both are mutable through-  
out their season.  
Haymaker! hear me; thou too hear  
me, lover,  
Nor scorn experience nor be deaf  
to reason.  
Be quick at work; the sunny hours  
won't last,  
And storms may come before they  
half are past.

[P. 273.]

A MAN there is who was believ'd  
By many; all he has deceiv'd;  
To one on earth may he prove  
true,  
O lady, and that one be you.

[P. 169.]

UNHAPPY he whom Love be-  
guiles  
With wavering and insidious smiles;  
Unhappier, who has lived to prove  
That Friendship is as frail as Love.

[P. 210.]

By our last ledger-page we ascer-  
tain  
What friends have fail'd and fled,  
and what remain.  
Content, in summing up, to find  
how few  
Are scored for false, how many  
starr'd for true.

## IN HEROIC IDYLS

### FRIENDS

[P. 173.]

THE heaviest curse that can on  
mortal fall  
Is "who has friends may he outlive  
them all!"  
This malediction has awaited me  
Who had so many . . . I could once  
count three.

[P. 224.]

WE may repair and fix again  
A shatter'd or a broken pane,  
Not friendship so: it lies beyond  
Man's wit to piece a diamond.

[P. 205.]

WHEN a loose tooth and a loose  
friend are lost,  
Pray can you tell me which should  
vex us most.

[P. 232.]

How often, when life's summer day  
Is waning, and its sun descends,  
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,  
And lovers shrivel into friends!

[P. 205.]

THERE are who say we are but dust,  
We may be soon, but are not yet,  
Nor should be while in Love we trust  
And never what he taught forget.

[P. 221.]

A GENEROUS action may atone  
For many a less worthy one,  
Yet take thou heed the generous be  
In number as threescore to three.

[P. 229.]

ON days gone by us we look back  
As on a last year's almanack.  
We never think 'tis worth our while  
To crowd with it the dusty file,  
Yet might the cast-off sheet supply,  
If studied, some true prophecy.

[P. 237.]

THERE are two rival foes for every  
breast,  
And both alike are enemies to rest.  
Fear, of these combatants, is much  
the strongest  
Yet Hope upon the battle-ground  
stays longest.

[P. 134.]

THEY smile on us by Time cut down  
Who always while we lived lookt  
sour,  
So grass smells sweeter when it's  
mown  
Than fresh and waving in full  
flower.

3 sweeter] so in *corrigenda*, sweetest in  
*text*.

[P. 207.]

UPON the Pindan turf our horse  
Beats other breeds in wind and  
force:  
He shows activity, and yet  
No groom can teach him to curvet:  
Young riders twitch him, but in  
vain,  
He plunges, and trots home again.

### FASHIONABLE PHRASEOLOGY

[P. 199.]

THE day is *pluvius*; they will rue it  
Who have great coat and wont  
*indue* it.

[P. 177.]

FROM Youth's bright wing the  
soonest fall  
The brightest feathers of them all:  
Few of the others that remain  
Are there without some darker stain;  
Youth, when at these old Age  
looks grim,  
Cries, "Who the devil cares for him?"

## BREVITIES

### TO A PRUDE

[P. 127.]

PRUDE! shall I whisper what you  
are?  
A catskin that would fain be vair.

### GIRL AND DIOGENES

[P. 167.]

"MEN call you *dog*: now tell me  
why,"  
A little girl said: in reply  
Diogenes said, smiling at her,  
"My child! how wickedly men  
flatter!"

### [ALEXANDER THE GREAT]

[P. 168.]

"COME let us fight, my boy!" said  
one,  
Boldly enough, to Philip's son:  
And coolly Philip's son replied  
"I fight with kings, and none  
beside."

*Title.* See Plutarch, *Alexander*. [W.]

### JULIAN NO APOSTATE

[P. 199.]

JULIAN! thou virtuous, brave, and  
wise,  
Thou never didst apostatize,  
Like those who one true God dis-  
own,  
O'erturn his seat and seize his  
crown.

### A FUNERAL

[P. 173.]

A HEARSE is passing by in solemn  
state,  
Within lies one whom people call  
the great.  
Its plumes seem nodding to the  
girls below

As they gaze upward at the raree-  
show,  
Boys from the pavement snatch  
their tops, and run  
To know what in the world can be  
the fun.

[P. 168.]

PARDON our enemies, we pray  
Devoutly every sabbath-day;  
Ere the next morn we change our  
notes,  
And blow them up or cut their  
throats.  
Above us and below meanwhile  
The Angels weep, the Devils smile.

[P. 175.]

THE slender birds enjoy their cages,  
Captivity the strong enrages.  
While piping finches wag their tails  
Before the catcher at Versailles,  
Against the Czar the brave rebell  
And hate the Kaisar worse than  
hell.

[P. 261.]

WHY war against free brethren?  
God forbid  
Ye split asunder your own native  
land?  
Worst of barbarians, hear! . . the  
pyramid  
Built upon cannon-balls not long  
can stand.

[P. 253.]

SUCH the protuberance that abuts  
From pope's and king's enormous  
guts,  
That to shake hands should either  
try,  
A flock of geese between might  
fly,  
And any parley would require  
Some fathoms of electric wire.

## IN HEROIC IDYLS

[P. 264.]

WE send a thief a thief to catch  
And Peter's bastard finds his  
match.

[P. 204.]

It was late in the winter, and late  
in the day  
When there stealthily crept to the  
house of Bett Gray  
A Trinity tutor, a rigid divine,  
Of a visage, and more than a  
visage, equine.  
Well, where is the hurt? . . . I don't  
know where the hurt is,  
I shrewdly suspect that's a ques-  
tion for Curtis.\*

\* A surgeon in Oxford, 1793. [L.]

[P. 182.]

FRESOLE's bishop overlookt  
A flock of lambkins, these he crookt  
With crook that slightly hurt the  
skin  
Of those he tenderly drew in.  
I would have seen the little flock,  
But found the fold was under lock.  
I heard some sighs and . . . *Oh my  
lord!*  
Then followed not another word.

[P. 219.]

PREACHERS of peace, with paunches  
pursy,  
(Not empty tho') on controversy,  
Roar worse than children with the  
gripes,  
While Moslems smile and smoke  
their pipes.

## FROM OTHER SOURCES

[In her third article on "Last Days of  
Walter Savage Landor", published in *The  
Atlantic Monthly* (June 1866) Miss Kate  
Field gave the following examples of the  
metrical *impromptus* which now and then  
broke into the prose of his discourse:]  
. . . Advising me with regard to certain  
rules in my Latin Grammar he ex-  
claimed—

WHAT you'd fain know, you will  
find;  
What you want not leave behind.

. . . Attention being directed to several  
well-meaning but intensely orthodox  
friends, who were extremely anxious that  
he should join the Church . . . he said:  
"They are very kind, but I cannot be  
redeemed in that way.

When I throw off this mortal coil,  
I will not call on you, friend Hoil;  
And I think that I shall do,  
My good Tompkins without you.  
But I pray you, charming Kate,  
You will come, but not too late."

"How wicked you are, Mr. Landor!" I  
replied laughingly. "It is well that I am  
not orthodox."

"For if you were orthodox  
I should be in the wrong box!"  
was the ready response.

[Published in Forster's *Landor: a Bio-  
graphy*, 1869.]

*Landor.* Kenyon, I've written  
for your delectation,  
A short Imaginary Conversation.

*Kenyon.* Landor, I much rejoice  
at the report;  
But only keep your promise—*be it*  
*short.*

### FATHER AND CHILD

*Father.* What, my boy, is the  
rhyme to whig?  
*Child.* Can it, papa, be whirli-  
gig?

## BREVITIES

### [FROM LANDOR: A BIOGRAPHY, 1869]

[Published by Forster among extracts from letters, the next six fragments include three instances of intended prose running into metrical form. The first fragment is from a letter referring to the poem by Southey afterwards entitled *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*:]

[I]

I do not see what you can compress in this part of *Pelayo*. If you take away too many leaves you starve the blossoms.

THERE is a light luxuriant arborescence,  
Which shows the vigour of the roots and stem,  
And answers for the richness of the fruit.

As I live, I have written three verses! made so by a stroke of the pen. (*Landor to Southey.*)

[II]

A capital prologue [for *Andrea of Hungary*] has this instant come into my head . . .

No prologue will our author's pride allow;  
If you can do without it, show it now.

(*Landor to Southey, November 1838.*)

[III]

Lately, from the want of sun and all things cheerful, my saddened and wearied mind has often roosted on the acacias and cypresses I planted.

THOUGHTS when they're weakest  
take the longest flights,  
And tempt the wintry seas in darkest nights.

How is it that when I am a little melancholy my words are apt to fall into verse? (*Landor to Forster, December 21, 1840.*)

[IV]

How is it possible that so serious a writer as Miss Barrett should not perceive

that the *two-word* rhyme is only fit for ludicrous subjects?

THESE rhymes appear to me but very so-so,  
And fit but for our Lady del Toboso.

But we are so much in the habit of seeing the common law of the land in poetry infringed and violated, that nothing shocks us. (*Landor to Forster, 1843.*)

[V]

While writing the Tancredi and Constantia dialogue, I had the greatest difficulty to prevent my prose running away with me. Sundry verses indeed I could not keep down, nor could I afterwards break into prose. Here is a specimen, not in the conversation as it stands at present, which was written while I fancied I was writing Prose:

CAN certain words pronounced by  
certain men

Perform an incantation which shall  
hold

Two hearts together to the end of  
time?

If these were wanting, yet instead  
of these

There was my father's word, and  
there was God.

(*Landor to Forster.*)

[VI]

[According to Forster, the following couplet, with other lines that spoke of the burden of life, were in a letter brought to him from Italy at the close of 1863:]

IMPLORED so long in vain at last  
is come  
The hour that leads me to a peaceful home.

### [FOR AN EPITAPH]

[Published in *Wilhelm's Wanderings*, 1878.]

HERE lies Landor,  
Whom they thought a goose,  
But he proved a gander.

## BREVITIES

### [ANNE BOLEYN]

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, where printed from Landor's letter to Lady Blessington dated October 15, 1838.]

ANNE BOLEYN! tho I may be wrong  
To think thee fit for tragic song,  
Yet cannot I, to sing or sigh on,  
Prefer a dock or dandelion.

*Title.* [Not in 1895. Landor's dramatic scene, *Anne Boleyn and the Constable of the Tower*, see above, vol. i, p. 275, was published late in 1838.]

### CHARADE

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

I have been exerting the whole of my  
genius in the composition of a charade.  
[Landor to Miss Rose Paynter, July 18,  
1843.] The three letters of my Charade  
are A. P. N. [*ib.* August 19, 1843].

WHAT three letters make the word  
Which expresses, first, a bird,  
Then a thing for milk or cream,  
Then what *all* do when they dream.

### CHARADE

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

THE first is very near a tree;  
The last my heart has done for thee.  
Since thy first thoughts of me I  
troubled  
Thou'lt find that I am more than  
doubled.

### THE PHILOSOPHER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, of W. S. Landor, 1897.]

HE who sits thoughtful in a twilight grot  
Sees what in sunshine other men  
see not.  
I walk away from what they run to  
see,  
I know the world, but the world  
knows not me.

### INCONSISTENCY

SPRING smiles in Nature's face with  
fresh delight,  
With early flowers her mother's  
brow adorning;  
When morning comes, I wish again  
for night,  
And when night comes, I wish  
again for morning.

*Inconsistency.* Cf. 'Brighton 1807'  
(p. 189), ll. 4-8.

### THE GOOD-NATURED FRIEND

SOME if they're forced to tell the  
truth  
Tell it you with a sad, wry mouth,  
And make it plainly understood  
Such never was their natural food.

### EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS must be curt, nor seem  
Tail-pieces to a poet's dream.  
If they should anywhere be found  
Serious, or musical in sound  
Turn into prose the two worst pages  
And you will rank among the sages.

### FOND AND FOOLISH

IF ever there was man who loved  
And wept for it, that man has  
proved  
Our earlier authors are less wrong  
Than we are in our native tongue;  
That *fond* and foolish, tho' in name  
Unlike are in effect the same.

[Quoted by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in  
"Notes from a Diary", 1900.]

AN angel from his Paradise drove  
Adam;  
From mine a devil drove me—  
Thank you, Madam.

## PISISTRATOS AND SOLON

[Published in the *Review of English Studies*, January 1932. This poem should properly have come at the end of the 'Hellenics' in Vol. II.]

*Pisist.* O Solon, heartily do I rejoice  
To find thee in our city once again.

*Solon.* Say not *our* city *now*; Pisistratos,  
'Tis thine, not mine.

*Pisist.* All Attic citizens  
May claim it.

*Solon.* All *could* claim it, all alike.  
How few now dare!

*Pisist.* No law I abrogate  
Devised by thee, by thee promulgated.

*Solon.* These were enow, and more than were obey'd:  
Others thou addest to support thy power.

*Pisist.* All things want changes; laws want supplements; 10  
They must be fitted to the yearly growth  
Of flourishing and rising commonwealths  
As vestures are to children's and adults'.

*Solon.* To commonwealths! hast thou left commonwealth  
Or ought in common here but servitude?

*Pisist.* Much, Solon, what I found I have enlarged,  
Liberal arts and sciences and fanes  
More stately, more adorn'd, and porticoes  
More spacious and more shelter'd, wider streets  
And smoother pavements, and such theatres 20  
As Gods delight in with the Muses round.  
Go into any of our shadier walks,  
Where there is silence and few feet intrude,  
And thou wilt find some studious youth bent o'er  
Our Homer; let me dare to call him *ours*,  
For I have been combining all the parts  
By thee brought out of Crete.

*Solon.* Thy best employ.

Homer might make thee listen to the boys  
Upon the benches, when they read aloud  
What said Sarpedon to another prince. 30  
"Why are we, Glaucos, honor'd above all  
The rest about us in the Lycian plain?"  
Odysseus is not praised for craftiness,  
But for grave counsel and endurance hard.  
Heroes are less of heroes by their strength  
Than their forbearance, it far less required  
To master others than unruly self.

*Pisist.* I listen, and will ponder well thy words.

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

[Published in 1836. Short extracts were reprinted as separate poems in 1846. For these and some additions in manuscript see notes at end of volume.]

### TITLE-PAGE

A SATIRE on Satirists, and admonition to detractors. By Walter Savage Landor. *Tas γοῦν Ἀθῆνας οἶδα, τὸν δὲ χῶρον οὐ*. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1836.

### PREFACE

It is only our intimate friends who like us best when we write well: the greater part of readers are complacent at imagining their superiority as they discover our aberrations. Every ball we send rolling before us is a stumble and strain to those who are impatient of standing to catch us out at the wicket. Such as cannot find employment in mischievous actions, look for consolation in mischievous thoughts, and solicit, and seldom fail in obtaining, a fit audience, and not few, to applaud them.

The Preface is growing too long for the Work, but the reader will find that it is not inappropriate.

For eaters of goose-liver there is drest	And from our corners we descry asquint
This part alone; the cats divide the rest;	A prettier book than ours, a sharper print;
The fire that plumps it, leaves the creature dry,	And in this school-room call the cleverest lad
So too with poets does the poetry: This is their liver, truffled, tender, sweet,	If sober, stupid, and if fiery, mad. Who in hard stems and clotted leaves would rout,
And all beside is sad unchristian *meat.	When the whole essence he may have without?
Let thou the Muse's spangled tissue play	Who to the husks of poets would sit down,
About thy head and bosom, night and day,	When Murray sells the kernels for a crown?
But throw the bone 'twas workt upon, away.	Grant me, propitious Fate! to meet our best 20
Thinly by Nature is our honey spread 10	Only on Pindus, and in heaven the rest;
On very coarse and very bitter bread.	Leaving, to walk beside me while I stay,
	The kind companion of an earlier day,

\* *And all beside is sad unchristian meat.*—He who could partake of such an abominable luxury, knowing its process, ought not even to be buried where men are buried, but (in strict retributive justice) given to the kites and crows. [L.]

The Greek quotation with accents misprinted is from Sophocles, *Œdipus Col.* 24. [W.]



## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Whom genius, virtue, manly grief,  
 endear,  
 And bonds draw closer every  
 circling year.

In fashionable squares and new-  
 built streets  
 Suburban Muses take their several  
 beats;  
 And whoso passes their select  
 purlieus  
 Is thief or strumpet, anything but  
 Muse.

Sooner shall Tuscan Vallombrosa  
 lack wood 30  
 Than Britain Grub-street, Billings-  
 gate, and Blackwood.  
 Slave-merchants, scalpers, cannibals,  
 agree . . .

In *Letter-land* no brotherhood must  
 be.

If there were living upon earth but  
 twain,  
 One would be Abel and the other  
 Cain.

Here, be our cause the wrong one  
 or the right,  
 Better to pay than play, to run  
 than fight.

Foul are the boxers, seconds, ring,  
 and green . . .

And we wear gloves, and much  
 prefer the clean.

The strife of letters will allow no  
 peace, 40

No *Truce of God*, no sabbath's  
 armistice.

"Down with your money! down  
 with it, newcomer!

"And rise Sir Sotheby,\* and stand  
 by Homer.

"O'er Pope, o'er Cowper, lift thy  
 licensed head,

"Beat all the living, challenge all  
 the dead.

"He who refuses us our fare, for-  
 gets

"Our junction-magazines and  
 branch-gazettes;

"Our rail-ways running into every  
 town,

"And our facilities for *setting down*.

"Precaution taken, each may find  
 his friend, 50

"Who makes the limberest thread-  
 case stand on end.

"Few are the authors here with  
 lives uncharm'd,

"And thinnest ghosts march through  
 their moonlight, arm'd."

There never squatted a more  
 sordid brood

Beneath the battlements of Holy-  
 rood,

Than that which now across the  
 clotted perch

Crookens the claw and screams for  
 court and church.

What is the church to them? or  
 what the court?

Think ye they care one grain of  
 millet for't?

But they have ken'd the swell of  
 looser crop, 60

And round about the midden hop  
 and hop.

The field they would have flown  
 into, is clear,

Pickt every horse-fall, empty every  
 ear.

To such the trembling verse-boy  
 brings his task,

Of such the one-spurr'd critick  
 begs to ask,

\* Who can account for the eulogies of Blackwood on Sotheby's Homer, as compared with Pope's and Cowper's? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he lies upon, in general. [L. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, January and February 1834. Writing to his sister in 1831, when he had seen specimens of Sotheby's translation of the *Iliad*, Macaulay said it was a complete failure. W.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Hath Sheffield's glorious son\* the  
genuine vein?  
Did *Paracelsus*† spring from poet's  
brain?  
When all expect it, *yes* will never  
do,  
The cautious and the business-like  
say *no*.  
Criticks and maidens should not  
smile too fast; 70  
A *yes*, though drawl'd out faintly,  
comes at last.

Well; you have seen our Pro-  
speros, at whose beck  
Our ship, with all her royalty, is  
wreck.  
From sire to son descends the  
wizard book  
That works such marvels.  
Look behind you! look!  
There issue from the Treasury,  
dull and dry as  
The leaves in winter, Gifford and  
Matthias.

Brighter and braver Peter Pindar  
started,  
And ranged around him all the  
lighter-hearted.  
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,  
Up from his hole sprang Peter  
Porcupine. 81  
Him W . . . son followed, of con-  
genial quill,  
As near the dirt,‡ and no less prone  
to ill.  
Walcot, of English heart, had  
English pen,  
Buffoon he might be, but for hire  
was none;  
Nor, plumed and mounted on  
Professor's chair,  
Offer'd to grin for wagers at a fair.  
Who would not join the joke when  
hands like these  
Lead proudly forward Alcibiades,  
Train'd up to fashion by the  
Nymphs of Leith, 90  
And whiffing his cigar through  
cheesy teeth.

\* The *Corn-law Rhymers*, as he condescends to style himself, has written sonnets, which may be ranked among the noblest in our language. [L. See *Corn-law Rhymes*, by Ebenezer Elliott, 1831. W.]

† *Paracelsus* has found a critick capable of appreciating him. It is not often that the generous are so judicious, nor always that the judicious are so generous. [L. Browning's *Paracelsus* was highly commended in *The Examiner*, September 6, 1835, and on November 21, 1835, in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*. W.]

‡ "*As near the dirt*," &c.—The professor, if not Horatian in his art, is perfectly so in his opinion, express by the poet in the verse—

"Nec latuit malè qui vivens moriensque fefellit." [Horace, *Epist.* i. 17. 10. For *latuit* read *vixit*, for *vivens* read *natus*. W.]

He surely is as wise as any  
Who cheats the world and turns the penny;  
And if he does it all life thro'  
'Tis more than most wise men can do.

It must be acknowledged that some commentators have given the passage a different interpretation.

The learned professor is an important contributor to Blackwood, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. Nevertheless, Lord Byron, who was not quite susceptible of it, declared that "a gentleman could not write in Blackwood". Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment? If a gentleman could not write in it, why should a gentleman be accused of reading it? Could anything be more unjust or affronting?

78 Peter Pindar] *psd.* of John Wolcot (*ob.* 1819) [W.]  
of William Cobbett (*ob.* 1885) [W.]  
"Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. [W.]

81 Peter Porcupine] *psd.*  
82 W . . . son] *sc.* John Wilson (*ob.* 1819),

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Honest men and wiser, you will  
 say,  
 Were satirists,  
 Unhurt? for spite? for pay?  
 Their courteous soldiership, out-  
 shining ours,  
 Mounted the engine, and took aim  
 from tow'rs.  
 From putrid ditches we more  
 safely flight,  
 And push our zig-zag parallels by  
 night.  
 Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse  
 and round,  
 Profuse, and nothing *plattery* in  
 the sound.  
 And, here almost his equal, if but  
 here, 100  
 Pope pleas'd alike the playful and  
 severe.  
 The slimmer cur at growler John-  
 son snarls,  
 But cowers beneath his bugle-blast  
 for Charles.\*  
 From *Vanity* and *London* far re-  
 moved,†  
 With that pure Spirit his pure  
 spirit loved,  
 In thorny paths the pensive Cow-  
 per trod,  
 But angels prompted, and the word  
 was God.

Churchmen have chaunted satire,  
 and the pews  
 Heard good sound doctrine from  
 the sable Muse.  
 Frost-bitten, and lumbaginous,  
 when Donne, 110  
 With verses gnarl'd and knotted,  
 hobbled on,  
 Thro listening palaces did rhyme-  
 less South  
 Pour sparkling waters from his  
 golden mouth.  
 Prim, in spruce party-colours  
 Mason shone,  
 His Muse lookt well in gall-dyed  
 crape alone.  
 Beneath the starry sky, mid gar-  
 den glooms,  
 In meditation deep, and dense  
 perfumes,  
 Young's cassock was flounced  
 round with plaintive pun . .  
 And pithier Churchill swore he  
 would have none.  
 He bared his own broad vices, but  
 the knots 120  
 Of the loud scourge fell sorest upon  
 Scots.  
 Yet, when the cassock he had  
 thrown aside,  
 No better man his godless lips  
 belied:

\* Many have ridiculed, and with no little justice, the pompous diction of Johnson on ordinary occasions; and some have attempted to depreciate his imitations of Juvenal. But among our clippers and sweaters of sterling coin, not one will ever write such vigorous verses as those on Charles the Twelfth, or such vigorous prose as the *Lives of Savage and Dryden*. [L.]

† Wide indeed is the difference between the manner of Cowper and Johnson. Cowper is often witty, light, and playful; Johnson never. Neither he nor Juvenal are to be called satirists, but acute rhetoricians and animated declaimers.

Although it cannot be said of Satire,

"Renidet usquequaque," [Catullus, xxxix. 2.]

yet the smile is habitual to her countenance. If her laces are now and then loosened, it is not that she may give vent to her anger, energy to her action, or display and grandiloquence to her moral sentences. She has little to do with Philosophy, less with Rhetorick, and nothing with the Furies. [L.]

112 South] Dr. Robert South, *ob.* 1716. [W.] 114 Mason] Rev. William Mason, *ob.* 1797, friend and editor of Gray. [W.] 118 Young] Rev. Edward Young, *ob.* 1765, author of *Night Thoughts*, &c. [W.]

119 Churchill] Charles Churchill, *ob.* 1764, author of *The Rosciad*. [W.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

<p>He pelted no shy poet thro' the streets,          No Lamb he vilified, he stabb'd no Keats:*</p> <p>His cleanlier fingers in no combat close          To scratch the pimples† upon Hazlit's nose:          Hunt's Cold-bath-field may bloom with bowers, for him,          And Coleridge‡ may be sound in wind and limb.          On bell-hung drays all coarser parcels find <span style="float: right;">130</span>          The way to Blackwood; rings, and records kind,          A thoughtless book-keeper detains behind.</p>	<p>The <i>Gentleman's</i>, the <i>Lady's</i>, we have seen,          Now blusters forth the <i>Blackguard's Magazine</i>:          And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)          Dustman and nightman issue their <i>Prospectus</i>.          If, as we pass, a splash is all we feel,          Thanks to the blue brigade enroll'd by Peel.          While from the south such knaves are carted forth,          Gildons and Curls stil flourish in the north; <span style="float: right;">140</span>          And others, baser in degree and mind,</p>
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\* Lamb, Keats, Hazlit, Coleridge, all in short who, recently dead, are now dividing amongst them the admiration of their country, were turned into ridicule by the worthy men employed by Mr. Blackwood. Whatever could lessen their estimation, whatever could injure their fortune, whatever could make their poverty more bitter, whatever could cast them down from their aspirations after fame, and whatever had a tendency to drive them into the grave, which now has opened to them, was incessantly brought into action against them by these zealots for our religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder never was committed, than the murder of Keats; a young man adorned, it is said by those who knew him intimately, with everything graceful, generous, and manly. I have seen those thoughtful and melancholy at the mention of him, whom I never have seen so on any other occasion; and it was many years after his decease. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand he could not be hanged for it, and was occupying a station whence he might be called by his faction to hang others far less guilty. While he was rising to the highest rank in the profession and in the state, his victim sank under him, in long agonies, to an untimely grave.

When men strike at genius, they strike at the face of God in the only way wherein he ever manifests it to them. [L.]

† “*To scratch the pimples upon Hazlit's nose, &c.*”—Ridicule of these, together with a compendious list of similar vulgarities, is now lying before me. The author to whom I am indebted for the extracts, and for nearly all I ever knew or heard of the writers, is about to publish as much as suits his undertaking, in a *Life of Keats*. Such an exposure of impudence and falsehood is not likely to injure the character of the Magazine, or diminish the number of its subscribers. To those who are habituated to the gin-shop the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. Blackwood's is really a gin-palace.

‡ The worst that can be said against Coleridge in his literary character, with which alone we have anything to do, is that he spoke as the poet says the lover loved,

“Not wisely, but too well,”

spouting forth whatever was shining, fit or unfit.

He was fond of beating his breast against the close-wired cage of Metaphysics, where he could only show how delicately his wings were formed, and how beautiful were the feathers he shedd at every effort.

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140 Gildons . . . Curls] For Gildon's “venal quill” and “Curl's chaste press” see Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 151, and *Dunciad*, i. 40, [W.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Tenant the outhouse Burke with  
 life resign'd.  
 See the shrewd curriers, knife in  
 mouth, deride  
 Now the flay'd victim, now the  
 price divide . .  
 No; rather see, while Satyrs dance  
 around,  
 Yon little man with vine and ivy  
 crown'd,  
 Raising his easy arm, secure to hit  
 \*The scope of pleasure with the  
 shafts of wit.

Satire! I never call'd thee very  
 fair,  
 But if thou art inclined to hear my  
 pray'r, 150  
 Grant the bright surface that our  
 form reflects,  
 The healthy font that braces our  
 defects:  
 But O! to fulminate with forked  
 line  
 Another's fame or fortune, ne'er  
 be mine!  
 Against the wretch who dares it,  
 high or low,  
 Against him only, I direct my blow.

When Byron by the borderers  
 was assail'd,  
 Tho Byron then was only silken-  
 mail'd,  
 The squad of Brougham and  
 Jeffrey fared but ill,  
 And on the lordling's split the  
 lawyer's quill. 160

This chief came smirking onward,  
 that lookt arch,  
 But both retreated to the old  
*Rogue's March*:  
 And if, with broken head and bag-  
 pipe lost,  
 It should be stil the tune they like  
 the most,  
 There is a reason, were it safe to  
 tell . . .  
 Some who fight poorly, plunder  
 pretty well.  
 Byron was not *all* Byron; one  
 small part  
 Bore the impression of a human heart.  
 Guided by no clear love-star's  
 panting light  
 Thro the sharp surges of a northern  
 night, 170  
 In Satire's narrow strait he swam  
 the best,  
 Scattering the foam that hist about  
 his breast.  
 He, who might else have been  
 more tender, first  
 From Scottish saltness caught his  
 rabid thirst.  
 Praise Keats . .

"I think I've heard of him."

"With you

Shelley stands foremost."

. . And his lip was blue.

"I hear with pleasure any one com-  
 mend

So good a soul; for Shelley is my  
 friend."

One leaf from Southey's laurel  
 made explode

\* Nothing can be lighter or pleasanter or more brilliant. Pope, before he composed his verses to Lady M. W. Montague, forgot his sacrifice to the Graces. Dryden often neglected them; in our others we rarely find those exquisite touches which characterise the poet of Ireland. Prior is among the best, where he ridicules the platitudes of Boileau; the worst lyrick poet upon record, not excepting Pope, not excepting Addison. One would have imagined that Johnson had at his disposal the means of rendering justice to Prior, tho he never had enough about him to satisfy the demands of Milton, or even of Thompson and Collins. [L.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

All his combustibles . .

"An ass! by God!" 180

Who yet surmounted in romantick  
Spain

Highths our brisk courser never  
could attain.

I lagged; he call'd me; urgent  
to prolong

My matin chirpings into mellow  
song.

Mournfuller tones came then . . O  
ne'er be they

Drown'd in night howlings from  
the Forth and Spey!

Twice is almighty Homer far  
above

Troy and her towers, Olympus and  
his Jove.

First, when the God-led Priam  
bends before

Him sprung from Thetis, dark with  
Hector's gore: 190

A second time, when both alike  
have bled,

And Agamemnon speaks among  
the dead.

Call'd up by Genius in an after-  
age,

That awful spectre shook the  
Athenian stage.

From eve to morn, from morn to  
parting night,

Father and daughter stood before  
my sight.

I felt the looks they gave, the words  
they said,

And reconducted each serener  
shade.

Ever shall these to me be well-  
spent days,

Sweet fell the tears upon them,  
sweet the praise. 200

Far from the footstool of the  
tragick throne,

I am tragedian in this scene alone.  
Station the Greek and Briton side  
by side,\*

And, if derision is deserv'd, de-  
ride.

Shew me a genuine poet† of our  
times

Unwrung with strictures or un-  
gall'd with rhymes.

The strong are rowell'd, while the  
dull stand still,

And those who feed on thistles  
feed their fill.

On our wide downs there have  
been, and there are,

Such as indignant Justice should  
not spare. 210

Under my wrist ne'er shall her  
whip be crackt

Where poet leaves a poet's fame  
intact.

When from their rocks and moun-  
tains they descend

To tear the stranger or to pluck  
the friend,

I spring between them and their  
hoped-for prey

And whoop them from the fiendish  
feast away.

Come, if you hate tame vultures, if  
you shun

The hencoop daws that never see  
the sun,

\* "Station the Greek and Briton side by side." Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel in the subject, from Eschylus and Sophocles. To this labour the whole body of Scotch critics and poets are hereby invited, and moreover to add the ornaments of translation.

† It appears to be at Edinburgh as I remember it was at Oxford. The bargemen usually made choice of some well-drest gowmsman for their attacks: scouts and servitors went *scot-free*: to quarrel with them did not answer.

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Come into purer air, where lake and  
hill

With wholesome breath the heav-  
ing bosom fill. 220

Whom seek we there? alas! we  
seek in vain

The gentle breast amid the gentle  
strain.

*Ion* may knock where Self hath  
most to do,

Knock at the freshman's in his  
first Review,

At under-secretary Stanley's too . .

*Ion* came forth, the generous,  
brave, and wise,

And tears stood tingling in un-  
wonted eyes.

The proud policeman strain'd each  
harden'd ball

Round as a fishes, lest a drop  
should fall.

The exciseman from Gravesend,  
the steamer's clerk, 230

The usurer, the benchor, cried out  
"Hark!"

Dundas had fear'd his brazen brow  
might melt,

Pitt almost fainted, Melbourne  
almost felt . .

Amid the mighty storm that  
swell'd around,

Wordsworth was calm, and bravely  
stood his ground.

No more on daisies and on pilewort  
fed,

By weary Duddon's ever tumbled  
bed,

The Grasmere cuckoo leaves those  
sylvan scenes,

And, perchd on shovel hats and  
dandy deans,

And prickt with spicy cheer, at  
Philpot's nod 240

Devoutly fathers Slaughter upon  
God.

Might we not wish some wiser seer  
had said

Where lurks the mother of that  
hopeful maid?

Now Wordsworth! lest we never  
meet again,

Write, on the prose-side tablet of  
thy brain,

A worldly counsel to a worldly  
mind,

And grow less captious if thou  
grow less kind.

Leave Moore, sad torturer of the  
virgin breast,

One lyre for beauty, one for the  
oppress:

Leave Campbell Wyoming's de-  
serted farms 250

And Hohenlinden's trumpet-  
tongued alarms.

Permit us to be pleas'd, or even to  
please,

And try at other strains than such  
as these . . .

"I do assert it boldly, 'tis a  
shame

"To honor Dryden with a poet's  
name.

"What in the name of goodness  
can we hope

"When criticks praise the tinkling  
tin of Pope?

"They are, no doubt, exceedingly  
good men,

"Pity, they flirt so flippant with  
the pen!

"In Scott there is, we must admit,  
one line 260

"Far better than the rest, and  
almost fine.

223 *Ion*. [Talfourd's tragedy. Landor, Wordsworth, and Crabb Robinson saw the first performance at Covent Garden, May 26, 1836. See notes at end of volume. W.]

241 Devoutly . . . Slaughter]. See Wordsworth's *Ode on Waterloo*—"Yes, Carnage is thy daughter". [W.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

"Hear what I wrote upon the  
subject! now!

"This is the way to write, you will  
allow.

"As for your Germans, petty pis-  
mire hosts,

"Nathans, Iphigeneias, Meisters,  
Fausts,

"Any two stanzas here are worth  
'em all . .

"So let your Privy Council give  
the wall.

"Göethe may be a baron or a graf,

"Call him a poet, and you make  
me laugh:

"Either my judgement is entirely  
lost or 270

"Never was there so cursed an  
impostor."\*

Peace to the soother of Orestes! peace  
To the first Spirit that awoke on  
Greece!

Spare even Byron, who spared none  
himself,

And lay him gently on the lady's  
shelf.

Ah surely 'tis enough if Lamartine  
Sticks his crisp winter-cabbage  
ever-green

To those gilt bays! and Chateau-  
briant's sand,†

Hot, sterile, gusty, sweeps that  
slimy land;

The land of squashy fruits, in  
puddles set, 280

The land of poppies and of minion-  
ette,

But massier things and loftier here  
and there

Surprise us . . losing base and point  
in air.

Tho' Southey's poetry to thee  
should seem

Not worth five shillings (such thy  
phrase) the ream,

Courage! good wary Wordsworth!  
and disburse

The whole amount from that  
prudential purse.

Here, take my word, 'tis neither  
shame nor sin

To venture boldly, all thy own  
thrown in,

With purest incense to the Eternal  
Mind 290

That spacious urn, his heart, lights  
half mankind.

Batter it, bruize it, blacken it at  
will,

It hath its weight and precious  
substance still.

We, who love order, yield our  
betters place

With duteous zeal, and, if we can,  
with grace.

Roderick, Kehama, Thalaba, be-  
long

To mightier movers of majestick  
song.

To such as these we give, by just  
controul,

Not our five shillings, but our  
heart and soul.

\* "*Impostor*" was the expression.

Two thousand years and more had elapsed, and nothing like the pure Grecian had appeared in the world until the *Iphigeneia* of Goethe, excepting a few verses of Catullus and Horace. We English had indeed somewhat more than an equivalent in Shakspeare and Milton; the Italians in Dante but the *Iphigeneia* is fairly worth all the poetry of the Continent since the *Divina Commedia*.

† "*Chateaubriant's sand*."—Whenever we enter into another treaty with France, let a clause be inserted against the reduction of English poetry to French. Our occasional laugh, however hearty, is a poor compensation to the unhappy poets in *hot water*.

The most racy of the French is now living in the midst of them, Beranger: otherwise, for purity, simplicity, and pathos, they must turn over two whole centuries, full of mummies in periwigs, distortions, and distillations.



## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Try what it is to pierce the mails  
of men 300  
In their proud moods . . kings,  
patriots, heroes . . then  
Back wilt thou run as if on Kal-  
garth-flat  
A shower had caught thee in thy  
Sunday hat.  
Are there no duodecimos of mind  
Stitcht to tear up? wherein 'tis  
hard to find  
One happy fancy, one affection  
kind.  
Why every author on thy hearth-  
stone burn?  
Why every neighbour twitcht and  
shov'd in turn?  
Rather than thus eternally cry  
*hang 'em,*  
I'd almost praise the workmanship  
of Wrangham. 310  
But, O true poet of the country!  
why  
With goatskin glove an ancient  
friend defy?  
Should Gifford lead thee? should  
Matthias? they  
Were only fit to flap the flies away,  
Leave 'em their night, for they  
have had their day.  
What would they give to drive a  
Collins wild,  
Or taunt a Spenser on his burning  
child!  
What would they give to drag a  
Milton back  
From heaven, or cord a Shakspeare  
to the rack.  
These, and their corporal Canning,  
are forgotten, 320

Since fruits soon perish when the  
core is rotten.  
Throw, throw the marching-guinea  
back, 'tis solely  
For poets under standard highth,  
like Croly.  
Alas! to strike with little chance to  
hit  
Proves how much longer-winded  
wrath than wit.  
The frequent stroke, the plunge,  
the puffing, show  
A hapless swimmer going fast  
below.  
Verses (and thine are such) un-  
doom'd to die,  
From gentle thoughts should raise  
the willing sigh.  
If youth had starts of jealousy, let  
age 330  
Rest with composure on another's  
page.  
Take by the hand the timid, rear  
the young,  
Shun the malignant, and respect  
the strong.  
Censure's coarse bar, corroded,  
crusts away,  
And the unwasted captive starts  
on day.  
Another date hath Praise's golden  
key,  
With that alone men reach  
Eternity.  
He who hath lent it, tho' awhile  
he wait,  
Yet Genius shall restore it at the  
gate.  
Think timely, for our coming years  
are few, 340

302 Calgarth-flat] Calgarth on Lake Windermere. Bishop R. Watson dated his answer to Tom Paine from Calgarth Park where he had built his house. See *Windermere: a Poem* by Joseph Budworth, 1793:

In Calgarth's groves, in undisturbed retreat,  
Learning and contemplation hold their seat. [W.]

310 Wrangham] *sc.* Rev. Francis Wrangham, *ob.* 1842, author of *The British Plutarch*. [W.] 323 Croly] Rev. George Croly, *ob.* 1800, author of *Salathiel, &c.*, wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* from its commencement. [W.]

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

Their worst diseases mortals may  
subdue;

Which, if they grow around the  
loftier mind,

Death, when ourselves are gathered,  
leaves behind.

Our frowardness, our malice, our  
distrust,

Cling to our name and sink not  
with our dust.

Like prince and pauper in our  
flesh and blood,

Perish like them we cannot, if we  
wou'd.

Is not our sofa softer when one  
end

Sinks to the welcome pressure of  
a friend?

If he hath rais'd us in our low  
estate, 350

Are we not happier when they call  
him great?

Some who sate round us while the  
grass was green

Fear the chill air and quit the  
duller scene:

Some, unreturning, thro' our doors  
have past,

And haply we may live to see the  
last.

END.

# EARLY POEMS

## THE POEMS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in 1795.]

### PREFACE

LITTLE will be said in the preface but what immediately concerns the poems. Of these, the first is the \**"Birth of Poesy"*. It was designed to contain five cantos, and to comprehend the dramatic writers of Greece.

The *"Apology for Satire"*, which succeeds, was written about a year ago. It commemorates actions the most wicked that have ever disgraced human nature; actions which, far from being of a temporary moment, will consign to eternal infamy their authors and supporters.

The next in this volume is *"Pyramus and Thisbe"*. The principles of it were taken from Ovid, but it is considerably altered in the plan.

The last, to be noticed, is an *"Epistle from Abelard to Eloise"*. The author, here, must necessarily labor under many disadvantages. The very title calls to recollection that excellent epistle by Pope, which might have been better had it suffered a few retrenchments, but which, still, is unrivalled in the smaller provinces of Poetry. Without pretending to equal what he commends, the Author pauses over its beauties, and humbly pleads for candor. Relinquishing, altogether, the paths pursued by predecessors in this department—forbidding himself to enjoy, in common with them, the first ideas which arise from the subject—and turning away, however reluctantly, from the beautiful sketches delineated by the lover of Eloise—he contents himself not with what has been already *said*, but simply with what *might have been*.

The passions of Abelard once were violent, those of Eloise irresistible: but *his* had been long allayed; *hers* for that very reason had increased. Innumerable troubles of a different nature had counteracted or diverted *his*; she had no other anxieties: her love and her grief were derived from him; separation only enlarged them, and confinement doubled their violence. The letters of Eloise contain more of dissatisfied love, and inconsolable passion; those of Abelard more of unavailing grief and tedious anxiety. One cannot be at a loss to conjecture which of these affords the most copious theme, nor can one doubt but Pope, had he thought that a Reply from Abelard could admit an equal share of poetry, would have eagerly embraced the subject. His *"Eloise"* received so much encouragement, that nothing but obstacles almost invincible, could have deterred him from exerting himself on the present occasion.

\* Last year, a copy of this was intended for the benefit of a distressed Clergyman; for this purpose it was sent to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle. It was not, however, printed. It has, since, received many corrections. [L.]

## EARLY POEMS

But the Author is aware that this may be a reason for having failed in, rather than the least apology for having attempted so difficult a task. Suffice it, therefore, to observe that this "Epistle" may be dated from St. Ruis. Here it happened that poison was mixed for Abelard even in the consecrated wine. A dish was placed before him, at dinner, of which another person tasted and immediately expired. The scene of this has been altered, for the sake of giving an air of dignity to that horrible event.

After the Epistle are some little original pieces, and some Imitations from Catullus. A few Latin verses have, also, been subjoined. It was intended to have added more of these; but only the *shortest* of them are published, together with a cursory vindication of Latin poetry. Some of the latter pieces have been addressed to friends: their names, however, are not mentioned—for it remains with the Public to decide whether the materials are durable or splendid enough to enclose very valuable characters.

It may not be amiss to observe that the present volume is divided into three books: the first contains what have already been mentioned, and a few others—chiefly odes: the second, lighter pieces and notes: the third, Latin: Hendecasyllabi, &c.

### BOOK I

#### BIRTH OF POESY

##### CANTO I

HASTE, heavenly Muse! to whom these arts belong, To trace the sources of eternal song. Say first, Omniscient! say what genial clime Bore beauteous Poesy; what happy time? Mid reeds umbrageous lay the babe conceal'd Where Nilus deluges the thirsty field? From caves invisible whose waters bring A golden harvest to the lap of Spring— Or lay she foster'd near where Indus laves His rocks of adamant with dusky waves: Cool'd by whose breeze the glad- den'd Negro roves	Thro' wide savannahs form'd in palmy groves? Perplexing Doubt, with hazy veil denies The glorious retrospect to mortal eyes: Or, clad in varied, dazzling, thin, attire, Fiction persuades, then checks, our vain desire.  Some, fondly following her aerial flight, Have dared to penetrate the realms of Night: Sublimely borne on Dream's de- lusive wing Have heard the angels chaunt around their king; View'd their light hand fly o'er the golden chord
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ll. 1-8, 15-16 [see notes at end of the volume].

## EARLY POEMS

<p>             Trembling, symphonious to th'              Almighty word;              View'd 'neath their feet immortal              sunbeams play,              Immortal sunbeams their fine              forms array;              Flowers ever-blooming, far as              vision spread,              Strew their soft seat, and veil their              lovely head.              Sweetly fallacious! Man's untutor'd              voice              Made first the Deity its grateful              choice:              Tho' some relate that birds, and              rills, and trees              Waving with whispers to the gentle              Breeze, <span style="float: right;">30</span>              First taught his imitative voice to              try              Harmonious sounds, and raise              them to the sky.              Yes! <i>then</i> to God the reasoning              being rais'd              The strain divine, and wonder'd as              he prais'd.              By bounteous rivers, mid his flocks              reclin'd,              He heard the reed that rustled in              the wind.              Then, leaning onward, negligently              tore              The slender stem from off the              fringed shore.              With mimic breath the whisper              soft assay'd—              When, lo! the yielding reed his              mimic breath obey'd. <span style="float: right;">40</span>              'Twas hence, ere long, the pleasing              power he found              Of noted numbers and of certain              sound.              Each morn and eve their fine effect              he tried,              Each morn and eve he blest the              river's reedy side.         </p>	<p>             There, ages after, rival youths              combin'd              The simple pastoral—to calm the              mind              When Sol and Sirius dart their              hateful fire              On fainting herbs; and fill with              fierce desire              Whatever cleaves the wave, or              flies, or treads              The barren mountain, and the              beauteous meads. <span style="float: right;">50</span>              Then would they, seated on the              grassy sod,              Extol the kindness of a parent              God.              Now, to relieve their amebian              tales,              The pipe resounds among the echo-              ing vales:              Now, while it pauses, lo! some Sage              affords              Divine morality in mystic words.              The twinkling radiance of un-              number'd stars,              Primeval chaos, elemental wars—              Were each the theme: how while              th' Almighty said              "Let there be light," the cheerful              light obeyed. <span style="float: right;">60</span>              While massy matter rugged atoms              urge,              Streams fill each vast abyss and              form the foaming surge.              All else completed God at length              began              The lovely fabric of immortal              Man.              High, above all, his master-piece              he placed,              Pure image of himself, with youth              and glory graced.              Erect on earth, uplift, O Man!              thine eye,              And view and thank thy Maker in              the sky.         </p>
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[*ll.* 35–44 were quoted by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, i. 38.]

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

In flowery fields, unbounded,  
 Adam trod,  
 Where all was pleasure, for in all  
 was God. 70  
 When Sleep descended first, and  
 placid Rest  
 In balmy mantle hover'd o'er his  
 breast,  
 The Dreams around his soothed  
 senses flew  
 In scenes more lovely than till *now*  
 he knew.  
 A form like his, but fairer far, he  
 spied—  
 Too kind to vanish and too bright  
 to hide:  
 She breathes ambrosial; and her  
 locks of gold  
 Gales, airy-finger'd, negligently  
 hold.  
 Around her balsam - breathing  
 florets scent  
 The paths of Pleasure, Virtue, and  
 Content. 80  
 While this the Angels from their  
 Lord impart,  
 Love, yet unblinded, flutters round  
 his heart.  
 With soothing melody his wings  
 resound,  
 And calm the anguish of each play-  
 ful wound.

Now Morn from urns of crystal  
 sprinkled dew,  
 Now heaven-born Sleep, and  
 Dreams attendant, flew:  
 Now from his leafy couch as-  
 tonish'd rose  
 The blissful Man, and saw his  
 blooming spouse.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy  
 they

Who thus in rapture pass the fleet-  
 ing day. 90

His arm encircled, now, her  
 polish'd waist,  
 Hers, mantling higher, his glowing  
 neck embraced.  
 With lively violence new tremors  
 seize  
 Their leaping sinews and unsteady  
 knees.  
 Their weight combined each blush-  
 ing flower receives  
 And tender shrubs entangle them  
 in leaves.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy  
 they  
 Who thus in rapture pass the  
 fleeting day.

When now, at length, delighted  
 Man arose  
 Strait and elated as the poplar  
 grows: 100  
 Still proud and ardent as th'  
 Arabian horse  
 Now now exulting in his future  
 course:  
 Strong as a lion\* on the mountain  
 born,  
 Free as the air and fresh as  
 Nature's morn.

Lo! the Creator from his throne  
 descends!  
 Lo! 'neath his feet the azure welkin  
 bends.  
 Each darker cloud at his approach  
 recedes  
 With conscious haste—and nought  
 the view impedes  
 When, now, he visits first the new-  
 form'd earth,

\* "Ὡς τε Λέων ὀρεαίτροφος [Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. 130] is the expression of some Greek poet, I believe of Homer. Naturalists very justly observe that animals which inhabit *mountains* have more strength and activity than those of the same species in a plain country. The same is equally applicable to men. A Swiss is more so than a Dutchman, &c. [L.]

## EARLY POEMS

All beings hail the Author of their  
birth. 110

But first the gratitude of happier  
Man

Aloud adoring him his praise be-  
gan.

Father of all the bounteous world  
contains—

Sonorous rivers, and extended  
plains;

Of founts that trickle down the  
mossy hills,

Descending softly in divided rills;  
Of winged warblers in the lofty

groves  
Who chaunt to thee their animated  
loves;

Shall I, more favor'd and more  
great than they,

Conceal the gratitude that others  
pay! 120

Pleas'd with the words which  
willing Adam spoke,

The mighty Lord his awful silence  
broke.

"Thine, Adam! thine be never-  
fading life,

The world's dominion, and a tender  
wife:

With due obedience equal thanks  
combine,

Then, too, eternal happiness be  
thine.

Each herb, each plant, each animal  
that treads

The gloomy forest, crops the  
flowery meads;

And those that swim beneath, and  
those that fly

Along the surface of a boundless  
sky— 130

All, all be thine: their uses will I  
tell,

And thou shalt name them in yon  
shady dell.

But first attend to what thy Lord  
shall say,

In silence hear, and willingly obey.  
Remote from others stands one

sacred tree;

Of bitter fruit, but beautiful to see.

Death on each blossom sheds the  
mist of Pain:

Death marks it for his own: then,  
fear it, and refrain.

On this thy total happiness de-  
pends,

With this it flourishes, with this it  
ends." 140

Thus spake the God: obedient  
Adam heard

The voice divine, but answer'd not  
a word.

Confused, astonished, at the high  
commands

He bowed his head, then rais'd to  
heaven his hands.

O peaceful Shepherdesses! happy  
they

Who thus in silence hear, thus  
willingly obey.

But ah! twice only rosy Morn  
appear'd

Ere, mid the grass, his head a  
serpent rear'd.

Lo! on his crest the sparkling  
colors glow

That streak th' autumnal sky, or  
showery bow. 150

The florets round him, tho' they  
seem to fade,

Yet lend the lightning scene a  
milder shade.

His varied panoply frail Woman  
sees,

Yet less his colors than persuasions  
please.

"Dear to my soul! how lovely to  
behold

ll. 137-8 [Imitated from Ovid. See notes at end of the volume.]

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

That blooming apple's vegetable  
gold.

In vain thou livest on ambrosial  
food,

In vain regalest where these flowers  
are strew'd.

Believe me, Charmer! since I well  
have known

Those globes exuberant are not  
vainly shown. 160

To make thee happier, Eve! they  
here are placed;

And canst thou view, yet never  
wish to taste?"

How little thought she *then* at  
what a price

She heard, and ah! obey'd—this  
voluble advice.

Pleased with the luscious juice to  
Man she gave

The only pleasure she was bid to  
save.

O pleasure dearly bought with end-  
less pain!

Indulgence weak! inexpiable stain!

O peaceful Shepherdesses! woe-  
ful they

Who thus the dictates of their will  
obey. 170

The tree whose apples, glitter-  
ing thro' the shade,

With pride Euphrates in his cave  
survey'd—

Now waving mournful in the dark-  
en'd air,

Bent low its head in sorrow, in  
despair.

That youthful tree, so early  
widow'd, pines;

That lofty head its vernal pride  
resigns.

Thou! to whom Pleasure leads  
the laughing Hours,

Whose path she smoothen, and  
bestrews with flow'rs:

O Man! thus quickly fades thy  
blooming prime,

Thus drooping bends it o'er the  
stream of Time. 180

Athwart the shady grove swift  
lightning flies,

And thunder rattles from the low'r-  
ing skies.

In place of Pleasure ghastly Fear  
descends;

Convulsion dire Earth's feeble  
fabric rends:

Black clouds of smoke the cerule  
surface hide,

And on the wings of Winds lament-  
ing Angels ride.

Who now can utter, or whose heart  
conceive,

With pangs how strong our hap-  
less parents grieve.

My voice, unable such distress to  
name,

Echoes but faintly the report of  
fame. 190

Lo! now the vallies sink, the moun-  
tains nod,

Revolving spheres proclaim th'  
approaching God.

Before him Anger's fiery eye-balls  
glare,

And Terror rolls along the thun-  
dering car.

Vindictive Angels wave a flaming  
sword:

Then, thus resounds the soul-  
appalling word.

"Fly from the mansions of eternal  
peace:

Fly—death be thine, and all thy  
pleasure cease.

What ills, O Woman, hast thou  
brought on earth!

Hence, woe thy portion and afflic-  
tive birth. 200

Each child, the fruit of thy prolific  
womb,



## EARLY POEMS

Shall soon inherit, hence, the narrow tomb."

He spake: and Eve, unknowing where she flew,  
Far from the presence of her God withdrew.

Amid the flow'rs she flies: the flow'rs refuse

To soothe her anguish with their healing dews.

Each fragrant beauty fails to entertain;

A trifling loss! yet adds to female pain.

Now, bashful Modesty no more her guide,

She fell, she wept, her shame she could not hide. 210

But when the sun had shot his parting ray

Unhappy Adam pointed out the way.

No river, there, majestically flow'd,  
Nor yet resembled aught their late abode.

For mossy bowers, and undulating rills,

Plains long-extended lay, and lofty hills.

Their eyes reverting oft, they slowly went,

Hand claspt in hand, to wander and repent.

Thus early shepherds, amebear, sung

The pleasing lesson to the pliant young. 220

Nor were they negligent the voice to raise,

Loud and symphonious, in their Maker's praise.

But why, my soul! should restless Mortal feign

Each joy existed in a former reign;  
Deem all simplicity in former times,

*His own*, a series of unequal'd crimes;

With tortur'd industry new grievance frame,

And strike his burning breast, and thus exclaim—

"No little Tyrant thro' the peaceful land

Once, blew the trumpet of unjust command: 230

Thro' the green glebe no scythed chariot wheel'd,

No stone divided the unfailing field.  
For cruel Luxury no heifer died,

But herbs and honey guiltless want supplied.

No levees *then* would conscious Man await,

Nor Disappointment linger at the gate.

Worth, well-rewarded, never knew Complaint,

Nor Envy dared to scowl, nor Flattery to paint."

Weak Wretch! from Tyranny these ills arose;

Complain no more, but remedy thy woes. 240

Go, seize the sword, undaunted, and restore

Those blessings and those rights whose absence ye deplore.

Hast thou not known that Luxury and Pride

In gorgeous halls with Despotism abide:

That steadfast Liberty and Virtue dwell,

In prudent Temperance's hoary cell?

Wretch! from thy weakness was their early fall:

But rise—in pity they will hear thy call—

While I their reign in painful wand'rings trace,

*ll. 207, 208 [see notes at end of the volume].*

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

Their reign how short! now endless  
our disgrace. 250

Once, for our peace, their balmy  
wings they spread

O'er the wide globe; but saw, and  
wept, and fled

Less pleasing ages in their turn  
succeed,

When Man was captur'd, Man was  
doom'd to bleed.

The mad'ning Victor strains of  
glory sought;

Honor was forfeited, and praise  
was bought.

Elate with triumph thus the chief  
requires,

The various melody of captive  
lyres:

"Sing, O ye minstrels! as I now  
command,

The songs delightful to your native  
land, 260

To God sublimely hymns of praises  
sing,

Or tune your voices to your lord  
and king."

Methinks I hear a noble bard  
reply,

While scornful anger flashes from  
his eye—

"O harp! be mute: shall I repeat  
the strains

That sweetly sounded on my native  
plains!

Can I, in song, those happy scenes  
repeat

For which in vain my heart will  
ever beat!

In foreign countries can I make my  
theme

A God blasphemed, or Jordan's  
winding stream! 270

Here as I sit, immerst in bitter woe,  
For thee, O Sion, still the tear shall  
flow.

Each rill that trickles in thy  
flowery plain

With dear remembrance still aug-  
ments my pain:

Each broad-leaf fig-tree comes  
before mine eyes,

And thy fair fane and lofty walls  
arise.

Shall I the dictates of a Chief  
obey

In triumph proud, and absolute in  
sway?

Forbid it, God! if ever I forget  
Thy holy shrine—or think without

regret— 280

No more may music warble from  
my tongue,

No more the harp assist my falter-  
ing song."

Thus boldly vow'd the Solymean  
chief,

Unaw'd by tyrants, unopprest by  
grief—

When, vainly-boasting, Babylon  
beheld

Her sons victorious and her foes  
repel'd.

But was it *thus* that Vanity began,  
Ere mild Content bow'd down from  
Heaven to Man.

No—it was she who soothed the  
human breast,

Banish'd each care, each empty  
wish repress. 290

Content! how happy they who  
know thy pow'r,

And daily meet thee in thy mossy  
bow'r.

No strife is theirs, no obloquy, no  
shame,

No disappointment, for they little  
claim.

But welcome Sleep with evening  
shades descends;

And no man envies them, if none  
befriends.

Charm'd by thy placid mien, the  
Passions cease,

## EARLY POEMS

And Life and Death go hand in  
hand with Peace.  
Serene, and quiet as descending dews,  
Thy lenient influence leads the  
lovely Muse: 300  
The Muse, like thee, to silent fields  
resorts,  
But flies abasht from princes and  
from courts.  
Tho' Man, deceived by Folly's  
dazzling blaze,  
Oft from thy path, complaining  
rashly, strays;  
Yet, since the World's immortal  
fabric rose,  
Equal has hung the scale of bliss  
and woes.  
But should a Nation Virtue's laws  
offend,  
Her violent Anarchy and Discord  
rend:  
With deep regret she sighs while  
Pity pours  
On lands adjoining unexhausted  
stores: 310  
Her purple vines remorseless war-  
riors spoil,  
Enjoy the produce, and inflict the  
toil.  
Among her crops deceitful Ceres  
rears  
Resplendent bucklers and resistless  
spears—  
The guiltless wives in captive woe  
bemoan  
Their tender infants dash'd against  
a stone.  
No sweet Astyanax a warrior  
charms,  
Nor moves by weeping, nor by  
smiles disarms.  
Methinks I view him, looking  
down, deride  
Its hopeful name, its fondling  
parents' pride; 320

Its weeping city's mingled tears  
and sighs,  
Its father's helpless corse, its  
mother's piercing cries.  
But O forbear, indignant, to en-  
quire  
Why Vengeance scatters, thus,  
promiscuous ire.  
Her flaming torches round each  
victim fly,  
And mortals, innocent with guilty,  
die.  
Let me unquestion'd from this  
scene depart,  
Nor pour my numbers from an  
aching heart.  
The Muse, spontaneous, to a region  
goes  
Whose mountains sparkle with  
perennial snows. 330  
Where yellow Heber rolls his rapid  
stream,  
Orpheus! thy fate to pity tunes my  
theme.  
Thy youthful songs could charm  
the Thracian woods,  
Could stay the rushing of a thou-  
sand floods.  
Before thy feet her young the tiger  
bore  
And fiercest lions there forgot to  
roar.  
When from thy pipe mellifluous  
numbers flow'd,  
Each Muse admir'd the strain her-  
self bestow'd.  
Thus, on the bank of rock-  
encircled Dove,  
Where nimble Fairies in the moon-  
shine rove, 340  
Or, mid the silence of their sparry  
cells,  
Mix cruel herbs, and mutter mighty  
spells—

339 Dove [The river Dove flows past Ashbourne, where Landor, after leaving Rugby, had spent two years under the tutelage of the Vicar, "good old fatherly Langley". W.]

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

Oft have I heard, ere now, a shepherd boy  
Sing loud; then listen with attentive joy—  
While Echo's faithful voice returns the sound,  
And kindly softens what more harsh she found.

O! could, like her, the voice of Fame afford,  
Orpheus! thy songs whose silence is deplor'd!  
In vain we now look back: each tender moan  
Past ages hide; and Harmony is gone. 350  
Yet, tho' of thine I hear no youthful strains,  
I still behold thee on thy native plains.  
Thee the fond Muses with ambrosia feed,  
And steep in honey thine enchanting reed.  
Around Eurydice her flocks at play  
Ramble and frolic, in the close of day.  
Unconscious flocks! *her* gloomy Dis awaits,  
*Her* the dire powers, th' inexorable Fates.  
While thus around her innocent ye bleat,  
And herbs and flowers in plenty hide your feet; 360  
She little thinks the faithless florets hide  
The sting of Death, that must their loves divide.  
Unhappy Pair! if aught my verse avail,  
Each eye with pity shall attend the tale:  
Each anxious lover beat his heaving breast

And change for sympathy the sweets of rest.  
Oft as in pleasing solitude he strays,  
Where waves or woods extend their murmuring maze—  
The scenes, distinctly, of your woe shall rise,  
Your tears, once more, flow trembling from his eyes. 370

Orpheus! thy dirge begins: the rolling spheres  
Tune not so sweetly to celestial ears;  
Feign'd, as they are, to run an endless round  
In ether pure, mid floods of liquid sound.  
On brazen hinges ope Hell's groaning doors  
Vast; and stern Dis Eurydice restores.  
Now lovelier far than first when virgins led  
Her trembling form to bless thy nuptial bed.  
Her polish'd neck thine arms spontaneous clasp  
With wild emotion, with insatiate grasp: 380  
Thrice, to embrace her, blinded fondness flew,  
Thrice, far away, the silent shade withdrew.  
Yet, hurried helpless from her lover's sight,  
"Adieu, she sighed, adieu; I sink in endless night."  
Then, held to thee—no more to circle thine—  
Down the dim vault her listless arms decline.  
Again their torments the Infernal feel,  
Again, for ever, whirls the giddy wheel.

## EARLY POEMS

But what to thine is now Ixion's  
 pain,  
 Or his whom vultures gnaw, and  
 Furies chain! 390  
 Despair now racks—what Hope so  
 late possest—  
 The tender fibres of thy love-lorn  
 breast.  
 Thee to my sight the weeping Muse  
 presents  
 While once again the God of Hell  
 relents:  
 But they, whose high behests to  
 Man are hid,  
 His pity check, and his resolves  
 forbid.  
 Now hollow murmurs, undissem-  
 bled sighs,  
 Thro' the black concave for thy  
 woe arise.  
 The Ghosts not only, but the  
 Furies moan,  
 All Hell, so silent late, breathes  
 forth a dismal groan. 400  
 As when the Summer paints the  
 laughing plains,  
 Soft breezes sigh, and dews descend  
 for rains:  
 Translucent rivers o'er the pebbles  
 play,  
 And kiss the flowery margin on  
 their way;  
 And linger, anxious of a short  
 reprieve,  
 Amid the beauties they are doom'd  
 to leave.  
 But when fierce Winter vexes them  
 with cold,  
 Nor banks nor dams the violent  
 surge can hold:  
 The fearful Shepherd, at a distance,  
 sees  
 His flooded folds and insulated  
 trees: 410  
 His flocks, in haste, their wonted  
 vallies fly,  
 Or in the waters overwhelmed die.

'Twas thus, O Orpheus! thus thy  
 fury rose  
 Impetuous, flowing from unnum-  
 ber'd woes.  
 When pray'r, nor pity, melody, nor  
 love,  
 The cruel Destinies' decree could  
 move  
 Oft has the tender-hearted Naiad  
 seen  
 Thy steps imprinted on the lonely  
 green.  
 Oft have the Dryads, oft the Muses,  
 heard  
 Thy sighs for sever'd love, and  
 pray'rs in pain prefer'd: 420  
 Whether on passing gales thy  
 words have flown  
 To Heber, echoing back the tuneful  
 moan;  
 Or sedge-girt Strymon, sought by  
 brooding cranes,  
 Linger'd to hear thee on his lifeless  
 plains.  
 Thy soul admitted, now, no second  
 flame  
 To dissipate thy cares, and animate  
 thy frame.  
 When sweet Eurydice had left thy  
 breast,  
 Religious awe some God unknown  
 imprest.  
 Before his shrine thy reverend form  
 appears,  
 Tho' bent by sorrows, not infirm  
 by years. 430  
 Blithe youths, with myrtle and  
 with roses crown'd,  
 Mid virgins pure imbibe the sacred  
 sound.  
 There while the beam of vernal  
 beauty glows,  
 The heart more warm expands,  
 more rich the music flows.  
 The Prophet, most, to one ad-  
 vanced in youth  
 Address the tenor of th' eternal truth.

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO I

He told what holy inspirations  
teach,  
And soft Persuasion toned his  
hallow'd speech.

"This to the Just I sing: the bad  
debar:

Attend, bright offspring of the  
morning-star! 44°

Attend Museus! hear a heavenly  
lay

Unheard before, and notice what  
I say.

Soar beyond mortal view, while I  
impart

The grand conception to thy reason-  
ing heart:

Truth undissembled here behold  
unfurl'd;

Behold the mighty Monarch of the  
World.

Self-born is he alone: his plastic  
hand

Created all: all live by his com-  
mand.

No mortal eye can see, no mind  
conceive,

The God of Nature whence we  
breathe and live. 45°

'Tis he alone who good derives  
from ill;

Bliss, sorrow, peace, and war,  
hang solely on his will.

Him might you know, before on  
earth he came

Void of a form, but clad in lambent  
flame.

Him, O my son! his vestiges  
declare,

Tho' high he sit, invisible in air.

'Twixt God and Man ten orbits  
intervene,

Yet one, one only, hath his visage  
seen:

One of Chaldea, from an ancient  
race,

Who knew the planets, knew their  
name and place. 46°

How all the system moves around  
the poles,

And how the sphere upon its axis  
rolls.

God rules the tide, and winds  
that beat the skies;

So pure, with him no purest ether  
vies.

O'er all creation he commands  
alone,

The world his footstool, and the  
sky his throne.

Beyond the bounds of matter he  
extends

His powerful arm, where Nature's  
empire ends.

Within his hand the lofty moun-  
tains nod,

Conscious and fearful of a present  
God. 47°

Thus the Chaldean graved, by  
Heav'n's command,

On two stone-tablets for his native  
land.

All further argument we may not  
seek—

My limbs! my soul! ye fail me  
while I speak.

But, O Museus! O my son! forbear  
To utter *this*: be silent, and revere."

Thus Orpheus sang, when Time  
and pining Care

Spread their white mantle o'er his  
golden hair.

The Gods around him from their  
marble smile,

And sacred silence reigns through-  
out the aisle. 48°

But him from cruel death, and  
watery grave,

Nor birth divine, nor Harmony  
could save.

ll. 439 ff. [The Palinodia of Orpheus. See notes at end of the volume].

ll. 457 ff. [see notes at end of the volume].

## EARLY POEMS

No mutual love he knew! yet,  
*Thracian* rage  
 In femalebreasts could Orpheus not  
 assuage?  
 Could not *his* voice—who staid a  
 river's course—  
 Who charm'd th' *Inferna*ls—tem-  
 per *female* force?  
 Ah no! his end the *Destinies*  
 decreed:  
 The Muses were to weep, and  
 Orpheus was to bleed.

END OF CANTO I

### CANTO II

STILL was the night: the ill-por-  
 tending Bear  
 And earlier Lion cast a savage  
 glare.  
 By murmuring Heber pensive  
 Orpheus stood,  
 And now the sky survey'd, and now  
 the flood.

This is the hour when hinds  
 returning home  
 With eager joy revolve their bliss  
 to come.  
 The youthful wife with unaffected  
 charms,  
 The children running with up-  
 lifted arms;  
 Each little rival fearful lest he miss  
 Till early morning the parental  
 kiss. 10  
 This is the hour that such a light  
 allows  
 As lovers wish the witness of their  
 vows.  
 Such light, unfortunate *Circassia*!  
 leads  
 Thy blooming daughters to seques-  
 ter'd meads  
 Which verdant palms surround;  
 and orange groves  
 Admit the Moon alone to peep upon  
 their loves.

But not thus blest the *Thracian*  
 scene remain'd,  
 Where long, till now, an equal  
 Silence reign'd.  
 Now, indistinctly, nearer murmurs  
 creep  
 Along the dimples of the placid  
 deep. 20  
 Now louder cries heav'n's azure  
 surface rend—  
 And lo! fierce female fiends the  
 hills around descend.  
 Had I—all sweet as his—a thou-  
 sand tongues,  
 An iron heart—like theirs—and  
 brazen lungs;  
 In equal numbers I could ne'er  
 relate  
*Their* brutal rage, *his* undeserved  
 fate.  
 His breast inspir'd the shameless  
 murderers bare  
 With flinty lances, and his limbs  
 they tear.  
 His streaming gore, each female  
 hand imbues,  
 Nor fears the vengeance of a parent  
 Muse. 30  
 In the clear waves his peerless lyre  
 they throw;  
 The clear waves sweep the strings,  
 and warble as they flow.  
 The Gods, observant from the  
 starry sky,  
 Bid fiercest Famine o'er the *Thra-*  
*cians* fly.  
 Beside his lyre, in woe, *Amphion*  
 sate,  
 Alike in fame but happier far in fate:  
 Bold heroes, too, the theme of  
 every song,  
 Seized their broad faulchions to  
 avenge his wrong.  
 While they, enraged, attest the  
 ghastly sight,  
 Apollo, mournful, hid his golden  
 light. 40

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

Aurora, hast'ning to here eastern gate,  
 Wept less for Memnon's than for  
 Orpheus' fate.  
 The tears that trickled from her  
 lucid eye  
 Swift on the wing of purple Zephyrs  
 fly:  
 These they, obedient, scatter o'er  
 the lawn,  
 Or sprinkle gently mid the waving  
 corn,  
 In vain! On Ceres traces Famine  
 treads,  
 Aloud she shrieks, and wide her  
 wing she spreads.  
 Fierce Desolation, with a flaming  
 sword,  
 Consumes the fields of each Cico-  
 nian lord. 50  
 No fruit luxurious for their banquet  
 grows,  
 No wine, to cheer them, sparkles as  
 it flows:  
 But all the Furies of accurst  
 Disease  
 Their aged sires and tender children  
 seize.  
 The birds remember not their  
 liquid lay  
 Nor loves, but pine upon the silent  
 spray.  
 Powerful no more the raging pest  
 to curb,  
 With noxious vapor fades each  
 healing herb.  
 The Shepherds, seated near their  
 wonted streams,  
 Eye the fierce sun, and sicken at  
 his beams. 60  
 There while they sigh, unsatisfied!  
 for breath,  
 Each gasp is anguish, but each gale  
 is death.  
 His native town while *one*, for  
 umbrage, flies  
 Mid purer Zephyrs and less angry  
 skies:

A pale desponding Countryman he  
 meets,  
 Who seeks protection in the mourn-  
 ing streets;  
 Flies from the sick'ning fold and  
 gloomy grot,  
 To change his desert his unpitied lot;  
 Deems none can suffer, none but  
*he* can know,  
 That burning anguish that oppres-  
 sive woe; 70  
 Or hopes, unknowing why! to wit-  
 ness there  
 The social torments all are doom'd  
 to bear;  
 Then bows for mercy to th' august  
 abodes  
 Of heroes, blest in death! and  
 vengeful Gods.  
 Alas! the temples more protection  
 give  
 To those who perish than to those  
 who live:  
 Since here, in vain! for pity's sake  
 are led  
 Promiscuous join'd the dying and  
 the dead.  
 Destin'd itself, the guilty group  
 attends  
 Innocuous parents, brothers, chil-  
 dren, friends. 80  
 Ill-fated all! but doubly they! who  
 die  
 When closed around them sleeps  
 each kindred eye.

These ills awaited long the dire-  
 ful crew  
 In Orpheus' blood who dared their  
 hand imbrue.  
 But from Alcides, who with Ven-  
 geance came,  
 Reap'd with the sword what yet  
 escaped the flame.  
 Him ever kindly the coeval bard  
 Adorn'd with verse, and honor'd  
 with regard.



## EARLY POEMS

With him in Argo sail'd from  
 wond'ring Greece,  
 With him from Colchis bore the  
 golden fleece. 90  
 Mindful of this, amid their tents  
 he flew,  
 Their damsels captured, and their  
 centaurs slew.  
 Mindful of this, all dangers he  
 defied,  
 Avenged his friend, subdued his  
 foes, and died.  
 The warrior fell not in the open fight,  
 Fell not by Treachery brave alone  
 by night:  
 But wrapt in flames, on Eta's  
 craggy heath  
 The Centaur's blood avenged the  
 Centaur's death.  
 Thus, born and dying in one noble  
 age,  
 At once were mourn'd the hero and  
 the Sage. 100  
 The bones of Orpheus Naiad bands  
 collect,  
 Enwrap in flowers, and weep with  
 fond respect.  
 Yes! every Naiad, when their  
 Orpheus fell,  
 Beat her cold breast and blew her  
 winding shell.  
 No more could I the name of *each*  
 repeat  
 Than paint each herb that grew  
 beneath their feet:  
 Than count each star above, each  
 amorous wave  
 That bursts around them, murmur-  
 ing, while they lave.  
 Thoë, and Clymenè, and Ianthè,  
 twin'd  
 What florets little fear'd th'  
 autumnal wind; 110  
 The spreading arbutus, ere yet it  
 blows,  
 The hardy woodbine, and the  
 cluster-rose;

Laurustine, ivy, and each beau-  
 teous bell  
 That lurked protected in the  
 warmer dell:  
 The dusky myrtle, dew'd by many  
 a tear,  
 With matted cypress strew'd the  
 sacred bier.  
 Then, bays they gather from the  
 greenest grove  
 To form the chaplet he was wont to  
 love.  
 Last, o'er his pallid limbs they  
 softly spread  
 A glossy mantle of inwoven weed.  
 This duly done, beneath the  
 silvery moon 121  
 New rites perform they, trembling  
 dirges tune.  
 "Blest Bard! tho' elegance with  
 strength combin'd  
 To form an image of thy lofty  
 mind;  
 Yet brighter glory, in each future  
 age,  
 Will cast its radiance o'er thy spot-  
 less page.  
 A hundred languages thy name  
 shall know,  
 And pious bards in each com-  
 miserate thy woe.  
 While Heber scatters thro' the  
 Thracian plains  
 Abundant verdure to his thankful  
 swains: 130  
 While genial sunbeams bland his  
 florets tinge,  
 While vocal reeds his favor'd  
 margin fringe:  
 While trees adorn the land, or  
 stars the pole,  
 Springs gently trickle, Oceans  
 roughly roll:  
 While ebon-scepter'd Night to Day  
 succeeds,  
 Strikes dumb the birds, obscures  
 the silent meads:

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

While Poets sing, or while Im-  
mortals reign,  
Thy name with honor shall in verse  
remain."

Then thou, O Linus! o'er thy  
pupils gone  
Didst pour melodious thy funereal  
moan. 140

Within the temple's consecrate  
abodes

Thou thus appealest to the cruel  
Gods.

"Ye Gods! directing all terrene  
affairs

From pure Olympian domes, de-  
void of cares!

Lol to your shrine, opprest by  
grief I come,

From strong Alcides' and sweet  
Orpheus' tomb!

Where, heav'nly pow'rs! O where  
were *ye* when died

*My* tender care, *your* progeny and  
pride:

From thee, O Jove! the valiant  
hero sprung,

The tuneful poet from the God of  
Song. 150

Well I remember in my youthful years  
The joys they gave, now equal'd  
by my tears!

Well I remember, too, the warlike  
dance,

The sounding bow-string, and the  
quivering lance.

Thro' Time's dark mist and Sor-  
row's baneful dew,

Our friendly strife for glory still in  
view:

I view the dust around each chariot  
roll

Whose heated wheels erase the  
trembling goal.

But thee, my Orpheus! thee I hear  
rehearse

Our Argonautic deeds in deathless  
verse. 160

O cruel Muses! playing on what  
hill,

Or dancing heedless near what  
favor'd rill,

Were *ye*, O where, when Death's  
dark cloud dispread

Around your child, your Orpheus'  
hallow'd head!

Or whom now deem ye worthy to  
succeed

With beauteous lip to blow th'  
unequal reed!

For *that*, at least, in yonder grot  
remains,

Tho' mute and joyless to the  
drooping swains:

O may his lyre in Heav'n obtain a  
place

To charm the Gods, and *their*  
abodes to grace. 170

For thee, O bard! the tear shall  
duly flow,

The nymphs around thee vernal  
honors strow.

When my cold ashes shall forgotten  
lie,

And all of Linus, but the name,  
shall die—

In distant ages be it only said  
*The last regards to Orpheus he has  
paid.*

My ghost shall wander *then* from  
troubles free,

*Then* gladly fly to Hercules and  
thee.

While they who follow our pursuits  
on earth,

Shall sing, bold Hero! thy stupend-  
ous worth: 180

Thy fatal pow'r exultingly shall  
sing

O'er every monster, every lawless  
king,

Thus, thro' the vistic of ten thou-  
sand years,

If once, perchance, thy dreaded  
form appears;

## EARLY POEMS

Their impious fury stands by  
silence checkt,  
Nor palaces, nor dens, can hide  
them or protect.  
Th' Augean stable shall thy wave  
receive,  
The lord shall perish, but the herd  
shall live."

These were the words of Linus:  
and, behold!  
Soon were the deeds of great  
Alcides told; 190  
By strenuous Hesiod, when luxuri-  
ous Peace  
With Sloth, had mollified the sons  
of Greece.  
O days deplor'd! of dire domestic  
jars,  
When proud Injustice seiz'd the  
spoil of wars:  
When sleepless Avarice spread her  
eagle wings,  
And perch'd, protected, on the  
throne of Kings.  
Who—not contented, Wretches! to  
refuse  
Wealth to the bard, or honor to  
the Muse—  
From Ascrea's youth his happy  
fields estranged  
Where Labor smiled, and flocks  
uncounted ranged. 200  
One half they took: thrice foolish!  
not to know  
That half was more than all they  
could bestow:  
That haughty pride and over-  
bearance cease  
Where honest industry and arts  
increase.

l. 189 [See notes at end of the volume. W.]

\* When this was written Louis had only returned to Paris after his flight: he had not been condemned:

*χρὴν δ' εὐθὺς εἶναι τήνδε τοῖς πᾶσιν δίκην,  
δοῦς πέρα πράσσειν γὰρ τῶν νόμων θέλει,  
κτείνειν.*

Still sheds the Muse her sym-  
pathetic tear  
With Linus sorrowing o'er his  
pupil's bier.  
O! can she ever, leaving Orpheus'  
tomb  
Her wonted melody and joy  
resume.  
Or will she dare, in high Homeric  
strain,  
To sound the trump of war, and  
tread the purpled plain! 210  
Let others, bolder, happier, in their  
plan  
Unfurl the standard wide in Free-  
dom's van:  
At flying Brunswic's bloody edict  
smile  
With silence due, and only point  
to Lisle.  
Me nor the tours of Chivalry de-  
light,  
Nor trumpets eager to confound  
the fight:  
For Zeal no more this rapid pen  
confines  
Than just to picture what the Muse  
designs.  
Lo! now she frowns, severe, on  
empty state,  
\*Now weeps, O Louis! o'er thy  
hapless fate: 220  
Thence, glances back on tales that  
once were sung  
To wond'ring Greece by Homer's  
magic tongue.  
Each scene revolves, with agoniz-  
ing heart,  
Where sweet Andromachè and  
Hector part:

Sophoc. *Electra* [1505-7].  
[L.]

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO II

Beholds him follow'd by her  
streaming eyes  
Far o'er the plain, and hears her  
heartfelt sighs.

But all thy tears, Andromachè!  
how vain!  
He lies disfigur'd on Scamander's  
plain!  
He, who consoled so late thy throbbing  
breast,  
Has clos'd his eyes in everlasting  
rest. 230

O bid the damsels from their web  
return,  
To scatter flow'rs or twine them  
round his urn.  
Cypress, and cedar sweet, from Ida  
bring,  
Refreshing water from yon swelling  
spring.  
Tho' stern—Achilles will at length  
restore  
Him whom thy tears incessantly  
deplore.  
No forest-beast, or bird that skims  
the air,  
But men more fierce, his beauteous  
form shall tear,  
Tied to the Victor's car, along the  
ground  
O'er naked flints his unnerv'd arms  
shall bound: 240  
Those arms that, late, enclosed his  
only joy,  
Repuls'd the powerful, and pro-  
tected Troy.  
But, tho' the Gods, too cruel! have  
decreed  
That noble Hector should ignobly  
bleed;  
Yet shall the sunbeam, and incle-  
ment air,  
By Jove's command, his nectar'd  
body spare:  
Till soon his mother and his hoary  
sire

Shall place him perfect on the  
funeral pyre.

Methinks, for this, I witness Priam  
rise

With pious pray'r, to supplicate  
the skies; 250

Ascend with Mercury the silent car,  
Escape the guard, and lift the  
massy bar;

Then lowly falling at the hero's feet,  
There all his dangers, all his woes  
repeat;

Ilion with happier Thessaly compare,  
But Thessaly may grieve, for sires  
are also there.

At this, nor pity mingled much  
with pain,

Nor kind reproaches can the Chief  
restrain.

His struggling heart a thousand  
passions rend—

A foe subdu'd, avenged a tender  
friend. 260

This, this awhile excites a doubtful  
rage;

Nay! threatens harmless and de-  
crepit Age.

But when the Trojan tears his  
locks of snow,

He thinks on Peleus, and forgets a  
foe.

Now first the tear bedews Achilles'  
eyes,

And soothing accents bid the  
Monarch rise:

Now first relents the warlike  
haughty mind

Which tears could soften more than  
oaths could bind.

O Muses! doubt ye but Patroclus'  
shade

Forgave the broken vows his friend  
had made; 270

Forgot from Hector's eye how  
vengeance shone,

Nor in the prostrate sire beheld the  
vaunting son.

## EARLY POEMS

But wipe away the tear, 'tis time  
to leave  
Each Dardan damsel o'er his tomb  
to grieve:  
Nor view Andromachè with an-  
guish bring  
The weight of waters from a  
Spartan spring;  
Or bound reluctant in connubial  
chains  
Sigh for her former lord and lost  
domains;  
Or weave on hostile loom, with  
pensive joy,  
The streams, the vallies, and the  
woods of Troy. 280  
As Mars, receding from the dusty  
flight,  
In Venus' arms deceiv'd the fleet-  
ing night—  
Thus we from war, and all its woes,  
retire  
To fascinating scenes of elegant  
desire.  
To those sensations which all arts  
can pierce,  
However blunted or however fierce.  
Those which the sapient king, of  
Judah's tribe,  
And Lesbian Sappho could so well  
describe.  
May Lesbian Sappho pleasingly  
prolong  
The flow'ry province of my wand'r-  
ing song. 290  
Tho' sweet, yet mournful were the  
dying strains  
When love insatiate revel'd in her  
veins.  
Then, when unheard had flow'd the  
liquid lay,  
The fair to Venus bent her heedless  
way;  
Unheld by shame thro' wondering  
cities ran,

Struck the responsive lute, and  
thus began.  
"Daughter of Jove! on whose un-  
number'd shrines  
Eternal fire with genial splendor  
shines.  
If ever pitying thou hast heard my  
pray'r,  
O make me *now* an object of thy  
care. 300  
Look from thy throne, and, list'n-  
ing to my lay,  
Bid the swift sparrows waft thee  
on thy way.  
Once, at my wish, the golden car  
they drew,  
Their dusky feathers quivering as  
they flew.  
Thou, sweetly smiling, camest to  
enquire  
Whence rose the fury of my mad  
desire:  
Wrong'd by what youth I call'd  
thee to mine aid,  
What arts I wish'd to conquer or  
persuade.  
*Say, Sappho! whom—averse thy  
bliss to prove  
Wouldst thou entangle in the toils of  
love? 310  
Tho' now he shun thee, wretched in  
his turn,  
For thee, my Sappho! shall he duly  
burn.*  
O mighty Goddess! to my vows  
attend,  
Come once again, one passion more  
befriend."

She spake: but Venus quaff'd  
the nectar'd bowl,  
Nor calm'd the anguish of her  
Sappho's soul.  
The Lesbian, then, on joys de-  
parted mused,

U. 287-92 [For Lander's remarks on the Song of Solomon and Odes of Sappho see notes at end of the volume. W.]

## BIRTH OF POESY

Then wept her passion and her  
 pray'r refused:  
 But more the Goddess, than the  
 youth she blamed—  
 From him she *hoped* for what from  
*her* she claim'd. 320  
 Much tho' she lov'd, Ingratitude  
 imprest  
 More deeply still his arrow in her  
 breast.  
 Now, in despairing agonies, she cried  
 "And am I scorn'd by her I  
 deified?  
 And am I scorn'd by her whose  
 roseate fanes  
 Smoke with my incense, echo with  
 my strains:  
 Framed by whose hand each beau-  
 teous form I bless,  
 Constant my care and deathless my  
 caress?  
 No more to Phaon shall my num-  
 bers flow,  
 Regardless of my love, regardless  
 of my woe; 330  
 But, while eternal youth to *him* I  
 give,  
 Without remorse *myself* desist to  
 live.  
 Thus 'twas decreed to Jove's  
 Ledeian twins—  
 When *this* has ceas'd his splendor  
*that* begins.  
 No more: your gifts, ye Muses! I  
 resign;  
 Place here your laurels, here the  
 cypress twine:  
 Nor life nor honor, now your  
 Sappho craves,  
 But bursts the bonds of woe, and  
 dares the foaming waves."  
 At this, swift-rushing from Leu-  
 cate's height,  
 She closed her weeping eyes in  
 endless night. 340

END OF CANTO II

### CANTO III

ARMS are my theme! behold! how  
 bright the sun  
 Shines on the field that Virtue's  
 force has won!  
 How souls congenial, envy, as they  
 weep,  
 Those who, O Death! within thy  
 chambers sleep;  
 Who bravely fighting in their  
 country's cause,  
 Slew her oppressor and restor'd her  
 laws.  
 Yes! they who willingly pay  
 Nature's debt  
 Leave glory to themselves, but to  
 the World regret!  
 Nor small his praises who, in Free-  
 dom's right,  
 Sounds the loud trumpet and pro-  
 vokes the fight. 10  
 Hark! with what boldness great  
 Alcæus strings  
 His harp resounding in the ear of  
 kings.  
 'Twas he who first those heav'nly  
 numbers found  
 To waft to noblest thoughts in  
 sweetest sound.  
 But ah! tho' every Muse that harp  
 has strung,  
 Tho' Phœbus tunes aloud his  
 martial song;  
 He leaves in battle his compatriot  
 bands,  
 And hurls the buckler from ener-  
 vate hands.  
 A diff'rent strain th' apostate harp  
 employs,  
 Far from its country, far from  
 battle's noise. 20  
 Where oft aloud exclaim'd the  
 wretched Bard  
 "*Hard are the ills of war, of exile  
 hard!*"

l. 11 [See notes at end of the volume. W.]

## EARLY POEMS

*Hard in old age to ply the stubborn oar,  
Yet ever wand'ring, find no friendly  
shore."*

Thine, brave Tyrtæus! thine tho'  
humbler lays  
Acquir'd more glory, and deserve  
more praise.  
To thee, with Orpheus, did the  
Gods impart

The hero's courage with the poet's art.  
This Sparta once, in glad surprise,  
beheld;

Her soldiers slaughter'd and her  
chiefs repel'd. 30

A leader, now, of Cecrops' line she  
calls,

To point her thunder at Ithome's  
walls.

Hope, mutt'ring, flew—till thy  
enchanting life

Arouz'd the broken bands, and  
call'd to life

Valor opprest, and bade each  
sword defend,

Each shield protect, the colleague  
and the friend.

"Blest be the Man who when his  
country calls,  
Dies, bravely dies, before Ithome's  
walls.

But oh! how base, how wretched!  
he who flies

The tented field: him friends and  
foes despise. 40

But those whom battles charm,  
and dangers prove,

Their foes must honor and their  
friends must love.

Ye Spartan youth! from brave  
Alcides sprung,  
Say, can ye tremble at a feeble *throng*:  
A throng whom ramparts, tow'ring  
high, immure—

Whom Valor palsies, Fears alone  
secure?

Will ye—a prey to Slavery and to  
Shame—

Fly from the foe your ancestors  
o'ercame?

Spartans! advance: already have  
ye known

Those who retreat are easily o'er-  
thrown: 50

Alike unable to return or fly,  
Far from their country and their  
chief, they die.

But here, let each for Glory's palm  
contend,

Each crush his enemy, relieve his  
friend:

Dispute each footstep in the dusty field  
Close-join'd, nor wish nor even  
think to yield.

Freely your lives, where Glory  
calls, bestow,

And strike destruction with your  
dying blow.

But ah! thro' coward fear, or cold  
neglect,

Desert not *him* whose age com-  
mands respect: 60

Rush thro' the midst for *him*, and  
nobly dare

To raise his stiff'ned limbs and  
hoary hair:

But should *Death's* hand have cast  
him on the ground,

Place the stain'd tunic 'neath his  
honest wound;

Hence, unconfused, may modest  
damsels view

The glorious gash, and with their  
tears bedew.

Now, now prepare: \* your lips in-  
dignant bite,

Firm your stout knees, and brave  
the bloody fight."

l. 25 [see notes at end of the volume. W.]

\* There is in Aristophanes a similar thought:

στὰς ἀνὴρ παρ' ἄνδρ', ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν χελεύνην ἐσθλῶν

ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων οὐκ ἦν ἰδεῖν τὸν οὐρανόν. Aristoph. *Σφήκες* [1083-4].

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Taught by Minerva, thus Tyr-  
 tæus spoke  
 Mid youths whose courage, late,  
 Misfortune broke. 70  
 Lo! every face is flush'd with  
 martial fire,  
 Each sinew trembles with re-  
 strain'd desire.  
 When now, oblique, athwart the  
 darken'd sky  
 Arrows and darts in dread con-  
 fusion fly.  
 As the swift arrow and the beamy  
 dart  
 Leave not their traces in the air  
 they part;  
 Thus when the low-descended  
 Veteran dies,  
 Oblivion shrouds him, and new  
 heroes rise.  
 Had Verse not led in adamantine  
 chains  
 The victims sacrific'd on Ilion's  
 plains, 80  
 Who would have heard of Hector?  
 who have known  
 The rage of Peleus's immortal  
 son?

But now more near advance the  
 Spartan bands,  
 Silent and slow; broad faulchions  
 in their hands:  
 But some, impetuous, on the foam-  
 ing horse,  
 Their sharper sabre wield with  
 dreadful force:  
 These, instantaneous, the light-  
 arm'd invade;  
 The stronger shield awaits the  
 heavier blade.  
 For now, indignantly the Spartans  
 rush,  
 Their coned helmets, brazen bosses  
 crush. 90  
 While some provoke amid the  
 daunted foes

Their bravest warrior singly to  
 oppose.  
 The dusty ground beneath their  
 close-join'd feet  
 Shakes, and their swords in deadly  
 conflict meet.  
 Mid the fierce blows th' enlivening  
 life is heard,  
 And Memory recalls each might-  
 inspiring word.  
 Is courage slacken'd, each receding  
 row  
 Tyrtæus heads, and rushes on the  
 foe.  
 Meanwhile his words encourage,  
 soothe, and chide,  
 Breathe ardent fury, cherish noble  
 pride. 100  
 Till, by his verse and his example  
 led,  
 The Spartans conquer'd, the Mes-  
 senians fled.

Now Wars subside, the love-  
 inspiring reed  
 And flute mellifluous to the life  
 succeed.  
 Now sweet Mimnermus! for thy  
 silvery hair  
 The Loves, and Graces, with  
 assiduous care  
 Twine the fresh myrtle, happy to  
 engage  
 With *them* each moment of thy  
 placid age.  
 Then why, neglectful of their gift,  
 complain  
 Of fleeting youth, which none can  
 long retain, 110  
 Nor can Aurora, she who streaks  
 the morn  
 With loveliest hues, the aged cheek  
 adorn.  
 Thy Muse, alone, preserves im-  
 mortal youth,  
 Repeats thy sorrow and attests thy  
 truth.



## EARLY POEMS

"As genial spring calls forth the  
tender leaves  
When Sol unclouded darts his  
bolder rays,  
Alas! thus Youth with budding  
hope deceives  
And pleasing flowers! alas! thus  
shortly stays.

Ever, from birth, the Fates around  
us stand,  
Whose gloomy provinces are Age  
and Death: 120  
The fruits of Youth all vanish when  
the land  
No longer teems with Sol's pro-  
lific breath.

This scene o'ercast, 'tis surely best  
to die  
Ere greater evils crush the pas-  
sive mind;  
Domestic Pain and dreary Poverty  
In chains of ice the best and  
wisest bind.

One sighs for children,—and mid  
all his sighs  
For tender pledges or for wealthy  
heirs—  
Sinks to the grave; diseas'd *an-*  
*other* dies;  
Nor is there one, one mortal,  
free from cares. 130

Ah! precious Youth is like a waver-  
ing dream,  
Which all our wishes at one  
glance bestows:  
We wake, no pleasures round our  
couches gleam!  
The faithless phantom leaves us  
to our woes.

Deformed Age uprears his hoary  
head,  
The Passions banishes, the Sight  
obscures;

All hate his roughness, and his  
presence dread,  
For all around partake what *he*  
endures.

No evil else inflicted angry Jove  
On proud Tithonus, who in form  
excel'd, 140  
Whom once a Goddess blest with  
boundless love  
While Gods, neglected, sorrow-  
ing silence held.

But ah! when Age the beauteous  
cheek invades  
What lip will flatter, or what  
knee will bend!  
Those eyes—love-lighted once, now  
dim with shades—  
View never more a lover or a  
friend.

Tremendous truth! and yet can  
pangs belong  
More dire, more fatal, to the sons  
of song?  
Round yonder Form behold the  
Furies stand,  
Wait for her nod, and pant for her  
command. 150  
'Tis pallid Envy! serpents round  
her glare,  
Bud from her breast and riot in  
her hair.  
Her whily arm dares only those  
attack  
Whose finer fibres she alone can  
rack:  
Whose hearts, inflamed with honest  
rage, rebound  
When Justice calls them where *her*  
trumpets sound.  
Yet Envy's shaft more piercingly  
they feel  
Than fate itself from poison or  
from steel.  
How seldom, hence, their budding  
honors bloom

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

To scatter fragrance o'er the  
hallow'd tomb. 160

Nay! even *we* on Helicon rever'd,  
—Above, and distant from, the  
common herd—

Alas! too often, in our bosom hide  
The deadly darts of Malice and of  
Pride:

And, whom the Muses crown with  
equal bays

In life we envy, tho' in death we  
praise.

They how far happier! who their  
days and nights  
Inglorious, gladly yield to soft  
delights.

Can Envy enter there where, free  
from guile,

From courts, from cares, the Loves  
and Graces smile? 170

And should she enter, let her not  
assail,

But pass thee gently as the vernal  
gale:

With steady silence, thou nor once  
oppose,

Nor hearken once to, such un-  
worthy foes.

So restless April, o'er the verdant  
field

Blows with weak blast where herbs  
declining yield.

But should the sapling, whom new  
leaves surround,

Awhile resist—along the daisied  
ground

Prostrate he falls; his stem (no  
more to rise)

Grass overgrows, and kindred oaks  
despise. 180

Thus, throughout nature every  
part affords

More sound instruction than from  
*winged words*.

By me more felt, more studied,  
than the rules

Of Pedants strutting in sophistic  
schools;

Who argumentative, with endless  
strife,

In search of living lose the ends of  
life.

Orwilling exiles from fair Pleasure's  
train,

Howl at the happy from the dens  
of Pain.

Not thus Anacreon: he, amid the  
groves

Of echoing Teos, warbled wildest  
loves. 190

But never there the fiend fierce  
Envy shook

Her snakes voluminous, with  
ghastly look.

His verse subdued her rage, his  
verse disarm'd

Her horrid crest, nor dared she  
thence be charm'd:

But, when afar she heard the lovely  
youth,

She bit her lips with fiery venom'd  
tooth.

While he, with pleasing wiles and  
amorous lay,

Beheld his roses bloom, his doves  
and Cupids play.

Anear, with radiant eye and dim-  
pled smile,

Appear'd the Goddess of the  
Cyprian isle: 200

Blest in immortal youth: her snowy  
waist

Nectar bedew'd and myrtle wreaths  
embraced.

Lo! 'neath her feet, and round her  
shady court,

Graces unveil'd and glowing Loves  
disport.

Some on her heaving breast, and  
temples, twine

With apt device, the tendrils of the  
vine.

## EARLY POEMS

Some, tired by play, in pleasing  
languor, seize  
Her purple tunic or her polish'd  
knees.

The violet thus, unconscious rival  
blows

Beneath, and woodbines cling  
around the rose: 210

Insinuate, here and there, a thou-  
sand arms,

Fill their pink horns with nectar  
from her charms—

And fill again—the buzzing bee,  
their guest,

Enjoys the present in the future  
feast;

While they, inebriate by the lus-  
cious gale,

Fall to the earth, and moralize a tale.

But hark! what music on the  
zephyr floats

In sprightly cadences! in honey'd  
notes.

Sounds such as these were heard  
from Memnon's fane

When Sol first darted on the dewy  
plain; 220

While mighty Thebes the boast of  
Egypt stood,

Nor proud Cambyzes raged for gold  
or blood.

I know the lay: divine Anacreon  
sings,

And Cupids waft it, on applause  
wings:

Thro' crystal cups, wherewith the  
board is crown'd,

They urge the gently-undulating  
sound.

His twofold tribute, there, Apollo  
pays—

Fills with vibrations soft, and  
tender-twinkling rays.

As moves the wine, the lucid beams  
it buoys

With placid surge, and darts  
delicious joys. 230

There Loves, on tiptoe, flutter  
round the brim,  
Or stand aside it, and with garlands  
trim.

One, ever playful, 'cross the surface  
blows

The lucid concave of a shedded  
rose.

Another, bending deeper o'er the  
side,

Sips up with rapture the receding  
tide.

Thus liv'd Anacreon: hence the  
spirits flow'd

That blest the damsel, or inspired  
the ode.

Nor less delightful passed the  
Hours away,

When envious Time had turn'd his  
temples gray. 240

Strength still was *his*; tho' ne'er  
*his* hands imbued

Aught but the purple vine's deli-  
cious blood;

And Bacchus only e'er that  
strength subdued.

Bacchus the Giants from Olympus  
drove

Usurping impiously the throne of  
Jove.

Bacchus victorious o'er the Lybian  
bands

Broke their fierce rage, and stain'd  
their reeking sands.

All cruel wars the Teian bard re-  
sign'd

That tend to slaughter, and en-  
slave mankind.

In willing fetters he his captives  
chain'd, 250

Fear'd less than kings, more justly  
firm he reign'd.

O lust of empire! brutal thirst  
of war!

Which Fiends delight in, Gods and  
Men abhor.

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Curst be the Tyrant, blotted be his  
 name  
 With blackest horror, by avenging  
 Fame,  
 Whose car impetuous dire Ambi-  
 tion drove  
 To burst the bonds of friendship  
 and of love.  
 What, tho' the creatures whom his  
 bounty feeds  
 Attend his councils, and approve  
 his deeds:  
 What! tho' the sword, unsheath'd  
 at his command, 260  
 Spread them and root them in the  
 passive land.  
 —Britons! at last will come the  
 fated hour  
 With ample vengeance for abuse of  
 pow'r.  
 Then shall those courtiers, far  
 beyond his call,  
 Hide their devoted heads and  
 tremble at the fall.  
 No wonted solace *then* shall calm  
 his sighs,  
 No hand obsequious close his hag-  
 gard eyes!  
 'Tis past: but millions whom he  
 once oppress  
 Shall bid the earth lie heavy on his  
 breast.  
 While yet his bays are green; while  
 high-toned verse 270  
 With drums and trumpets thunder  
 o'er his herse;  
 Beyond the confines of the gloomy  
 grave,  
 He feels the sigh he forced, the  
 stab he gave.

The undeserving venal joys may  
 cheer,  
 Attendant ever on the circling year:  
 But who from sweet Humanity  
 have swerv'd,

Above are punish'd as they here  
 deserv'd.  
 While they who hear her voice,  
 with due regard,  
 Enjoy an endless and a just reward.

From the turf-tomb, where still  
 thine ashes rest, 280  
 This, O Anacreon! well canst *thou*  
 attest.  
 Thee thy delightful numbers ever  
 prove  
 Averse to Malice as allied to Love.  
 Yet oh! a cruel, an ungrateful death  
 Closed thy bright eyes, and stopt  
 thy tuneful breath.  
 The Grape—reluctant—but 'twas  
 Fate's command—  
 Proved mortal as the bolt in Jove's  
 avenging hand.  
 Alas! regardless of the joys it  
 gave,  
 It slew the patron that it ought to  
 save.

So, when Medea, on her native  
 strand, 290  
 Beheld the Argo lessen from the  
 land:  
 The tender pledges of her love she  
 bore,  
 Frantic, and rais'd them high  
 above the shore.  
 "Thus, thus may Jason—faithless  
 as he flies—  
 Faithless—and heedless of Medea's  
 cries—  
 Behold his babes, oppose the ad-  
 verse gales,  
 And turn to Colchis those retiring  
 sails."  
 She spake: in vain: then, mad-  
 den'd with despair,  
 Tore her pale cheeks and un-  
 dulating hair.  
 Then, oh! unmindful of all former  
 joys, 300

## EARLY POEMS

Threw from her breast her in-  
offensive boys:  
Their tender limbs and writhing  
fibres tore,  
And whirl'd around the coast th'  
inexpiable gore.

Of thee, Anacreon! of thee  
bereav'd,  
How many youths, how many  
damsels griev'd!  
Tho' Pindar, glowing with im-  
mortal fire,  
Struck with bold hand his energetic  
lyre.  
Tho' meek Simonides's venal throat  
Whined the soft elegy in plaintive  
note.—

With magic words Affliction he  
disarm'd, 310  
Adored the living, and the dead  
embalm'd:  
Strew'd the dark cypress on the  
Tyrant's bier,  
Or sold to Folly the fallacious tear:  
Bade loftiest praise with loftiest  
numbers meet,  
Bade deathless ivy cringe at  
Hiero's feet:  
Hiero! 'twas well, 'twas noble, to  
discard  
The servile courtier and insatiate  
bard.

O'er Alexander's or o'er Cesar's  
tomb,  
Enrich'd by blood, triumphal  
laurels! bloom.  
In cold Augustus let the poet hide  
Unbrave ambition and unmanly  
pride: 321  
Masking his mind, the thin-wove  
mantle spread  
O'er every vice in *him*; but meanly  
tread  
On Brutus's bold breast, and  
Tully's hallow'd head.

Hiero! in thee thy country, late  
undone,  
Hail'd a bold hero and a duteous  
son.  
For this, while Etna's flaming  
cavern roars  
With dread convulsion felt on  
foreign shores:  
When beauteous Syracuse no more  
remains  
Famed for her wealthy port or  
fertile plains; 330  
Virtue and Glory shall thy merits  
crown  
With everlasting and unbought  
renown.

But now the Muse, that wan-  
der'd in her way,  
Returns, enforcing a severer lay.  
Consign you not, she cries, to end-  
less night  
Princes and courtiers, when the  
Loves invite?  
Would you, like them, leave all  
you used to praise,  
Nay! even *flatter*, in their happier  
days?  
Ne'er was it thine, ingenuous  
Youth! I know,  
To leave the Loves in anguish and  
in woe. 340  
Sad vigils, long, has sweet Dione  
kept,  
Long have the Graces, long has  
Cupid wept.  
Mid scatter'd roses often have I  
seen  
The beauteous boy his dewy eye-  
lids screen;  
When tears immoderate have o'er-  
flown his cheek,  
And frequent sobs forbidden him to  
speak.  
Three long long days, three restless  
nights he mourn'd

l. 310 [see notes at end of the volume. W.]

## BIRTH OF POESY: CANTO III

Ere thou, divine Anacreon! wert  
 inurn'd:  
 Then, with redoubled force, in  
 frantic woe,  
 Beat his bare breast and broke his  
 radiant bow; 350  
 Scatter'd his shafts, in unavailing  
 ire,  
 And hurl'd his torch upon thy  
 funeral pyre:  
 Hence ev'n thine ashes have the  
 pow'r to warm  
 The feeling heart, and still thy  
 loves can charm:  
 Still, at thy tomb the Graces oft he  
 meets,  
 And, still regretful, oft this strain  
 repeats.

"Oh! how shall I, Anacreon!  
 mourn thine end,  
 My priest! my sire! my idol! and  
 my friend!  
 How justly praise thee? when thy  
 magic verse  
 Smooth as this feather, like this  
 point can pierce. 360  
 Soft as the down upon my purple  
 wing,  
 Sweet as the Muses and Apollo sing.  
 Blithe as the sparrows shrill, or  
 cooing doves,  
 That bear Dionè to the shades she  
 loves.  
 Warm as the raptur'd damsels  
 bridal kiss,  
 When first she trembles on the  
 verge of bliss:  
 Bliss, such as none amid the  
 laureate tribe,  
 By me untutor'd, aptly can de-  
 scribe.  
 But oh! this ardent pleasure!  
 pleasing pain!  
 More sweet, more ardent, could thy  
 song explain. 370

For, round thee once pure streams  
 of rapture roll'd;  
 Ecstatic nights were thine, and suns  
 of gold.  
 With myrtle, roses, and narcissus,  
 crown'd  
 Thy brow the love inspiring cestus  
 bound.  
 This Venus lent thee, Venus wisely  
 knew  
 What *she* despair'd of doing thou  
 couldst do.  
 The Hours on downy pinions  
 lightly trod  
 The fragrant pavement of thy  
 bland abode.  
 Alas! no more the Hours before  
 thee fly—  
 The Cestus bursts; the sorrowing  
 garlands die." 380  
 Thus Cupid mourn'd: unable to  
 proceed  
 The Muse in anguish dropt her  
 vocal reed.

END OF CANTO III

### APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

(F.) Too long, my friend! hath  
 Satire's camp confin'd  
 Each active effort of thy youthful  
 mind.  
 Were it not better to have calmly  
 roved  
 Along the paths that happier poets  
 loved:  
 Along the glade where pensive  
 Collins drew  
 Each fairest figure Fancy holds to  
 view.  
 Where modest Addison's immortal  
 lays  
 Proclaim'd a Stuart's and a  
 George's praise:

I. 357 [see notes at end of the volume. W.]

## EARLY POEMS

While guardian Angels, at his  
 Marlbro's hand  
 Dealt swift destruction round a  
 guilty land; 10  
 As Frederic now— (P.) But I  
 could ne'er relate  
 A Frederic's virtues or a Dun-  
 kirk's fate:  
 A Prussian monarch's uncorrupted  
 soul,  
 Or her's whose valor crush'd the  
 daring Pole.  
 How drums and trumpets *bray, and*  
*horses prance,*  
 Rhine rolls in blood, and Famine  
 reigns in France—  
 So grand a theme, auspicious Muse!  
 bestow  
 On K—tt, or R—ch—rds,—not on  
 me or Crowe—  
 In Alexandrines they will aptly tell  
 The *sacking* of a town, or *cracking*  
 of a shell: 20  
 Or quite in order, count each  
 march, each mile,  
 From conquer'd Condé to uncon-  
 quer'd Lisle.  
 Me Murder frightens, tho' a kingly  
 vest  
 Flow to her feet, or cassoc hide her  
 breast.  
 Alike I shudder if she tinge the  
 plain  
 Of black Mozambic or meand'ring  
 Seine.  
 Invidious Gods! why boasts the  
 brave Dundas  
 A heart of iron and a face of brass:  
 Alike neglected hears immortal  
 Pitt  
 The Negro's wailing or the Poet's  
 wit. 30

While we, alas! whose tears, whose  
 numbers flow  
 Soft as the vernal show'r, or melted  
 snow,  
 With piercing anguish view the  
 dying Slave  
 Chain'd from the blessings frugal  
 Nature gave.  
 Torn from his country, from his  
 parents, torn,  
 From Friendship far, from Pity far,  
 to mourn.  
 No sister's sigh, no faithful wife's  
 to hear,  
 To kiss away no balmy kindred  
 tear.  
 That tear I view! I view its silent  
 pace  
 From eyes that smiled upon his  
 infant face: 40  
 Constant it flows: while *he*, in  
 distant lands,  
 'Neath mid-daysun-beams, scorch'd  
 and wounded, stands.  
 Nor cease his toils, till Night, all-  
 friendly, shrouds  
 The fearful World with sable-  
 spreading clouds.  
 Then, on sharp rocks, or on the  
 weedy shore,  
 Waves dash around him, hollow  
 whirlwinds roar.  
 Returning eagles raise their dismal  
 scream,  
 Loud thunders roll, and livid light-  
 nings gleam.  
 He, happier now, in Sleep's en-  
 chanting chains  
 Is home again amid his native  
 plains. 50  
 Reclined at ease, in date-impurpled  
 groves

12 Frederick's . . . Dunkirk's [Frederick Augustus, Duke of York (*ob.* 1827) was compelled to raise the siege of Dunkirk in September 1793. W.] 18 K—tt . . .  
 R—ch—rds . . . Crowe [The Rev. Henry Kett (*see* ii. 451 n.); the Rev. George Richards (*see* p. 449 n.); William Crowe (d. 1829), wrote "Lewesdon Hill", &c. W.] 27  
 Dundas [Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, was Secretary of War and President of the Board of Control in 1795. W.]

## APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

Clasps in mad ecstasy his dusky  
loves.  
Tells how he flew from cruel Gods,  
ador'd  
By men whose will is law, whose  
justice is the sword.

(F.) Hush! why complain? of  
treason have a care;

\*You heard of Holcroft and of  
Tooke—beware—

(P.) I heard the whole; nor  
deem it a disgrace—

(F.) Tho' danger surely— (P.)  
—to lament their case.

Without their talents I have only  
aim'd

Gently to *hint* what Pope aloud  
proclaim'd. 60

Before a tyrant Juvenal display'd  
Truth's hated form, and Satire's  
flaming blade;

With hand unshaken bore her  
mirror-shield—

Vice gazed, and trembled; shriek'd,  
and left the field.

Shall I dissemble then? (F.) Dis-  
semble? No.

Be silent only, and avoid the blow.  
Are you, consider, well prepar'd to  
die?

(P.) For Truth? (F.) Harsh  
truths are worse than perjury.

To prove my paradox, I only quote  
The S. T. evidence: learn this by  
rote. 70

You, too, *impilloried* may chance  
to stand,

Or weep long winters for your  
absent land.

(P.) Good heav'ns! good kings!  
your vengeance *now* I dread,

Fall on my knees, and hide my  
abject head.

Sooner this breast of vital heat  
deprive

Than I a Briton's liberty survive.  
Will counter-praises, or will pray'rs,  
atone

For all I said?—*Or all I might have  
done—*

O! grant me favor, pardon grant,  
and I

Apostate Wretch! will chatter like  
a Pye. 80

So may the lightning of your rage  
be hurl'd

Thro' all the people of the peaceful  
world.

Marauding Washington be bound  
in chains,

His name accursed, ravaged his  
domains.

No more the palm, the palm he  
planted, spread

Its grateful umbrage round his  
rebel head:

Infants and mothers die upon his  
tomb,

Or hang above, and warn the race  
to come.

His people slaughter'd, and his  
towns erased,

Then "*Church and King*" be cried  
—and God be prais'd— 90

But, O ye mighty! ye whom  
wrongs provoke!

Edge the keen sabre, aim the fatal  
stroke:

Let Gallia's sons in hast'ning  
autumn view

Their famin'd fields the staff of life  
renew.

\* This part has been added, and many others omitted where it stands. [L. Thomas Holcroft (ob. 1809) was sent to Newgate in 1794 on a charge of high treason, but released without trial. Horne Tooke was found Not Guilty of the same crime.]

60 Pope [see his "Windsor Forest", ll. 407 ff. (Bradley).]  
*Trial. W.*]

80 Pye [sc. Henry James Pye, poet laureate, 1790. W.]

70 S. T. [sc. *State*



## EARLY POEMS

Lest they again in lawless ease  
 recline  
 Beneath their fig, their olive, and  
 their vine:  
 Lest, on the flowery banks of gentle  
 Loire,  
 New notes of gladness call the  
 village choir.  
 "Lest Rhine proclaim aloud—  
*Brave Youths proceed,*  
*Pichegru has bowed to Heaven, and*  
*Heaven approves the deed.* 100

O Prince illustrious! most to  
*thee* belong  
 The friendly precepts of our moral  
 song.  
 Thee to whom O—b—h, beloved  
 of Heav'n!  
 The holy cup and snowy stole hath  
 giv'n:  
 Thee whom Britannia fondly burns  
 to own  
 Friend to her laws, her liberty, her  
 throne.  
 Illustrious youth! to nobler acts  
 proceed—  
 Death thy delight, thy signal, and  
 —thy meed.  
 Thrice glorious meed! for tho' a  
 fated day  
 The prince and prelate in the dust  
 will lay: 110  
 Yet, who on thousands have im-  
 posed their yoke,  
 And slain *ten* thousands, can they  
 fear the stroke?  
 Fear? when such honor, and such  
 love awaits  
 The crown divine that crushes  
 rising states:  
 Fear? when aside them Discord  
 takes her stand;  
 When Conquest ratifies what Mur-  
 der plan'd?

Thee too, blest brother! may the  
 Muse address,  
 Nor novel numbers thy nice ear  
 oppress!  
 Tho' Europe scorn thee, and tho'  
 Afric weep,  
 Drink: and thy dignity and silence  
 keep. 120  
 Drink: youth illustrious! what in-  
 struction brings,  
 The voice of Reason to the sons of  
 kings.  
 'Tis thine to drive her from thy  
 father's reign,  
 With Liberty and Truth, beyond  
 the western main.  
 Then live securely, till those eagle  
 eyes  
 Pierce the pure ether of unsullied  
 skies.  
 Dear, blissful seats! that nurture  
 and improve  
 The pow'r of passion, and the gust  
 of love.  
 —If thou art he—but O! per-  
 chance my lays  
 Have mixt with thine a brother's  
 equal praise. 130  
 Thus many Hercules's bards unite  
 With him who drag'd the dog of  
 hell to light,  
 Who lions kill'd, and boars, and  
 kings averse to right.  
 Since him, I ween, and since these  
*monstrous times,*  
 Have monarchs reign'd immaculate  
 by crimes.  
 Die, then, who vainly dare your  
 fate deplore,  
 Die, slave! or kiss the chain your  
 woe-worn parents bore;  
 A British prince, all-merciful! de-  
 mands  
 Your future sweat to moisten  
 foreign lands.

103 O—b—h [Prince Frederick Augustus, elected Bishop of Osnaburg, 1764, Duke of York, 1784, commanded British army in Flanders, 1793–5. W.]

## APOLOGY FOR SATIRE

In foreign lands a God your cries  
will hear, 140

And Death more early dry Afflic-  
tion's tear.

Thou too, O Pole! with reverence  
obey

The lawful dictates of a triple sway.  
Fate has commanded it, and see  
thou must,

The best of fathers humbled in the  
dust.

O no—resent it! struggling passions  
rise,

Honor calls loud and spurns the  
thin disguise.

Oh! bear no longer! longer canst  
thou bear

Three royal ruffians thus thy rights  
to tear?

Rights that thy guardian Country-  
man has sign'd, 150

Freedom's pure page, the lesson of  
mankind.

(F.) Mistaken youth! the *milder*  
plan pursue,

To love what statesmen and what  
monarchs do.

Hence no political, no civil, strife  
Thy death will hasten, or torment  
thy life.

Why then so zealous, as of late,  
abhor

The paths of glory and the seats of  
war?

In the same steps the greatest men  
have trod,

Far our superiors. (P.) I believe  
in God.

This only reason, courtly priest! I  
give; 160

Go, cease to moralize, learn first to  
live.

Behold a Monarch—whom his  
people lov'd,

Whom Justice, Peace, Humanity,  
approv'd—

Weak, in unaided, hopeless, war  
engaged,

War, lov'd by tyrants and by  
tyrants waged.

*Here*, dauntless Briton! might thine  
arms have shone;

*Here* mightest thou have rais'd one  
tutulary throne.

### PYRAMUS AND THISBE

NEAR where Euphrates hurls his  
rapid tide,

The youthful Thisbe glow'd with  
beauty's pride.

There too, O Pyramus! thy form  
excel'd

In manly grace whate'er the East  
beheld.

'Neath roofs contiguous long the  
blooming pair

Pined with vain hope, and heart-  
consuming care.

Long was the damsel, by her sire  
immur'd,

By fondness tortur'd and by fear  
secur'd.

But Love, tho' baffled, still for  
triumph wept—

Watch'd them with care, and  
flutter'd as they slept. 10

Now all was silence: o'er the  
wings of Night

The stars, retiring, shed a pallid  
light.

Wafted afar each vain delusion flies,  
And scenes more faithful bless the  
lover's eyes.

Lo! now the God, the quiver'd  
God, appears,

Nor arm'd with vengeance nor  
o'erwhelmed with tears:

Nor droop his wings, with chilly  
fettters bound,

But bear him swift along, and buzz-  
ing sweetly sound.

## EARLY POEMS

To Thisbe's breast a lucid torch he  
holds,

Leans soft, and, whispering, thus  
the tale unfolds. 20

"Tho' woes have, long, thy languid  
eyes opprest,

Long, ill-starr'd passion ruled thy  
ebbing breast—

Yet on those eyes shall smiles  
divinely play,

Insatiate passion cease that breast  
to sway.

For, O my Thisbe, lately have I  
known

Where not unpitied will be heard  
thy moan!

Where carved cedar cloaths yon  
creviced wall,

—Mark well the place,—thy Pyra-  
mus will call."

He spake, he flew: the virgin with  
amaze

Beheld his torch's visionary blaze:  
Rose from her couch to snatch the

friendly light, 31

Stood, shudder'd, gazed; but all  
was gloomy night.

The timid silence trembling sighs  
pervade,

Then, thus aloud the fond regretful  
maid.

"O cruel God! and will it not  
suffice

That tears eternal trickle from  
mine eyes!

That never more his lovely form  
they meet!

Must hope be tortur'd by accurst  
deceit?

Must I, dear Pyramus! no more  
behold

Thy polish'd car along the rampart  
roll'd?— 40

Twas there thy snowy purple-  
cinctured arms,

Thy lofty brow, and all thine  
envied charms,

I view'd in rapture: Youth too  
lovely! there

Subdued I fell; and hence these  
pangs I bear!

Astonish'd, stern, severe, my father  
stood,

Survey'd my heaving breast, wild  
eye, and fickle blood.

Thy pitying aspect much my trans-  
port calm'd

And much my fear, but more his  
vengeance arm'd,

For while to him my listless eyes  
were turn'd,

Again I blush'd, I fell; again his  
anger burn'd. 50

Yes! from that hour these un-  
offending eyes

With tears have stream'd, this  
heart hath swell'd with sighs."

Thus the sweet maid; and now  
her God adored,

Now spurn'd his care, and now his  
aid implored:

Now held the dagger to her  
dubious breast,

Now closed her eyes again, and  
wept them into rest.

Kind sleep ensued: but soon the  
shades of Night

Haste from Aurora clad in liquid  
light.

Silence yet reigns, delicious dreams  
compose

The languid fair, tho' Pyramus  
arose. 60

Arose, when Venus first to *him*  
display'd

What Love had whisper'd to the  
weeping maid.

Yet, Thisbe's slumber he forbore  
to break

Till rosy morning blush'd upon her  
cheek:

But, then invoked her—soon, the  
voice, the name,

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Fair Thisbe knew, and own'd an  
equal flame.

There, where the torch appear'd,  
the sound she heard,

Kist the dear spot, and vows and  
pray'rs prefer'd.

Pray'rs, too, and vows return'd the  
lovely youth

Prest with the ardor of eternal  
truth. 70

Here as they stood, the brightly-  
beaming Sun

Oft, unobserv'd, his daily course  
hath run.

In Spring, in Summer, and in  
Autumn's reign,

O Pyramus! thy steeds have  
panted for the plain.

While other youths, embolden'd to  
arise,

Have whirl'd the car; have won  
the palmy prize,

Have won the tender heart and  
love-illumin'd eyes.

The Virgins, sportive near Eu-  
phrates' stream

—'Neath dates impervious to the  
sultry beam—

"Where, where is Thisbe?" plain-  
tively exclaim, 80

And weep, and envy that un-  
answer'd name.

In winter, too, aside the social  
fire,

They blame aloud the unrelenting  
sire:

Unconscious they! nor deem a  
lover's arms

So soon will liberate her captive  
charms.

'Twas Eve: each sunbeam left  
the silent plains,

But glow'd on Babylon's aspiring  
fanés.

The blooming virgin with her pen-  
sive spouse

Had pour'd complaint and tender-  
ness and vows.

"But why, my Thisbe! why so long  
complain? 90

Urged the fond youth, why vow we  
thus in vain?

Why coldly deem we all our  
promis'd bliss

The killing sigh and unconnected  
kiss?

How oft, when Day her later light  
withdrew,

We softly breath'd our mutual long  
adieu:

Lest, if the sound had reach'd a  
father's ears,

Some distant cell should drink thy  
daily tears;

Where hapless Thisbe never more  
might prove

The soothing sympathy of woe or  
love.

Too cruel care! that us—whom  
love and fate 100

Have render'd one—oursiress should  
separate!

Sires give us life and life's un-  
number'd woes,

Yet love forbid they, and its short  
repose.

But fly we far from each accursed  
roof,

Far let us fly, nor hear their mad  
reproof."

Thus Pyramus: the lovely dam-  
sel sigh'd,

And shed the tear of hope, and  
blushing thus replied.

"With thee I go; no more my  
sire shall rend

Me from my Pyramus, my con-  
stant friend!

But where is refuge? tho' the  
massy bar 110

Untouch'd should open, nor in  
opening jar;

## EARLY POEMS

Yet, O my Pyramus! how *much*  
 remains—  
 Surrounding ramparts, rivers, hills,  
 and plains  
 Where neither safety, *yet*, nor Dark-  
 ness reigns.  
 For lo! the moon, in yon un-  
 clouded sky,  
 Would tell our wand'ring and our  
 loves descry—  
 Still I resolve—but still I fear—  
 to fly."

Yet he, with tender and success-  
 ful tales  
 Of love—unargued, unadorn'd—  
 prevails.  
 Now, stratagems are form'd how  
 best to leave 120  
 The sleeping city, and the guard  
 deceive:  
 Then, lest they wander, each agrees  
 to come  
 Beneath the mulberry at Ninus'  
 tomb.

This ancient tree, adorn'd with  
 snowy fruit,  
 Spread broad its boughs around  
 the rising root.  
 Anear, the moonbeams on a foun-  
 tain play'd,  
 But glimmer'd faintly thro' this  
 awful shade.  
 Here beauteous Thisbe came: her  
 eager feet  
 Had borne her *first* beneath the  
 dark retreat:  
 When lo! from kids, and lambs,  
 and oxen, slain, 130  
 A thirsty lion bounded o'er the  
 plain.  
 His mouth still foaming, black with  
 blood and rage,  
 Swift to the fount he rush'd his  
 fury to assuage.  
 Ere he arriv'd, afar fair Thisbe  
 view'd

His form, o'ershadowing, lengthen  
 on the flood.  
 Quick to a cave the timid maid  
 withdrew,  
 But dropt her veil, neglectful, as  
 she flew.  
 The furious beast, returning to the  
 wood,  
 Seiz'd the thin veil and soil'd it  
 o'er with blood.  
 The youth approaching near the  
 destin'd place, 140  
 Fear struck his heart, and Paleness  
 seiz'd his face:  
 For, o'er the dewy deeply-printed  
 green  
 A lion's track too certain he had  
 seen.  
 But when the veil, the bloody veil,  
 he found  
 Disfigur'd, torn, deserted, on the  
 ground.  
 "O cruel Gods! and oh unhappy  
 maid!  
 Oh me accursed whom thy heart  
 obey'd!  
 Mine was thy flight thro' regions  
 full of fear,  
 Nor came I first, nor meet thee  
 earlier, here.  
 But, O ye lions!—savage as ye are  
 That sweetest form amid yon rocks  
 to tear— 151  
 Rush here, insatiate! No. Let  
 cowards wait  
 The kind, the liberating, blow of  
 Fate—  
 —I die." The vesture of the lovely  
 maid  
 Weeping he kist, and 'neath the  
 tree convey'd.  
 "Take now, he cried, the blood I  
 doom to flow  
 Thisbe! thy due!" and aim'd the  
 deadly blow.  
 His blood, wide-streaming, reach'd  
 the passive root,

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Gush'd thro' the boughs, and  
purpled o'er the fruit.

When lo! fair Thisbe, glowing to  
relate 160

Her dread adventure, and her  
flight from Fate,

Hastes to her love: tho' fear and  
labor tire

Her tender limbs, yet *him* her eyes  
require.

But, when no wonted Pyramus  
they see,

When purple berries hang around  
the tree,

She doubts if *this* the destin'd spot  
can be.

Then, looking stedfast, on the grass  
she views

A pallid form, nor ceas'd the blood  
to ooze.

She starts; she trembles as the  
ebbing seas

Swept gently over by a rising breeze.  
But when her love, her dying love,

she knew— 171

She shriek'd, and o'er his limbs her  
arms in anguish threw:

The gaping wound she cherish'd  
with her tears,

And prest his chilly cheek, and  
quiv'ring lip, to hers.

Say, what misfortune snatch'd thee  
from my sight?

Say, dearest youth! nor close these  
eyes in night;

Raise them to me, my Pyramus!  
'tis I—

'Tis Thisbe calls! Oh Pyramus!  
reply.

At Thisbe's name his heavy eyes  
arose,

Thisbe they saw; then sunk in  
calm repose. 180

Last, when her veil she found, and  
saw the sword

Drawn from the sheath aside the  
breast it gor'd.

"Thee whom from Thisbe Death  
alone, she cried,

Could tear asunder, Death shall  
not divide.

Thou, hapless youth! too well these  
omens prove,

By thine own hand hast fallen! and  
by love!

I, too, have love, and I have  
courage, too,

And I, who caus'd thy fate, thy  
fate pursue!

But, O ye parents! parents child-  
less now,

Foes to our first, perform our final,  
vow. 190

Oh! since one hour hath seen two  
lovers die,

Placed in one tomb for ever may  
we lie.

And thou, whose branches his cold  
corse o'ershade,

Beneath your umbrage take a  
faithful maid."

Then to her breast the sword, yet  
warm, she tried,

Fell on the point, and quivering  
groan'd and died.

### ABELARD TO ELOISE

STILL can thy heart, O Eloise!  
regret

My painful absence; nor awhile  
forget

Joys past for ever, nor await the  
doom

Of lingering life and misery to  
come?

I, O my Eloise! I too have  
mourn'd

Our cruel fate, and sigh for sigh  
return'd.

Yes! hapless Abelard will ever  
prove

The dear, the dread, ubiquity of  
love.

## EARLY POEMS

Where neither friends console,  
 nor kindly blame,  
 When burns too fiercely the de-  
 structive flame; 10  
 Where, thro' the solitary gloomy  
 aisle  
 No fancied Seraph ever deign'd to  
 smile;  
 The sons of Luxury alike despise  
 Religion's mandates and Afflic-  
 tion's sighs:  
 While I indulge my memory in my  
 woes,  
 Lost to the world, and lost to  
 sweet repose.  
 How oft, reflecting on departed  
 years,  
 Pensive I trace the fountain of my  
 tears.  
 Not undelighted: tho' the bitter  
 stream  
 Dart from its surface scarce one  
 cheering gleam! 20  
 Thro' the dim visto Paraclete I  
 view  
 Whose hallow'd cells unholy tears  
 bedew.  
 Whose walls of osiers and of turf  
 I rais'd,  
 Birds sang among them, lambs  
 within them graz'd.  
 The lowing ox, accustom'd there to  
 roam,  
 Cropt the wild floret off the humble  
 dome.  
 There plaintive turtles twined their  
 shaggy nest,  
 Consoled my love, and cooed my  
 care to rest.  
 Yet, ere I rested here my pilgrim  
 feet,  
 Did Zeal and Envy seek the calm  
 retreat. 30  
 They scoft at Meekness, Penitence  
 abused,  
 My flight insulted, and my faith  
 accused.

Thence, on the quivering wing of  
 Hope, I flew—  
 Yet all my sorrows all my steps  
 pursue.  
 Before these altars as thy lover  
 knelt  
 Bethink thee, Eloise! what pangs  
 he felt:  
 What pangs, when bending o'er the  
 sacred wine,  
 Untouch'd! uninfluenced! shook  
 the sculptur'd shrine.  
 I rose, unconscious: ghastly pale I  
 stood,  
 Dim were mine eyes and chilly was  
 my blood: 40  
 When, lo! prophetic seem'd a voice  
 to say  
 "Drop the dire cup: they murder,  
 they betray."  
 A youth beside me, who too well  
 had known  
 My wretched passion—not unlike  
 his own—  
 Deems love the cause, and speech-  
 less as I stand  
 He bears the chalice from my fail-  
 ing hand;  
 With pious pity for my frailty  
 grieves;  
 Then trembling, for his own the  
 deadly draught receives!  
 I saw his eyes, in listless languor  
 swim  
 Before the Saviour who had died  
 for him. 50

But here Affliction fills her bitter  
 bowl,  
 Whose poison pierces to my sick-  
 ening soul.  
 Should Sleep perchance but flutter  
 o'er my head  
 Weary with pain—should cares  
 awhile have fled—  
 Quick to mine eyes thy dearest  
 form appears

## ABELARD TO ELOISE

Fair as before, but overwhelm'd by  
tears.

Thus, tho' her sweetness and her  
bloom remain,

The languid lily droops with vernal  
rain.

O! how I wish no more than *her* we  
felt,

Nor pain could torture us nor love  
could melt! 60

O! that like her, at gentle Spring's  
command,

Our glowing bosoms might with  
joy expand:

At Winter's blast ungenial, timely  
close

In slumber soft and undisturb'd  
repose.

Our lives, my Eloise! more justly  
seem

Like matted weeds that float upon  
the stream:

Divided once, each other ne'er they  
reach,

Till dash'd disorder'd on the sandy  
beach;

Then, every fibre shrivel'd by the  
gale,

Storms discompose them not, nor  
waves assail. 70

Pleas'd could I thus continue!  
doubly pleas'd

To find my torment and my trans-  
port eas'd!

For nought more potent than the  
moral strain

Corrects exulting joy, or calms  
oppressive pain.

But O! thy sorrows bid my soul  
to hush

Reflection's voice; and tears, too  
vainly! gush.

These when I knew—all godly  
raptures fly,

All bright ideas of a promis'd  
sky.

From my cold cheek the reflux  
tides depart,

Forget their channels, and o'er-  
whelm my heart. 80

Why then was Abelard from *thee*  
removed?

Why sever'd cruelly from all he  
loved.

Sure, not in vain these ills th'  
Almighty gave,

Sure, from more dreadful erring  
Man to save!

How favor'd, else, who soonest  
after birth

Sleep in the cradle of their parent  
Earth.

No anxious mother *them* thro'  
childhood rears

With sad incertitude, with hopes  
and fears:

Nor fickle Youth their willing feet  
allures

To icy chains that shivering Age  
endures. 90

Blest! doubly blest are they! they  
never prove

The shafts of envy or the pangs of  
love.

Them passions haunt not, them no  
uncle slays,

No Eloise hails their morn, no  
cloister dims their days.

Alas! unnumber'd are the scenes  
of woe

That lovers only pity, only know.  
Mild as the zephyr, soft as morn-  
ing dew,

What can the lover unconcerned  
view?

Led thro' the liquid air by Nature's  
hand,

There purest ether makes his soul  
expand. 100

There not an atom of Creation lies  
Hid or neglected 'neath his godlike  
eyes.



## EARLY POEMS

Hence I recounted once the flow'rs  
 we prest  
 In glowing raptures or in calmer  
 rest.  
 The daisy pied, the yellow cup of  
 May  
 Whence sips the grasshopper at  
 dawn of day;  
 The modest violet, and the azure  
 bell,  
 That love, as we were wont, the  
 silent dell.  
 Oft I review them, oft adown their  
 bed  
 The sudden soul-subduing tear I  
 shed. 110  
 Here as we sate contemplative,  
 reclin'd  
 Safe from the parching sun or  
 searching wind,  
 Oft to thy view the noblest scenes  
 I brought  
 Where Science listen'd while her  
 Plato taught,  
 Oft traced the path that Socrates  
 had trod  
 Inspired, enraptured, with an un-  
 known God.  
 The stately Portico I lov'd to shew  
 Where young Philosophy and Vir-  
 tue grew.  
 But still my mind insensibly would  
 turn  
 Where Youth and Beauty deck'd  
 the lover's urn: 120  
 Where weeping Fancy every flower  
 supplied  
 In quick succession that but  
 bloom'd and died.  
 'Tis there, unclouded by the mist of  
 years,  
 The youthful form of Pyramus  
 appears:  
 Points to the parted dome where  
 Thisbe spent  
 Each lingering hour in lonely dis-  
 content:

Points to the mulberry that chang'd  
 its hue  
 Their ill-starr'd love and gushing  
 blood to view.

To you, fond Pair! your due the  
 fates allow;  
 The lover's myrtle blooms around  
 your brow: 130  
 Blooms, and will ever bloom, with  
 tears bedew'd,  
 With violets intertwin'd, and short-  
 lived roses strew'd.  
 Contending Passions hinder strug-  
 gling Fame  
 From e'er enrolling *my* unhonor'd  
 name.  
 To *me* what ease, what solace, now  
 remains?  
 Me from my Eloise my vow detains,  
 And Piety, in cold and adamantine  
 chains.

Blessed, thrice blessed! is the  
 harden'd mind  
 No God can terrify, no vow can  
 bind.  
 Love unrestricted and unbroken  
 rest 140  
 Inhabit only the untutor'd breast.  
 Happy the mortal in his natural  
 state!  
 No fears alarm him and no ills  
 await.  
 Unbounded honor swells his manly  
 heart,  
 Nor leaves to Bigotry her usual part.  
 When on the lonely loud-resound-  
 ing shores  
 The billow rises, and the ocean  
 roars,  
 He falls, he kneels, he trembles, he  
 adores.

No! wretched Abelard! thy rage  
 recall,  
 Start not from Reason, nor thyself  
 appall. 150

## ABELARD TO ELOISE

Methinks around the marbled  
saints begin  
To chide thy plaint, and shudder  
at thy sin.  
O! teach thy heart that they alone  
enjoy  
The sum of happiness without alloy,  
Who, blest by prudence, can con-  
fine their love,  
Or bear with patience if their God  
reprove.

Alas! these dictates could I once  
perform,  
Then far from hence would fly the  
gloomy storm.  
Contending passions, then, would  
calmly cease,  
And leave their Abelard awhile to  
peace. 160  
But, vain the hope! can memory  
depart  
From this too faithful, too reten-  
tive heart?  
Oh! never, never—thro' the lucid  
tear  
The trembling Eloise ever must  
appear:  
Fair as when Nature early bade me  
pay  
To rising charms the tributary lay.  
When not neglected, not unenvied,  
flow'd  
The liquid elegy or lively ode.  
My former numbers oft I still  
repeat,  
Oft think our hands, our kisses,  
nearly meet. 170  
But O how quickly grief's collected  
storm  
Bursts—and repels the fondly-  
fancied form.  
Then to my mattins cold and wan  
I go,  
Blush at my folly, yet indulge my  
woe,

The Virgin there I pray to intercede  
For human weakness; but in vain  
I plead;  
While on my knees her pardon I  
implore,  
Thine image only can my heart  
adore.  
While pausing slow the solemn  
organs peal,  
Their strong vibration on my heart  
I feel— 180  
My beating heart no solemn sound  
can move  
To aught but deeper grief from  
pining love.  
Me love in vain and ceaseless cares  
consume,  
Youth glides away, and leaves me  
at my tomb.  
All hope for life—for comfort—I  
resign,  
All for my Eloise, and scarce repine.  
The day arrives—Death's dewy  
hand shall close  
These tremulous lips, these aching  
eyes compose.  
O! in one tomb, when Eloise may  
die,  
Once more united let us ever lie.  
Where'er it be, sweet slumber while  
we sleep 191  
May priests hard-hearted learn, for  
once, to weep.  
Of milder manners *one* perchance  
will pay  
The kind, unfeigned, tho' incondite  
lay.  
Of loves too bitter will explore the  
source,  
Nor blame the violence of their  
steady course.

But thou, forgotten bid our  
sorrow rest,  
Nor dim that radiant eye, nor  
wound that tender breast.

*191 no point after sleep in 1795.*

## EARLY POEMS

Content, resign'd, with placid hope  
believe  
Short is the period we are doom'd  
to grieve. 200  
Our burning pangs the tranquil  
grave will calm,  
Our hearts each lover's nectar'd  
tear embalm.

Then, Sleep eternal! welcome  
wilt thou close  
The tedious annals of departing  
woes.  
Adieu, ye winding walks! ye  
gloomy groves!  
Ye echoes! vocal with unhappy  
loves.  
Adieu! ye pines that wave around  
my cell:  
Vain grief! and fond desire! and  
Eloise! farewell.

### STANZAS WRITTEN BY THE WATER-SIDE

#### I.

SWAN! gently gliding on the silvery  
lake  
With plume unruffled, and elated  
crest,  
Majestic bird! O may I once par-  
take  
Thy silent pleasure and un-  
envied rest.

#### II.

So may this azure surface softly  
glide  
By winds untroubled, nor impure  
by rain,  
So evermore may'st thou be blest  
in love,  
The lord unrival'd of a fair  
domain:

#### III.

No boy premeditating playful  
harm,  
Hurl the rude pebble in thy  
circling wave; 10  
No! nor one moment spoil its  
dimpled calm,  
Nor near thy rest his snowy  
bosom lave.

#### IV.

Me Fate resistless, me Misfortune's  
frowns  
Have urged to sojourn in thy  
cool retreat:  
Still I regret not Pleasure's favor'd  
towns,  
Nor sigh that Solitude directs my  
feet.

#### V.

With thee, O Solitude! I love to  
trace  
The harmless actions of my  
youthful years!  
Oft with a pensive heart, and slow  
my pace,  
I shed, unseen, involuntary  
tears. 20

#### VI.

Not that on *me* thy mirror can  
reflect  
One form offensive to the mental  
sight:  
Nor have I glanced on Friendship  
with neglect,  
Nor mourns Religion her de-  
serted rite.

#### VII.

Yet, ere the sources of my grief I  
know,  
Behind thy veil, O Solitude! I  
sigh!  
Art may conceal it, but the tear  
will flow—  
Or gladness sparkle—from th'  
impassion'd eye.

## EARLY POEMS

### STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN MAY

#### I.

O! PEACEFUL day of pious leisure!  
O what will mark you as you  
run!  
Will Melancholy, or will Pleasure,  
Will gloomy clouds, or golden  
sun?

#### II.

O! shine serenely: let me wander  
Along the willow-fringed way,  
Where, lingering in each meander,  
Charm'd Isis steals a short delay.

#### III.

There see I, never undelighted,  
The lambs aside me frisk and  
bound;  
With pensive pity when, affrighted,  
They hurry from the flowery  
ground.

#### IV.

Fond to observe their trembling  
paces,  
I fly from pedantry and phlegm—  
Leave all whom Luxury debases,  
Learn peace and innocence of  
them.

### TO A LADY DURING ILLNESS

WITH drooping woe, and chilly  
anguish,  
Cease, lovely cheeks! O cease to  
languish:  
Nor let the cheering radiance die  
Which sparkled from that azure  
eye!  
O dissipate, ye tears! nor let  
Its vernal sun so early set.

Haste, Hebe! haste; and rosy  
Health!

Fly from the Destinies by stealth:  
A little longer bid them spare  
To violate that auburn hair,     10  
Where little Loves in ambush lay;  
Or, not unartful, round it play.

But, O ye Loves! your lambent fire  
Must vanish at the funeral pyre;  
Ere Hymen tie the golden band  
Of fondness round each willing  
hand.

Then, Hebe! haste: and rosy  
Health!

Fly from the Destinies by stealth:  
Lest future ages never boast  
Those charms the present will have  
lost.     20

### ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM FRANCE

#### I.

HER pangs unnumber'd, Erato!  
relate,  
Whom *Love* attended with a  
mournful fate,  
Whom *Envy* brought untimely  
to the grave!  
Research the annals of Distress,  
and tell  
What storms of Life on helpless  
Mary fell  
Whom Beauty not avail'd, nor  
Innocence could save.

#### II.

Methinks! I see the Orkney  
Genius ride  
A dusky cloud that shades the  
shelving tide—

*Ode on the departure of Mary, Queen of Scots, from France.* [A poem beginning "*Adieu, pleasant pays de France*", was formerly supposed to have been written by the Queen when leaving Calais for Leith in August 1561. W.]

## EARLY POEMS

And thus aloud while high on  
 air he stands.  
 O Mary! cease to mourn! the  
 plaintive sighs 10  
 Of murder'd Innocence to Heav'n  
 arise,  
 Provoking Vengeance due to blast  
 those impious hands.

### III.

Subdue those heavy groans,  
 those gloomy fears,  
 Nor soil the roses of thy cheek  
 with tears;  
 Repress the grief that I can  
 ne'er repress:  
 To me the pow'r, unhappy pow'r!  
 is giv'n  
 To know the fate of man, the will  
 of Heav'n—  
 And mortal pangs to see, unable to  
 redress.

### IV.

Thou sheddest pitying tears,  
 while they distain  
 With holy blood the desolated  
 plain. 20  
 There, there, behold the hoary  
 martyrs die!  
 Strike, Rizzio! strike the sweetly-  
 swelling lyre,  
 'Tis thou to bid the rising sob  
 retire,  
 'Tis thine to soothe the soul with  
 trilling harmony.

### V.

Let Joy, O Mary! warm the  
 fleeting day  
 Of Youth and Beauty with its  
 cheerful ray,  
 Nor, leaving Gallia's lovely  
 land, repine!

*The French Villagers.* [No one, not even George Saintsbury, seems ever to have noted this particular pre-Tennysonian use of the *In Memoriam* stanza. W.]

Ill-fated damsel! calm thy beat-  
 ing breast!  
 By few is constant happiness  
 possess'd,  
 But oh! I groan to tell how small a  
 share is thine! 30

### VI.

Amid the gloomy avenues of  
 Death  
 Pale Envy sits, to blast with  
 baneful breath  
 The best, the wisest! and from  
 yon abodes  
 On thee she scowls: before her,  
 frightened Loves  
 Desert the dreary Caledonian  
 groves!  
 Ah Hymen! fabled wrong the  
 happy God of Gods!

### VII.

Thus said with many a sigh,  
 while many a tear  
 Swell'd the black cloud that  
 slowly bore him there,  
 The shadowy Phantom now  
 prepares to go.  
 Lo! now, in hazy vest sublime  
 he soars 40  
 To yonder rocks abrupt, and  
 stormy shores,  
 Where Melancholy dwells, the  
 wrinkled nurse of Woe.

## THE FRENCH VILLAGERS

### I.

'Twas evening calm, when village-  
 maids  
 With Gallia's tuneful sons ad-  
 vance  
 To frolic in the jovial dance  
 Mid purple vines and olive shades.

## THE FRENCH VILLAGERS

### II.

Their ancient sires that round them  
sit,  
Renew in thought their youthful  
days.  
Some try the tottering step, or praise  
Their former fame for gallant wit:

### III.

Or, blushing with excess of joy,  
Recount the loves that long have  
fled; 10  
The leering eye, the damask red,  
The ringlets that enticed to toy.

### IV.

Here, disengaged from thoughts of  
war,  
The soldier stands, with folded  
arms  
Contemplating the fair-one's  
charms—  
How free from tyrants and from  
care!

### V.

But some, whom discipline re-  
strains,  
—Aw'd by their General's just  
command—  
To view them, at a distance  
stand,  
And envy those enliven'd plains. 20

### VI.

Tho' birds on theirs as sweetly sing,  
Tho' Sol as gladly-glittering  
smiles;  
Yet Beauty nought their hour  
beguiles,  
Nor Grace's arms around them  
cling.

### VII.

O wait awhile, ye heroes! wait—  
Those forms that Venus has  
bedeck'd,  
Your martial ardor shall protect,  
Shall snatch from unexpected fate.

III. 917.22

### VIII.

Tho' Zephyrs, only, seem to play  
In yonder dense sequester'd  
shades 30  
Which scarce the noonday beam  
pervades,  
Yet Vandals there in ambush lay.

### IX.

Roaring tremendous for his food  
The Lion, should he hap to  
spy  
A frightened damsel's radiant eye,  
Forgets his thirst, and seeks the  
wood.

### X.

But oh! the rulers of mankind  
Ruthless their fellow-creatures  
seize;  
Nor radiant eyes nor suppliant  
knees  
Of Beauty can their fury blind. 40

### XI.

Great Gods! shall ardent youth  
obey  
The haughty and unjust behest  
That bids them peaceful lands  
molest  
With iron scourge, and savage sway.

### XII.

Hark! hark! the hostile trumpets  
sound!  
Lo! from yon overshadowed bow'r  
Discord and fierce Bellona lour!  
Sweet pipe! thy peaceful notes are  
drown'd.

### XIII.

Smoke fills the air, and dims the  
day:  
No more the vine of matted  
green 50  
Or thin-leaved olive now are  
seen,  
Or bird upon the trembling spray.

## EARLY POEMS

### xiv.

Nor long the hostile ranks remain,  
Impassion'd but by Rage and  
Fear  
Who never shed the generous  
tear,  
Or join'd the joyful village train.

### xv.

But o'er yon slope, a willing band  
With smiles unfeign'd, and arms  
unbound,  
March to the pipe's enchanting  
sound  
From fierce Oppression's proud  
command. 60

### xvi.

Foes once, by force, now happy  
friends!  
Be welcome to the sprightly  
dance,  
To Peace, to Liberty, to France,  
Where Pride's accursed empire  
ends.

## THE MARTEN

### i.

SAY, little bird! whose tender  
breast  
Would quiver at another's wrong,  
Say who could spoil thy fretted  
nest,  
Who take away thy callow  
Young?

### ii.

Alas! for certain is the proof  
How much thy love has under-  
gone!  
I see thee flutter 'neath the roof,  
I hear thy shrilly slender moan.

### iii.

But thee, unfeeling, cruel hind!  
What equal punishments await.  
Inhospitable! thou shalt find 11  
Such favor at another's gate.

### iv.

Thy cottage which the woodbines  
cloathe  
With elegant and gay attire,  
Some desolating Lord shall *loathe*;  
And drive thee from thy cheerful  
fire.

### v.

No warmth the marten tribe  
demands  
When sleety tempest chills the  
sky:  
Nor daily food from friendly hands,  
Like Robin—with retorted eye.

### vi.

In piercing winter I have fed 21  
The Robin: but in vain I threw  
With watchful care the crumbled  
bread;  
The thankless wanderer peck'd,  
and flew.

### vii.

But faithful Martens never rove  
While summer's tardy suns re-  
main:  
They fear to trust the social grove,  
They fear the brake, they fear  
the plain.

### viii.

Close-cluster'd, as the swarming  
hive,  
Till April wakens 'em, they  
sleep; 30  
Thro' coldest waves together dive,  
Nor tremble at the dreary deep.

## THE PATRIOT

### i.

ILLUSTRIOUS Virtue calmly  
braves  
The roaring of the Stygian  
waves:  
Nor shall Oblivion's lurid lake  
Immerse the hero bold, who  
fights

## THE PATRIOT

To rescue and avenge his country's  
rights;  
Nor fears her doubtful fortunes to  
partake.

### II.

Fate, Earth, and Heav'n, are his:  
his final day  
Glory, more radiant than the  
fairest Morn,  
Illumes—and leads him thro' the  
starry way  
Which Cato, Russel, Cavendish,  
adorn.<sup>10</sup>  
There, there he joins the happy few  
who fell  
For thee, O Greece! when Per-  
sian millions rose;  
And them who, led by quiver-  
bearing Tell,  
Slew the proud ancestry of  
Gallia's foes.

### III.

Do beauties half so richly glow  
Along the rain-reflected bow,  
As the clear beams of Virtue,  
falling  
From our small sphere on that  
abyss  
To us unknown, to heroes unappal-  
ling—  
Tho' dreary is the way to endless  
bliss:<sup>20</sup>

### IV.

For all around its harshly-grating  
gates  
What fiends, what demons, un-  
forbidden sit!  
With haggard Hatred pallid Envy  
waits,  
Revenge insatiate, and insulting  
Wit,  
Yet nations round in pain expect  
his doom,  
And oft enquire, yes! trembling  
oft enquire

"O Philodemus! must thy hour,  
then, come?  
O who may execute thy last  
desire?"

### V.

Thus, when the short-lived sun-  
beams leave  
Far northern climes, are heard to  
grieve<sup>30</sup>  
Their damsels and enamour'd  
boys,  
Whom wand'ring o'er the dreary  
plain  
Fair Hope so lately smiled to enter-  
tain,  
Or Love invited on to nearer joys.

### VI.

But now, convening round their  
aged sires,  
Them crystal cottages again re-  
ceive:  
Unblest their scanty meal, and  
faint the fires  
Which Winter stern forbids  
them long to leave.  
But they whom Age restricts, once  
more behold  
With dubious joy the Sun's re-  
gressive rays;<sup>40</sup>  
View on the icy cliffs his genial gold,  
No more to brighten their de-  
clining days!

## THE GRAPE

### I.

BACCHUS first taught the Grape to  
swell  
In clusters thro' the laughing land:  
By him the Lybian monsters fell  
Who ravaged it with hostile  
hand.

### II.

But, cruel Grape! for this regard  
Which he so tenderly had shown,  
O blush! and tell me what reward  
Requited his Anacreon?



## EARLY POEMS

### III.

Divine Anacreon! whose lyre  
 So fondly warbled in your  
 praise— 10  
 The son of elegant Desire,  
 The father of immortal Lays.

### IV.

See lovely Spring around him  
 spread  
 Her lily pale, her budded rose;  
 Cool myrtles shade his silvery head,  
 And wine from Cupid's goblet  
 flows.

### V.

Exhale, then, for the festive hour  
 These blooming sweets? ah no!  
 I view  
 Anguish and Fate terrific lour,  
 And, cruel Grape! he falls by  
 you. 20

### VI.

Now lilies! roses! cease to bloom!  
 —Your dear Anacreon's spirit  
 flies—  
 Or, O! adorn th' untimely tomb  
 Whence Love averts his weeping  
 eyes.

### VII.

Thus far the Muse; when thro' the  
 plains  
 Of Gallia sweeter sounds arose!  
 Sounds to her liberated swains  
 How sweet! how dreadful to her  
 foes!

### VIII.

Her vine-clad hills the Vandal bands  
 Thro' dreary Autumn's reign had  
 held, 30  
 Had pluck'd with sacrilegious hands  
 What fruit unripe the God would  
 yield.

### IX.

But pale Disease their camp in-  
 vades:  
 The Plunderer, prostrate in the  
 dust,  
 No more thro' floods of slaughter  
 wades,  
 But sighs to see his dagger rust.

### X.

—Yes, Grape! for this let all for-  
 give  
 Anacreon's undeserved end.  
 France bids the rude remainder live,  
 She makes their Tyrant, only,  
 bend. 40

## TO A LADY LATELY MARRIED

### I.

FROM Pride's embraces and from  
 Fortune's smiles  
 Few are the damsels that have  
 power to fly:  
 They, bound in Torpor's chilly  
 toils,  
 Struck by strong enchantment  
 lie.

### II.

O'er thee, Sophia! Love alone  
 presides;  
 O'er thee, I view his purple pinions  
 play!  
 Thus, fluttering on the vernal  
 tides,  
 Shines the lightsome rosy ray.

### III.

Blest! who from Fortune and from  
 Pride hast fled  
 Where pure Affection's genial  
 warmth persuades! 10

*To a Lady lately married.* [This poem was written, according to Forster, when Landor was at Rugby and not more than fourteen. The lady was Sophia, wife of John Shuckburgh of Bourton Hall to whom she was married in 1788. She was a daughter of John Venour and his wife Catherine, who was Dr. Walter Landor's sister. The "Address" is said to have been Landor's first original poem in English. W.]

## TO A LADY LATELY MARRIED

Thy paths may tender Beauty  
tread,  
Paths where Pleasure never  
fades.

### IV.

Nor else the primrose, wet with  
early dew,  
Closes her bosom from approaching  
Night:

But glad the joyful Morn to view,  
Sips the lively stream of light.

### ODE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON

*Quo nihil maius meliusve terris  
Fata donavere bonique Divi.*

*Hor. [Odes IV. 2. 37-8].*

EXULTING on unwearied wings,  
Above where incense clouds the  
court of kings

Arise! immortal Muse! arise:  
Beyond the confines of th'  
Atlantic waves,  
O'er cities free from despots, free  
from slaves,  
Go! hail the tepid calm of purer  
skies.

Thence may thine eye with  
transport view,  
The fields resplendent with ce-  
lestial dew

Where, crown'd by Plenty,  
Labor smiles:

Woods dark with verdure, rivers,  
lakes, and farms 10

Whose vallies, echoing with  
fraternal arms,

Thy cruelty proclaim'd, revengeful  
Queen of Isles!

Go! thither where the leafy palm  
Abundant pours her nectar'd  
balm;

Where purple-winged myriads  
play

Murmuring in the vernal ray,  
Or latent in the rose's fold  
Bask under arches of transparent  
pink,

Or dallying with the lily's locks of  
gold

Subdued by fragrance on her  
bosom sink. 20

How fair the scene! how kind  
the hand

That shed these beauties o'er a  
grateful land!

How curst! who dared to  
blast their bloom.

Own every people *now*, nor fear  
to own,

That all the dazzling splendor  
of a throne

No more deceives you: 'tis a  
gorgeous tomb.

But, hail thou hero! born to  
prove

The Country's glory and thy  
Country's love,

To break her regal iron rod—  
Of justice certain, fearless of

success, 30

Her rights to vindicate, her  
wrongs redress,

Her sceptre to transfer from  
tyrants to her God.

Hence, when the Northern hive  
shall pour

In millions on each *other* shore,  
Thy sons shall flourish and  
increase

'Neath the genial beams of  
Peace:

The swain of Canada shall woo  
With bland allurements the con-  
senting maid

Whose name the pearl-paved  
Rivers, of Peru

Or Chile, whisper in their citron  
shade. 40

## EARLY POEMS

But even *thou* to Nature's law  
Wilt bend, with reverence and  
majestic awe,  
As now to thee thy Country  
bends:  
Yet, O my Washington! the fatal  
hour  
Deprives thee only of an *active*  
pow'r,  
Nor with thy victories thy  
triumph ends.

In Isles where fierce Achilles  
reigns,  
Immortal coursers, panting o'er  
the plains,  
Still urge him on to scenes of  
woe!  
Patroclus wonders what the  
Hero views—

50

—He cries—'*tis Hector*—and  
again pursues  
The heaven-abandon'd Chief, and  
aims the vengeful blow.

The days of playful Youth  
engage

The pleasing memory of Age:  
Thus, when we fly from toil and  
pain

Thither when the Just re-  
main;

No clouds, that float beneath,  
can screen

Our former Country from our  
wistful sight!

O Man! how happy to review the  
scene

Thyself hast blest! how godlike a  
delight!

60

## BOOK II

## MISCELLANIES

### INVOCATION TO THE MUSE

Tho' Helicon! I seldom dream  
Aside thy lovely limpid stream,  
Nor glory that to me belong  
Or elegance, or nerve of Song,  
Or Hayley's easy-ambling horse,  
Or Peter Pindar's comic force,  
Or Mason's fine majestic flow,  
Oraught that pleases one in Crowe—  
Yet thus a *saucy-suppliant* bard!  
I court the Muse's kind regard. 10  
"O! whether, Muse! thou please to  
give  
My humble verses long to live;  
Or tell me *The decrees of Fate*  
*Have order'd them a shorter date*—  
I bow: yet O! may every word  
Survive, however, George III.

### ON POPE GOING TO SLEEP IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES

ONCE, Jove! in presence of thy  
godhead  
The thunder-bearing Eagle nodded:  
Enchanted by the vocal strings  
He nodded—and he flapt his wings.  
His vigorous pounces, arm'd by  
Fate,  
Dropt listless their avenging freight;  
While the Dundasses of the times  
Reap'd the rich harvest of their  
crimes.

Than slumber what should Pope  
do rather  
O George! in presence of thy father?

*Invocation to the Muse.* 5 Hayley's [William Hayley (ob. 1820), author of "Triumphs of Temper", 1781, &c.].

*On Pope going to sleep in the presence of the late Prince of Wales.* [See Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*: Pope: "When he wanted to sleep he 'nodd'd in company'; and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."]

## ON POPE GOING TO SLEEP

When, sending his supreme en-  
 gagement, 11  
 Great Frederic to the Twitnam  
 Sage meant  
 An honor great as princes can  
 Submit to do to any man.  
 For had he been engaged in parley  
 With him instead of honest Harley,  
 No wholesome satire could have  
 clear'd  
 The stables of the courtly herd:  
 While the Dundasses of the times  
 Reap'd the rich harvest of their  
 crimes. 20

### ON THE WINDOW-TAX

'Tis well our courtly patriots have  
 No window in their breast:  
 How d-mn-bly these dogs would  
 rave  
 To find themselves *assest*.

### DEBATE BETWEEN AN OXONIAN AND CANTAB

'Twas market-day: the farmers  
 met:  
 Brown jugs along the board were  
 set:  
 And milk-white pipes in long array,  
 Foretold a comfortable day.  
 A pair of parsons, loose from  
 college,  
 Come in: their *theme* our seats of  
 knowledge.  
 But, àpropos, the Muse premises  
 One was from Cam and one from  
 Isis.  
 When thus the former, "I confess  
 Bays hide Oxonia's nakedness. 10  
 I grant her due; for who would  
 hinder

From West the very wreaths of  
 Pindar?  
 The Wartons, too, in yonder grove,  
 Like the Ledean Twins of Jove,  
 Prove daily their superior worth  
 O'er poets militant on earth.  
 Yet, what is Poetry? a noise  
 That captivates the ear of *boys*.  
 But, Sir! the nobler praise is  
 Cam's  
 Of riddles, puns, and epigrams. 20  
 Lord help you, Sir, and *his* divines  
 Can make a circle of strait lines:  
 While yours employ their sordid  
 cares  
 On bible-reading and on pray'rs.  
 This truth severe too well I know!  
 Oxonia's pupil long ago:  
 But now, embracing Alma Mater,  
 I learn to pity more than hate  
 her.  
 However, Sir! since both I tried,  
 My statement cannot be denied."

He spoke: the rival smiles and  
 bows; 31  
 Then tells "*a tale of calves and  
 cows*."

Two cows had each a calf, but  
 one  
 —Nay stop, Sir! till my tale is  
 done—  
 Soon after died: without com-  
 plaining  
 The Farmer kept the one remain-  
 ing.  
 Nurst by *one* mother, fed by *two*,  
 Surprisingly the creature grew.  
 Well! and what then? Why *then*,  
 I ween,  
 A greater calf was never seen. 40

*On the Window-Tax.* [In 1784 Pitt "met the deficiency of revenue . . . by an increase of the window-tax". Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*, p. 68.]

*Debate between an Oxonian and Cantab.* 12 West [Gilbert West (1703-56) was at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. His translation of Pindar's Odes was published in 1749; "The Institution of the Garter, a dramatic poem", in 1742.]

## EARLY POEMS

### EXPLANATION OF A GREEK PROVERB

"*Gods play at ball with us poor men.*"

—Thus an outrageous Sophist  
ran on—

Kings, who do *now*, what Gods  
did *then*,

To save their fingers call for  
cannon.

### ON A QUAKER'S TANKARD

YE lie, friend Pindar! and friend  
Thales!—

Nothing so good as water? Ale is.

### STORY OF THE FARMERS, THE DOG, AND THE KENNEL

SOME farmers bought a dog, to keep  
From neighbouring wolves their  
folded sheep.

But ah! the farmers little thought  
How dearly was their bargain  
bought:

Tho' very famous is the breed  
For loud *alarm*, or *flying* speed.  
Some, they will sell you, bravely  
stand

Against the fiercest beast on land:  
While others make the water foam  
*Sometimes*, but *mostly* growl at  
home. 10

The sire, one morn, in kennel lay  
Which once belong'd to faithful  
Tray.

Its ancient sides with dirt were  
clotted;

Its fabric here and there had rotted:  
But still the farmers thought they  
cou'd

A little mend the crumbling  
wood—

So, brought a hammer—but the  
dog

Shook with a growl his *little* log.

They ran away: their kind en-  
deavour

Fail'd; and the kennel rots for  
ever. 20

### STORY OF MIDAS

WITH bards of old a story passes  
That royal ears were once like  
asses'.

The Minister of Midas found

His Majesty's in such a plight:  
Obliged to speak, he made the  
ground

His confident, one summer's  
night.

Next morn, some countryfolks  
aver'd

That they a wond'rous tale had  
heard,

How *sundry* traitor *rushes* said

"What ails king Midas's poor  
head? 10

Is it from folly or from fear

That like an ass he pricks his ear?

Is it his own or country's good

That makes him swill his guts with  
blood?"

All this they said, and other  
things

About a *love of gold* in kings.

But Midas, not content to hush his  
Misfortune, told a trusty  
mower—

"Go, Minister, cut down the  
*rushes*,

I'll put their *oracles* i' th' *tower*."

'Twas done: and who enquires the  
good 21

Of swilling royal guts with blood?

*Explanation of a Greek Proverb.* [See Plato, *Legg.* 803, ἀνθρωπὸν θεοῦ τι παλιν  
εἶναι, and Plautus, *Captivi*, prol. 22 *Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.* Montaigne  
and Cowley quoted the Latin version. W.]

## EARLY POEMS

### WRITTEN ON WARTON'S ESSAY ON POPE

By Warton's order, Pope behind  
the screen  
Sits hid, and trembles lest he ne'er  
be seen:  
Meanwhile how fast another's  
numbers flow!  
How loud is Aristotle, Bayle, Du  
Bos!

### TO THE MUSE, CONCERNING THE ABOVE EPIGRAM

If aught of epigram I wrote  
Which stuck in Dr. Warton's  
throat:  
Say, Muse! you wish you had for-  
got it—  
Or say, you told the bard to blot it.  
Go! go directly: you may say  
"Good Doctor, 'tis a charming  
day."  
What? spurn a Briton's last re-  
mark?  
Well! tell him, then, of \*K—  
and C—  
Suppose, his Reverence to appease,  
We recollect such lines as these. 10

### TO DR. WARTON

O HEAR our suit, good Doctor  
Warton!  
And grant us what we set our heart  
on.

Forgive us if in *dishabille*  
The plaintive Muse hath seiz'd the  
quill.  
Sit down, good Sir! and we will  
try  
To give the reason, by and by.

We scarce need mention, for you  
know,  
How deep her sighs, how wild her  
woe,  
E'er since thy brother, our de-  
light!

Left us in anguish and in night. 10  
E'er since that glorious star hath  
set,  
What now remains but C— and  
K—?

Alas! chaotic is the dark  
'Twixt C— and K—, and K—  
and C—

O! would thy kindness but re-  
store

The precious idols we adore;  
No longer *then*, in Wisdom's spite,  
Would loungers read what block-  
heads write.

Deign from thy brother's works to  
cull us

What bold Lucretius, sharp Catul-  
lus, 20

Divinely-elegant Tibullus,  
—And all the grand Aonian quire—

Would envy, or at least admire.  
Then Oxford shall no more regret  
The twofold night 'twixt C— and  
K—

*Written on Warton's Essay on Pope.* [See *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, by Joseph Warton (1722–1800); the first volume came out in 1757, the second in 1782. Warton calls Aristotle "first and best of critics". Pierre Bayle's *Dictionary*, and *Reflexions critiques sur la Poésie* by Jean Baptiste Du Bos, are also quoted pretty often in the *Essay on Pope*. W.]

\* The first of these gentlemen published "Juvenile Poems" at the age of forty, the latter "Ædipus" in prose. Ouvrez, Messieurs! c'est mon Œdipe en prose. [L. "Juvenile Poems", by the Rev. Henry Kett, Fellow of Trinity College, had been published at Oxford in 1793. The Rev. George Somers Clark, also a Fellow of Trinity, wrote "Ædipus, King of Thebes, a tragedy from the Greek of Sophocles, translated into prose, with notes", London, 1791. W.]

To Dr. Warton. 9 thy brother [Thomas Warton II, Professor of Poetry, Oxford, in 1757 and author of *History of English Poetry*, died May 20, 1790.]

## EARLY POEMS

### TO THE AUTHOR OF BAMP- TON LECTURES AND JUVE- NILE POEMS

WHAT tho' Religion laugh thy  
prose to scorn,  
Yet o'er thy verses all the Muses  
mourn.  
In comic, then, and tragic, thou  
canst claim  
A *Shakespear's* merits and a  
*Shakespear's* fame!  
Our sides with laughter at thy  
sermons shake,  
Thy piteous numbers gripe them  
till they ache.

### ON TUCKER'S TREATISE CONCERNING CIVIL GOV- ERNMENT, IN OPPOSITION TO LOCKE

THEE, meek Episcopcy! shall kings  
unfrock  
Ere Tucker triumph over sense  
and Locke.

### IMITATIONS FROM CATULLUS

#### I.

### TO THE SPARROW OF LESBIA [CARMEN II]

SPARROW! Lesbia's lively guest,  
Cherish'd ever in her breast!  
Whom with tantalizing jokes  
Oft to peck her she provokes:  
Thus in pretty playful wiles  
Love and absence she beguiles.

Oft, like her, to ease my pain,  
I thy little fondness gain.  
Dear to me as, bards have told,

Was the apple's orb of gold 10  
To the Nymph whose long-tied zone  
*That* could loose, and *that* alone.

#### II.

### ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

[CARMEN III]

VENUS! Cupid! Beaux! deplore—  
Lesbia's sparrow is no more!  
That which she was wont to prize  
Dearer than her lovely eyes.  
Like a child, her voice it knew,  
'Twittering here and there it flew:  
Cunningly her breast it loved,  
Whence it very seldom moved.  
Now, alas! 'tis in the bourn  
Whence it never may return. 10  
Cruel shades! that round it lour!  
All that's pretty ye devour.  
Lesbia's sparrow ye have ta'en!—  
Cause of unabating pain!  
Little bird! now thou art fled,  
Lesbia's weeping eyes are red.

#### III.

### TO LESBIA

[CARMEN V]

YES! my Lesbia! let us prove  
All the sweets of life in love.  
Let us laugh at envious sneers;  
Envy is the fault of years.  
Vague report let us despise;  
Suns may set and suns may rise:  
We, when sets *our* twinkling light,  
Sleep a long-continued night.  
Make we then, the most of this—  
Let us kiss, and kiss, and kiss. 10  
While we thus the night employ,  
Envy cannot know our joy.  
So, my Lesbia! let us prove  
All the sweets of life in love.

*To the author of Bampton Lectures and Juvenile Poems.* [The Rev. Henry Kett was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1790. W.]

*On Tucker's Treatise concerning Civil Government.* [See *Treatise Concerning Civil Government*, by Josiah Tucker (1711-99), Dean of Gloucester. W.]

## IMITATIONS FROM CATULLUS

### IV.

#### TO LESBIA

##### [CARMEN VII]

AND canst *thou*, my love! enquire  
 Just the kisses I desire?  
 —Many as the sands that lie  
 'Neath the torrid Lybian sky:  
 From—along the benzoin plain—  
 Battus' tomb to Ammon's fane.  
 Many as the stars that ken  
 —Calm the night—the loves of  
 men.

These Catullus, then, requires  
 Equal to his vast desires, 10  
 Which nor man can over-rate,  
 Nor Enchantress fascinate.

### V.

#### EPITHALAMIUM OF MANLIUS AND JULIA

##### [CARMEN LXI]

YOUTH of Helicon! whose race  
 Poets from Urania trace:  
 By whose hand the modest maid  
 To her loved spouse is laid.  
 Round your brow, O Hymen!  
 wreath  
 Amaranths that sweetly breathe:  
 'Take the veil of flery dye,  
 On your feet the sandals tie—  
 Sandals pink that lustre throw  
 O'er an ancle white as snow. 10  
 Waken'd by the cheerful day,  
 Tune the tinkling nuptial lay;  
 Wave the pineal torch, and beat  
 Music's note with nimble feet.

Beauteous as Idalia's Queen  
 Tript along the Phrygian green,  
 Ida's youthful judge to prove  
 Faithful in the cause of love:  
 Julia, blest with equal charms,  
 Hastes, O Manlius! to thine arms.  
 She awaits her happy spouse, 21  
 Blooming as the myrtle boughs  
 Which, along the Asian plain,

Blossoms all the year retain:  
 Whence the Hamadryads sip  
 Nectar sweet with sportive lip.

Now no longer, Hymen! dwell  
 Loitering in the Thespian dell.  
 Nor where Aganippe's rill  
 Cools Aonia's craggy hill. 30  
 But invite the fair to come  
 To her husband's happy home.  
 So with love her fancy bind  
 As the ivy-tendrils wind  
 Round an oak their wandering  
 course,  
 Pressing with instinctive force.

Virgins! pure from amorous  
 play,  
 Listen to the lively lay.  
 Time to you your hour will bring:  
 Sing to Hymen, Hymen sing. 40  
 So, more willing he will hear,  
 Sweetly cited to appear.  
 Whom should lovers more require  
 Than the friend of fond desire?  
 Than the God whose hands unite  
 Every bond of pure delight?

Hymen! 'tis to you alone  
 Virgins loose the silken zone:  
 Fearful all the while of you,  
 Oft they ask what husbands do. 50  
 You consign the modest bride  
 To her ardent lover's side:  
 Sever'd from her mother's breast,  
 Sever'd only to be blest.  
 There where Hymen never came,  
 What is Venus! where is Fame!  
 But at your supreme command  
 They are ever hand in hand.

Open wide, ye doors! behold  
 Torches shake their hair of gold. 60  
 Why then, bashful bride! delay  
 Longer than declining day?  
 Is it that ingenuous shame  
 Shuns to hear its honor'd name?  
 Weeping that at evening's close  
 All is rapture and repose.



## EARLY POEMS

Ne'er from thee will Manlius  
 range,  
 Ne'er from thee his heart estrange:  
 Ne'er, neglectful, sink to rest  
 Distant from thy tender breast. 70  
 But, as loves the vigorous Vine  
 Its enamour'd arms to twine  
 Round and round a friendly tree,  
 Thus thy Manlius will to thee.

Glimmering now the day-light  
 flies—  
 Julia! bashful bride! arise!

Lo! upon the Tyrian bed,  
 O'er thee bends thy lover's head!

Manlius! happy youth! thine  
 arms 79  
 Now may wander o'er her charms:  
 O'er the cheeks of roseate glow,  
 Slender neck and breast of snow.

*Thou* art also Venus' care!  
 Thou art young, and thou art fair.  
 Prosper'd by her genial aid,  
 Soon hast thou her laws obey'd.  
 May, within the circling year,  
 A Torquatus hence appear:  
 Stretch to thee the arm that prest  
 Close, before, its mother's breast:  
 Turn to thee the welcome smile, 91  
 Sweetly pouting all the while.  
 May the Stranger's eye admire  
 In the son the noble sire:  
 May his rosy boyish face  
 Bloom with each maternal grace.

Now, ye Virgins! close the door;  
 Dance and sing and play no more.

Now, ye amicable Pair!  
 Active lover! envied fair! 100  
 Spend in transport, while ye may,  
 Youth and Beauty's fleeting day.\*

\* This imitation contains only about half the original. [L.]

## PART II

### MORAL EPISTLE, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO EARL STANHOPE

[Published in 1795. The author's name was revealed in *l.* 192. Three short passages = 25 *ll.* were quoted in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

## DEDICATION

It has been said, and your Lordship must often have heard it, that titles add grace to Virtue. One might as well have argued that splendor is given to a diamond by setting it in gold: because, if unset, very probably it would not be exposed to view.—False jewels only thus receive their lustre. Nobility gives a person opportunities of displaying his worth, but his worth is not derived from his nobility. Hence I am willing to imagine that the observation which I have reprehended arose from gratitude. Perhaps it was the effusion of a sanguine author to a generous patron: however, this is not intended as any hint to your Lordship; for *patron* sounds to *me* so terrible that I would rather have an executioner than one. I only prefix what you are reading, by way of direction to my letter, and for the sake of declaring myself not the admirer of your titles

[Charles, third Earl Stanhope (1753–1816) had in January 1794 moved in the House of Lords that the French Republic should be recognized by the British Government. He had opposed the war with the American Colonies.]

## MORAL EPISTLE

but of your virtues. I am even bold enough to assert, that Fortune must either have been more blind or more insulting than usual, when she placed on the brow of Stanhope the tinsel coronet for the civic wreath.

Feb. 25.

### PREFACE

I KNOW not by what fatality it happens, that those have been lately reckoned among the enemies of their country, who were before considered as her friends. But, without attaching myself to any party whatever, I think it proper to make a few very short observations. It strikes me, first, that people, when they talk on political subjects, often pretend to a kind of delicacy in forbearing to mention names; and authors very often have a similar scruple for a different reason. The former, because truth has been declared a libel, and because spies intrude themselves into every conversation: the latter fancy that even the *names* of certain men corrupt the paper with which they come in contact.

The data are just; but I disdain the conclusions. For, why should we hesitate to unmask the crimes? Is it because they are frightful? and are we, then, such children? Ought we not rather to shew the World that they are so, and expose by what magic they assume so imposing an appearance? I had said in the present Epistle, after mentioning a few characters which ancient and modern Times have produced,

'Twould tire the Muse, and awkward were the sight,  
To drag into the radiant realms of light  
Whatever monsters wretched England has,  
Or Scotland—thrice accurst for each Dundas.<sup>1</sup>

Though I am very sensible how long and how laborious a work it would be, yet, having begun it here, I shall continue it at my leisure. As I hate the form of a Satire, I shall continue the more agreeable contrast between excellent and execrable characters. A thousand of the latter may be thrown into the *shade* occasioned by one like Stanhope: while those who, regarding a Wyndham and a Portland,<sup>2</sup> can trace honesty in one and wisdom in the other, must have more penetration than the Physiognomist, or more fancy than the Poet. But, while there are in the cabinet, men who lament the misfortune of keeping six or seven servants, merely because two or three of them will cost an additional guinea; while there are men who, possessing immense riches, barter away the liberties of their country for a little more; while there are men who, rather than contribute from their own superfluities to a war which their madness has kindled, take the morsel from the widow and fatherless whom they have rendered so—but to call such beings *men* is a libel on the human race—yet while there are such existing, there will always be a subject for *Moral Epistles*; and though they are the Jailors of Britain, their names shall be written in a calendar quite as legible and quite as durable as theirs.

<sup>1</sup> These verses are not in the *Epistle*. [W.]

<sup>2</sup> Wyndham and a Portland. [William Windham (1750–1810) and the third Duke of Portland (1738–1809), both members of the younger Pitt's first Cabinet. W.]

## EARLY POEMS

### MORAL EPISTLE

'Twas when, awaken'd by their  
just alarms,  
Our distant brothers call'd aloud  
to arms—  
That Reason, darting thro' the  
clouds of Night,  
O'er every Nation waved her  
heavenly light.  
Then shook the palaces, in ages  
built  
When Superstition lent her aid to  
Guilt.  
I, unawakened, in my cradle slept,  
Nor wept, unconscious I, while  
millions wept.  
Blind to the moral and historic  
page,  
Deaf to the Poet sweet, the solemn  
Sage—10  
In lisping accents hardly could I  
tell  
Beneath what Hero proud Minorca  
fell:  
What Hero, crown'd by Conquest  
each campaign,  
Crush'd with Herculean strength  
gigantic Spain.  
Now *France* has murmur'd to  
receive her laws  
From Kings and Cossacs, Frederic's  
and Artois's:  
Now only Liberty supremely reigns  
O'er those extended and extending  
plains:  
With thee, O Stanhope! gazing  
round the scene,  
I judge futurity from what has  
been.20  
To anxious sailors, distant still  
from land,  
A thousand visionary ports ex-  
pand.

Thus, tho' the storms surround us,  
and the blast  
On rugged rocks our helpless bark  
hath cast—  
Hope from the summit smiles, and  
Halcyons play  
Along the glimmering pale re-  
flected ray.  
But turn we round: behold how  
swiftly flies  
The mist illusive that obscured our  
eyes!  
Throned on a mountain, down  
whose side is roll'd  
A rapid torrent tinged with sands  
of gold:30  
Whose barren height projects a  
chilly shade  
O'er every cottage in the nether  
glade:  
Where sleepless hellebore and bit-  
ter rue  
Forbid the bee to sip their vernal dew:  
Where nightshade twines the bower,  
and hemlock grows  
With proud luxuriance round the  
wither'd rose—  
Sits haggard Avarice! with bloody  
hand  
She grasps the sceptre of supreme  
command.  
An iron sceptre! o'er whose rugged  
head  
A Stygian vulture's waving wings  
dispread.40  
But him the Goddess—if the dews  
of Sleep  
His eyes so piercing chance awhile  
to steep—  
Still guards protective, still in  
empty dreams  
With hooked beak his harpy hun-  
ger screams.

12 Minorca] General James Murray, Governor of Minorca, surrendered the island to the Spanish in February 1782. 16 [The Count of Artois came to London in July 1795, and afterwards found a place of refuge at Holyrood. In 1824 he succeeded to the French throne as Charles X.]

## MORAL EPISTLE

<p>Those eyes, half opening, roll with livid fire, Those flagging feathers rustle with desire. But roused from slumber, ever prompt to rove, He grasps the thunders of the bird of Jove. These far and wide he brandishes, nor cares For widow wallings nor for orphan prayers. 50 The cruel Goddess hears the mur- muring main From sacred Indus to her Thames complain: And sees thy children, Oh indig- nant Rhine! Crushed by her votaries their lives resign. They die—but vengeance is their latest breath— Majestic in their pangs, and hum- bled but by Death. Alas, O Stanhope! in her hateful train What Fiends innumerable still re- main! Some, not contented rashly to have hurl'd The torch of Discord on a rising World; 60 At home disguise themselves in snowy vest,</p>	<p>Nor fear to thrust it in a mother's breast. 'Tis hence Religion from her shrine retires, Hence Faith no longer fans her vestal fires; Hence naked Commerce begs along the streets, While mute Suspicion flies from all she meets. Nay, even Friendship, bursts her golden band! Kens one with caution ere she shakes one's hand. No longer gives she that accus- tom'd zest Which made luxurious e'en the frugal feast: 70 Nor hold we converse, in these fear- ful days, More than the horses in your Lord- ship's chaise. Yet wine was once almighty! silent Care Fill'd high the bowl, and laugh'd at poor Despair. Wine threw the guinea from the Miser's hand, Wine made his wond'ring heart with alien warmth expand. Made hope enjoyment, made the coward pant For battle, *parsons preach, and †poets rant.</p>
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\* It is entertaining enough to hear the Clergy grumble at being driven from their *vine and fig-tree*, and calling upon us in the name of Religion to *strengthen the hand of Government against the enemies of Church and State*. In their lamentations over the *Martyr Charles*, there was a deal of extraneous matter to supply their divisions and subdivisions; but among all their execrations, and all their sighs, the fate of our slaughtered Countrymen seemed totally forgotten. The Poet Cowley was the apologist of Charles, and he thinks it very hard that a monarch should be put to death for *cropping off a few ears*. This was the ordinary punishment inflicted by the Star-Chamber; and so common was it, that the people appeared like so many *terriers*. The Puritans chiefly suffered under Charles. The hair of these people generally took a strait direction down the side of the head, as if it were fearful of discovering so ignominious a mutilation. [L.] [See Abraham Cowley's *Discourse concerning . . . Cromwell*: "What can be more extraordinarily wicked than . . . to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads?" W.]

† The Writer of a Tragedy, the name of which I have forgotten, tells us that it is

## EARLY POEMS

But O the pleasures! when mid  
none but friends  
The trusty secret where it rises  
ends. 80  
At which no hireling politician  
storms,  
No snoring rector catches, and  
*informs*.

But Bacchus! Bacchus!—round  
whose thyrsus twined  
Tendrils and ivy playing uncon-  
fined—  
How art thou alter'd! *I?* yes *thou*,  
by Jove,  
Thou second Wyndham; what I  
say I prove.  
Tooke was on trial: Pitt was cited:  
came:  
Discovered treason raging; towers  
on flame;  
Daggers and pikes enormous, and  
a dart  
To fly *self-acted* at the Monarch's  
heart: 90  
But, questioned on his *own* ac-  
count, each jot  
Of all he once had written he  
forgot.  
That which is real we forget with  
ease,  
But feign what never happen'd,  
when we please.  
The faults of others magnified are  
shown;  
We children turn the glass, and  
smile upon our own.

But—honest Minister, or sound  
Divine—  
He lies who tells us there is truth  
in wine.  
For George's Premier, never known  
to reel,  
Drinks his two bottles, Bacchus!  
at a meal. 100  
If ever, wand'ring from the hand of  
Truth,  
I join'd the Follies that encircle  
Youth—  
O may I perish ere of me be  
said,  
Those were my victims whom I  
first betray'd.  
But some there are who, *raving for  
our good*,  
Would tear the very hand that  
holds them food.

Go, get to kennel, New-found-  
land-dog\* Reeves!  
Your loud alarum not a soul  
believes.  
Without or teeth to bite, or sense  
to hunt,  
You only wake the *Swine*, and  
make them grunt. 110  
Others there are who, spurning  
honest Fame,  
From foul Corruption wealth and  
titles claim.  
'Tis thus the chaplain, secretary,  
drudge,  
Rise into Bishop, Chancellor, and  
Judge.

the duty of every one to write against the French; but if every one wrote so bad as he, their wrists might ache before the effect were equal to the intention. [L.]

\* I shall not enlarge on the present worthy character, nor observe with what alacrity he performs the duties of his New-found-land office. It would be equally unnecessary to remark, that the disunion which lately prevailed in England was chiefly occasioned by the associated Terrorists, Alarmists, & Co. But people begin, at last, to distinguish their real benefactors from their pretended ones. [L.] [John Reeves (*ob.* 1829), first Chief Justice of Newfoundland, author of *Thoughts on English Government*, a pamphlet pronounced by the House of Commons to be a breach of privilege. W.]

· 87 [Landor again referred to Pitt's evidence at the trial of Horne Tooke in his *Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*, 1907 ed., p. 72. W.]

## MORAL EPISTLE

'Tis thus the Poet who has *art* to  
praise  
What *we* must execrate, may wear  
the bays.  
Anger and Sorrow prey upon the  
Muse,  
While some neglect her and while  
some abuse.  
Simon—for Simon is the golden  
calf—  
Feeds at his shrine one \* poet and  
a half. 120  
Whate'er to *others* Pindus can  
produce  
Would hardly satisfy a hungry  
goose.  
Since *self* however has unbounded  
reign,  
By Plenty prosper'd I no more  
complain:  
Together daily tête à tête we  
dine,  
And frugal *Temperance* decants  
the wine.  
One afternoon I saw her, not in  
sport,  
Sip with her mouth awry the  
muddy port:  
Nay further, could you credit it,  
my Lord,  
She dropt, I recollect, a *naughty*  
*word*: 130  
"Damn it, if Ministers would not  
debar it,  
For half the money we might drink  
our claret."  
Now what I answered guess: you  
say you know:  
"Art *thou* then *Temperance*?" ex-  
actly so.

Well! and I added if she dar'd  
defame  
Her *foes* so grossly she should lose  
her name.  
Thus fly the Wretches who should  
lose their ears,  
From house of — into house  
of —;  
Nor, when the matters are so well  
arranged,  
Doubt but their characters are also  
changed. 140  
But think not, Stanhope! there  
were *never* those,  
Who dared Corruption bravely to  
oppose.  
Parham,—contented with his house  
and grounds  
That brought him annual scarce  
four hundred pounds—  
Whenever Duty call'd him, took  
his cane  
And walk'd to London whether  
fair or rain.  
Sometimes with Ministers he  
deign'd to chat,  
Sometimes would *vote* for them,  
but seldom *that*.  
Yet still—as Parham was a man  
revered,  
As people loved him even while  
they feared— 150  
They thought, by giving him a  
place, to raise  
The voice of Britain louder in their  
praise.  
They gave it. Parham in his  
*chariot* goes,  
Not alter'd—only wearing cleaner  
shoes.

\* The Poet M. and Mr. R. [L.]

119 Simon. [George Simon, 2nd Earl Harcourt (*ob.* 1797); his prize for an English poem was won in 1791 by the Rev. George Richards (see l. 120) with "The Aboriginal Britons". William Whitehead, Poet Laureate, and William Mason (see l. 120) "were among those whom he distinguished by his early regard, and it accompanied them to the end of their lives". (*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1809.)]

143 Parham] George, 17th Lord Willoughby of Parham (*ob.* 1779), "always gave his vote in the House of Peers according to his Conscience" (Banks, *Extinct Baronage*). [W.]

## EARLY POEMS

But once it happen'd some affairs  
of state  
Required a little *ready-made* de-  
bate.  
"Let's go to Parham's." They  
arrive. "My Lord!  
I come this morning just to speak  
a word.  
An awkward subject starts to-day,  
we want  
Your vote; you know it." *Yes!*  
*but vote I can't.* 160  
High words arose on this, and  
threats were used;  
In vain: they threaten'd still, he  
still refused.  
"My Lord! however hurt at your  
*disgrace,*  
I hate dissembling—you must lose  
your place."  
Well! Sir! you cannot take my  
*legs*; thank God  
These still are left me, and I know  
my road.

This was a Noble: should you  
like to hear  
How acted Shippon, Parham's  
true compeer?  
You know 'twas Walpole's well-  
inform'd advice,  
*Shake but the money, all men have*  
*their price.* 170  
To thee, O Stanhope! odd as it may  
sound,  
But one exception to the rule he  
found.  
'Twas Shippon. \*Walpole, tho' the  
Scoundrel Court  
Were brib'd already, hoped for *his*  
support.  
Came to his villa, mixt in his  
request  
Some hints of favour, soon more  
closely prest.  
Now Shippon rang the bell. Sir  
Robert's hips  
Tingled with strong presentiment  
of *whips.*

\* The Court of Walpole was infamous even to a proverb. Comparisons are odious: but a time undoubtedly has appeared, though the period shall not be instanced, when almost the whole of our worthy Representatives might join the Chorus in Sophocles—and say—

"Ὅς ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ναυκράτωρ ὁ παῖς· ὅς' ἂν  
οὗτος λέγῃ σοι, ταῦτά σοι χίμαιρας φαμεν.

[*Philoctetes* 1072-3.]

*"This youth here is our pilot; whatever he tells you we also say."*

Sophocles often is a Satirist. If he had lived in England, he certainly would have had his windows broken for freedom of speech. It is a pity, that in so immense a web of Scholia, as that which is entangled round this Author, one is not able to distinguish the Characters which he seems to have attacked. The Critics never observed that Sophocles joined Politics to Poesy; otherwise they certainly would have taken the pains to illustrate, as they went, the most *striking* characters of a most eventful age. This reflection led me to another—which is, that nothing would be more proper than that to every town, which had Representatives, there should every month be sent an account how they act. This account should be deposited in some place of safety, where they might refer to it whenever they please. They could *then* be no longer deceived; and if there existed any undue influence it would be their own fault. Even this, however, would be nugatory, unless the Bill passes for a more general Reform. [L. Lord Houghton pointed out, in the *Edinburgh Review*, July 1849, that Landor in his application of lines quoted from Sophocles almost anticipated Canning's song about "the pilot who weathered the storm".]

168 Shippon [*sc.* William Shippen (*ob.* 1743), "downright Shippen", Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, *Sat.* ii. 1. 52. W.]

## MORAL EPISTLE

A servant enter'd. "Boy, quoth  
 Shippon, pray  
 "What will thy Master dine upon  
 to-day? 180  
 "Sir? *mutton, Sir!* Speak boldly;  
 why abasht?  
 "Drest in what manner? *Please*  
*your Honor! hash!*  
 "Go. See, Sir Robert! faltering  
 as he speaks  
 "How honest blushes flash along  
 his cheeks.  
 "But he who, happy in a snug  
 retreat,  
 "Twice makes his dinner on a joint  
 of meat—  
 "May scorn the '*hear him*' of  
 your servile tribe,  
 "Nor sell his ruin'd Country for a  
 bribe."

Parham! and Shippon! if each  
 honor'd name  
 Be not eternally preserv'd by  
 Fame— 190  
 Lie tranquil in your tombs; and say  
 "*Ye Powers*  
*Of darkness! It is Landor's fault,*  
*not ours."*

We, Stanhope! born in gloomier  
 days than theirs,  
 Leave still a drearier prospect to  
 our heirs.  
 We weep; we can no more; but  
 thanks to God!  
 He never bound us to our native  
 clod.  
 Led by the Deity, our souls  
 embrace  
 With love fraternal all the human  
 race.  
 Love, to our Country warmest,  
 must expand  
 Its kindly fervor over *every* land.  
 Yet Slaves or Despots may, we  
 know, destroy 201  
 The fruits of Plenty, blast the  
 flowers of Joy.  
 True! but enchain they *Zephyrs* in  
 the tower,  
 Or rebel *Oceans?* no: they have not  
 power.  
 Fly we, then, thither, where their  
 power must cease,  
 Where triumphs are prepared for  
 Liberty and Peace.

FINIS.

### FROM POETRY PRINTED IN 1800

[A few copies of a volume of verse and prose which Landor meant to publish in 1800 are still in existence. He appears to have shown the whole or portions of it to Isaac Mocatta and the Rev. Walter Birch, if not to other friends. Mocatta was annoyed by an impolite allusion to Isaac D'Israeli in a prose "Postscript to *Gebir*". Birch disliked a poetic "Address to Fellows of Trinity". In deference to their opinion Landor agreed to withhold these pieces, and either then or later he also cancelled six shorter poems and some notes in prose. The remaining portion with a new title-page and minor variants was published in 1802, and will be found in earlier sections of the present volume. Of the cancelled verses one short poem and fourteen lines of the longer "Address" were reprinted by Forster in 1869. The "Address" in full and all the other poems, together with Landor's introduction, are now given as printed in 1800. The title-page was then: Poetry/by the author of *Gebir*,/and/a Postscript/to that poem/with remarks on some critics/Sharpe/Printer, High Street, Warwick/Sold by/Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard/London.]

### [INTRODUCTION]

FOR the entertainment of those *gentle readers*, on whose account and for whose use I have principally written the Post-script, I add also some



## EARLY POEMS

poems, in great part of a satirical nature, as more accordant to their spirit and more accommodated to their understanding. They are of a lighter kind than the others, with which it will be prudent not to concern themselves, and are entirely devoted to their service. I will also mention to them in confidence, that the *Address* was written long before the armament took place, tho' much has been altered, and somewhat added, since—and at the risk of being thought deficient in foresight, I confess that I had very little expectation of any such thing taking place, even under the administration of so sagacious a Chancellor. Such people as he will suffer nothing to be a joke. Imagine the most ridiculous thing, and they will realise it. [L.]

### AN ADDRESS TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE OXFORD, ON THE ALARM OF INVASION

THO' I seldom have writ since  
my Muse was beset  
By the hue-and-cry runners of  
Richards and Kett;<sup>1</sup>  
Still, bred in your college, tho' no  
longer in it, I  
Send ye health and fraternity,  
fellows of Trinity!  
Thro' haste to salute you, the feet  
of my doggerel  
Like a drunken or down-hill and  
devil-drove hog reel.

Notwithstanding your prayers,  
and your fasts notwithstanding,  
The wicked french atheists threaten  
a landing:  
And how can you wonder should  
any thing hap ill  
When <sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas has lain with  
his wife in the chapel? 10  
Supine as you are, wont you think  
it defiled  
Until you are certain he's got her  
with child?

But let me assure you—prayers,  
lessons, nor psalter,  
Nor the two silver candlesticks  
over the altar,  
Nor the cross nor the soldiers, the  
thieves nor the virgin,  
Can keep—devil take 'em—their  
plaguey new scourge in,  
They delight in it still, tho' so  
many have bled,  
Like children in *their* little whips  
painted red:  
Like children they too, and with  
hug as endearing,  
Flog brother or sister to try the  
new *fairing*. 20  
And as for your <sup>3</sup> Angels with palms  
in their hands,  
“These come,” they will say, “for  
our resolute bands.”  
But rise, sable heroes, oppose force  
to force,  
Man to man, foot to foot, shield to  
shield, horse to horse,  
Hear first one injunction, nor gibe  
it nor mock it,  
Be sure that Kett's poems are not  
in your pocket.  
While so bent on reforming the  
whole present race is,  
The Muses themselves are old  
friends with new faces,

<sup>2</sup> <sup>1</sup> The British Criticks [L. For George Richards and Henry Kett see “Moral Epistle”, p. 449, and “To the Muse”, p. 441. W.] <sup>10</sup> <sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Pope, buried there. [L. He founded Trinity College in 1554 and died 1558. W.] <sup>21</sup> <sup>3</sup> Paintings on the ceiling [L.]

## TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE

*His verses are attic*, and every paper  
Serves equally well both for *salts*  
and for *wrapper*. 30

'Tis true, spring approaches—but  
there's no occasion  
For physic like this when you fear  
an invasion.

Take *me* for your leader:—you  
have not forgot

That your most humble servant  
was once a good *shot*:

Tho' ye dreaded, but dreaded with-  
out rhyme or reason,

He haply might turn his fine  
talents to treason.

Now, since a good leader is very  
much wanted,

That ye take my advice let me take  
it for granted.

So get yourselves ready, and bid  
Harry Kett

Strip off his book-bindings and  
make a rosette: 40

Nor let him suppose this the dress  
of a sinner is

When he wore a bag-wig at his  
dance in the 'Minories.

But why on a sudden so saucy and  
skittish?—

If he *be* made a *critic*, 'tis only a  
*British*.

Now, whatever regiment his name  
be enroll'd in,

A tight little drummer is Jeffry  
von M \* \* \*

I know not his courage, but this  
I'll be bold in

Few beat in fair *humdrum* our  
Jeffry von M \* \* \*

Besides we can make, should  
Death happen to come,

Of this tight little drummer, a tight  
little drum: 50

And after, should any mishap come  
to pass,

Our clever smith Sandy can furnish  
the brass.

We'd a tympanum once too, that  
made such a rattle

You'd fancy the Titans were rush-  
ing to battle.

The beater ran barking like one  
that would worry hell,

But has quietly laid it at last down  
at Oriel.

Had Orpheus held *that*, his affair  
had been done.—

The devil a devil that would not  
have run:

Fair Tempé had heard it, and  
peep'd thro' the trees,

And seen Aristeus once more with-  
out bees. 60

To defend ourselves well, let us  
leave the quadrangle,

Where Frenchmen,—tho' shoot us  
they might not,—might  
strangle.

For tho' they are lately grown  
wondrous humane,

Our lamp-irons might draw out  
their fierceness again.

Yet to hang us thereon would  
be mere wanton spite in  
'em,

For certain I am that we could not  
enlighten 'em.

But let us raise forces, and then  
let 'em know

What the fellows of Trinity  
College can do.

To Brazen-nose first—I know  
Brazen-nose scholars

Will fight for religion like sailors  
for dollars. 70

42 ' Where, assuming the name of Frederick, he practised with more application than success. [L.] 46 M \* \* \* [sc. John Bankes Moulding, Fellow of Trinity in 1781.] 56 Oriel [The Rev. George Richards of Trinity was elected to a fellowship at Oriel in 1790.]

## EARLY POEMS

With his *Students*, arm'd all cap  
 à pié, like Knights errant,  
 The Bishop will give 'em brisk  
*charges*, I warrant.  
 The charge the most gentle e'er  
 issuing from Chester  
 Would shrug up an infidel's back,  
 like a blister;  
 Some sweat the rank sinner, some  
 scour thro' and thro',  
 And others do all that a metics can do.  
 The bed-makers, now there come  
 oysters nor eggs,  
 Perhaps may more easily keep on  
 their legs:  
 For, by oysters and eggs—un-  
 accountable things—  
 Heels either trip up, or are put  
 upon springs. 80  
 But the mitre's high prop and the  
 church's prime ornament  
 Is such a redoubtable hand at a  
 tournament,  
 That the French (tho' his physics  
 be treated with sneers,)  
 Will find it not easy to keep upon  
 theirs.

Stop a while—for so swiftly my  
 Pegasus ran on,  
 I, Frederick-like, have forgotten  
 my cannon.  
 Come, tight little drum, beat away  
 if you please,  
 We must make a short visit at  
 Christ-church for these.  
 That college is famed for it's wit  
 and invention,  
 One only example of which let me  
 mention: 90  
 'Tis pat to our purpose, and what  
 I can say  
 Without going one single inch  
 from the way.

Each cannon there carries it's own  
 magazin,  
 But the powder without, the lead  
 only within.  
 Our regiment, I trow, were a short  
 time in manning  
 If Christ-church would send her  
 prime-minister C——  
 Convincing each gaping and won-  
 der-struck gaffer  
 That no one to follow is surer or  
 safer.  
 If, rather than handle the musket,  
 he handles  
 The cash of a gaming-house snuffer  
 of candles, 100  
 She need only shew them his  
 visage in print  
 And bid them *do likewise*, and  
 marry a mint.  
 Velvet coat, velvet breeches, silk  
 stockings, appear  
 Like somebody born to five hun-  
 dred a year.  
 Yet, O velvet breeches! and, O  
 velvet coat!  
 The haunches you cover had jump't  
 at a groat.  
 Those curtains around dying Vil-  
 liers's bed  
 Would have blush'd, as in youth,  
 to have hung o'er his head:  
 Now satin o'er-hangs it; and that  
 very top's  
 The counsel of kings and the envy  
 of crops. 110  
 Cross legs, lounging stoop, shew an  
 easy disdain  
 For patriots like Fox and poor  
 devils like Paine;  
 And accurate lips and significant  
 nose  
 Shew vastly more wisdom than  
 people suppose.

72 Bishop [Dr. William Cleaver, Principal of Brasenose, 1785; Bishop of Chester, 1787.] 86 Frederick-like] sc. like Frederick Augustus, Duke of York. [W.] 96 C—— [George Canning, M.P., had married [l. 100] one of the daughters of General John Scott of Balcomie who left them fortunes won at play. W.]

## TO THE FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE

But come—in this quarter we  
leave him alone—  
If his *verses* are stolen, his *face* is  
his own.  
Here the Dean is polite, but *his*  
verses are such  
As would choke any mortal not  
sprung from the Dutch.  
Thank heaven, my Muse, that we  
never have spent ink  
On generals like Frederick and  
statesmen like Bentink. 120  
Yet, tho thou despisest the blue-  
ribbon'd rabble,  
Dont lean with thy elbows so pert  
on the table;  
Nor cock up the chin so, with both  
hands put under it—  
But, rant it, and rave it, and roar  
it, and thunder it.  
And our latin-laced mother, good  
dame Rhedycina,  
Cries *euge poeta!* and *Musa divina!*  
Old *Cam*, in his dotage, ranks no  
one so high as  
A scribe of Stobeus, one Billy  
Matthias.  
He plucks and beslimes the poetical  
plain—  
And is there no pygmy to combat  
that crane? 130  
O yes—but the foreigners first we  
pursue—  
A Jackson, a Holmes, or a Hurdis  
will do.  
  
Give ear then, ye forces assem-  
bled, give ear!  
Be loyal and brave, banish treason  
and fear.

Be sergeants and corporals, readers  
and tutors!  
Proproctors and proctors! prowling  
out—be sharp-shooters.  
And I will stay by you as long as  
I can stay—  
A bayonet joins me with Swift and  
with Anstey.  
Our wish is for glory—ah! who can  
full-fill it  
Till Fate grant the furlough and  
Time take the billet. 140

### ON A CERTAIN PRINT

THAT cockt-up nose there, shining  
like the knob  
Of greasy plow-boy's hazle  
switch,  
Is a vile woman's.—tho' upon  
this globe  
Few are so high, and none so  
rich,  
A tinker of tin-shavings she would  
rob,  
Or ointment from Scotch ped-  
lar's breech.  
Who that comes filching farthings  
from one's fob  
Need ever feel a fouler itch?

### ON MY WEAKNESS

#### I.

AM I weak, Richards, am I weak?  
Because my verses thunder not,  
And frighten from the Aonian  
grot  
The girls with whom I want to  
freak.

*On a Certain Print.* [Suggested, perhaps, by a caricature published in November 1791, in which George III and Queen Charlotte were portrayed "going to market".]

120 Bentink [the Duke of Portland, installed as Chancellor of the University, July 1793.] 125 Rhedycina [Latinized form of Rhyd-yehen, a pseudo-British name given to Oxford; used by two poets laureate, Pye and Southey.] 128 Matthias [T. J. Mathias, author of *The Pursuits of Literature*.] 132 [Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, 1783–1809; Robert Holmes, Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1783, Dean of Westminster, 1804; James Hurdis, Professor of Poetry, 1793.]

## EARLY POEMS

### II.

Am I weak, Richards, am I  
weak?  
Because, to make that silly man  
An *Oscar*,\* I become no *Bran*,—†  
And bark, but neither sing nor  
speak.

### III.

Am I weak, Richards, am I  
weak?  
Be it so,—but the nose I've  
drawn<sup>10</sup>  
What poet would, tho' hungry,  
pawn  
To buy thy *Oscar's* whole pig's  
cheek?

### [CARLTON HOUSE]

FIRST Carleton-house, my country  
friend,  
And then the play-house you  
should see;  
*Here* comedies in marriage end,  
*There* marriages in tragedy.

WHEN Jove had given o'er the  
frogs to reign  
A lifeless log and murderous  
crane,  
You think the thunderer sent such  
kings in sport—  
He sent them one of every sort.

LET him whose leaden pencil  
scratches Gibbon,  
Besmear yon tawdry wretch with  
lacker'd lays,  
Sprung from a Dutchman's  
minion, the world says,  
And petty-larcen of Howe's well-  
earn'd ribbon.

### [ON A WEDDING]

BLEST idiot! with thy vicarage and  
thy wife,  
Why dost thou chuckle so?  
come prythee say?  
Then I will tell thee—thou hast  
gain'd for life,  
To be awake all night, asleep all  
day.

\* Into whom, of all people in the world, dost thou suppose, gentle reader, that the spirit of *Oscar*, according to Mr. Richards, has transmigrated? Guess! [L. In a note to "Songs of the aboriginal Bards of Briton", 1792, George Richards suggested that "His present Majesty" was inspired by the spirit of *Oscar*, Ossian's son. W.]

† The name of a dog in Ossian. [L. See "Temora, an epic Poem" in Macpherson's "Ossian". The white-breasted *Bran* was one of Fingal's dogs.]

*On a Wedding.* [The marriage at Oxford, on October 6, 1796, of the Rev. George Richards to Miss Parker, may have accounted for this spiteful quatrain.]

*Let him whose leaden pencil.* [The Rev. James Hurdis published *A word or two in vindication of the University of Oxford*. . . from the posthumous aspersions of Mr. Gibbon. That he was under some obligations to the Earl of Albemarle might be inferred from the fact that the Earl and Countess were among the subscribers for his poems; but no further elucidation of Landor's quatrain can be offered.]

# THE DUN COW

AN HYPER-SATIRICAL DIALOGUE IN VERSE WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

Auditor et ultor. *Hor.*

[Published in 1808. See notes at end of the volume.]

[After the motto (from Horace, *Epist.* i. 19, 39) the title-page has: London:/Printed by W. and T. Darton,/40, Holborn-Hill./1808./Price Eighteen-Pence.]

## PREFACE

[By the Author]

FROM the avidity and interest with which personal satire is too generally received, we must not be surprised that the Man of Letters will, sometimes, sacrifice the praise of good nature,—which is equivocal; and the general esteem of the world, which is never duly appreciated till it is lost;—to invidious distinction, and the reputation of a wit. Ridicule, to be sure, is a light and elastic weapon; which may, in skilful hands, be made instrumental to truth, and auxiliary to virtue. But, in proportion to the facility with which it is handled, is the danger of its abuse. Man is from nature, and too often from education and habit, interested and selfish; and disposed, where he can do it with safety, to gratify the malevolent and vindictive passions. If, with such propensities, he possesses observation, fancy, and descriptive powers, the habits and opinions of his neighbours, and perhaps their studies and amusements, will furnish abundant materials for pleasantry, and some for defamation. Innocence of life, and sanctity of manners, will be without respect, or efficacy to rescue their obnoxious possessors;—they will be derided and proscribed and may not even \* *couple their hounds, or thumb their Euclid*, with impunity, or without animadversion.

Supposing, too, that the Satirist were, at no time, influenced by sinister motives; still it would be consequent on literary enterprise, that, in his solicitude for the display of mental superiority, he should be observant only of what might advance the projects or the pride of talent, in exclusion or contempt of reciprocal good offices, and the courtesies of life.

But some of the vices of individuals are subversive of private confidence, inimical to social order, and incompatible with the peace and happiness of those about them!

When this is indeed the case, it is incumbent on the Satirist to expose and censure them. This he should do with impartiality and candour; but unequivocally and without fear. In such conduct he discharges an imperative duty to society, and the applause of good men will compensate him for the resentment of the bad,—for neglect, and scorn, and insult.

These reflections are occasioned by a Poem, which recently made its appearance in this Borough. I do not wish to depreciate the talents of its author, however meanly, I, in common with many others, may think

\* See Guy's "Porridge Pot". [L. Which see, p. 36 n.]

## EARLY POEMS

of his literary labours. Mr. \*\*\* may be a scholar and a gentleman. His conversation may be enlivened by wit, and recommended by learning. His conduct, too, may have been uniformly correct, notwithstanding that he has already incurred severe and merited reprehension for profaneness and indecency. (See Reviews.) But how shall we excuse his irreverend, and wanton, and furious, and malicious attack upon a neighbour, and a brother Clergyman? We can only suppose,—as the law orthodoxly apprehends of all flagrant offences,—that it must have been engaged in “at the instigation of the Devil”.

Ingenuous, friendly, and sincere; of inoffensive and simple habits; the worthy man, whom he has so virulently abused, is not only respectable from his profession, but as irreproachable in his life, as discreet and diligent in his calling.

And he has attacked authors also, and aldermen. The former indeed are every where treated like animals “feræ naturæ”—no *qualification* is thought necessary to *bring down* a Poet! They, however, as well as a “Rev. Orator”, likewise disingenuously arraigned, must be supposed to possess competent talent to their own vindication.

For the latter he has confined himself to “a good man universally regretted”. This is a truth, and a valuable one; for it is the reluctant admission of an adversary. As to the charge itself, it is preposterous; and the mind that suggested so base an imputation, could alone be capable of being influenced by the sordid motives it ascribes. Not only has the independent and generous, and respectable person alluded to, with great public spirit, and on various occasions, promoted the true interests of the Borough, which others had postponed to individual advantage, but, as we apprehend, while amongst us, *oftener given than accepted* invitations. The other charge is a gross and infamous falsehood. It is a Teacher of the purest of Religions pressing forward, not ignorantly or under misconception, but voluntarily and officiously, to “bear false witness against his neighbour!”

As the following pages avowedly contain a brief, but adequate, reply to that exquisite performance, and make it, in all its filth and pruriency,

“Their great exemplar as it is their theme;”

it may be asked, why to a light and ludicrous pamphlet so grave an introduction is prefixed? I can only say, that an attack upon the feelings of individuals seemed to me so unprovoked and cruel, and the infractions of truth, and all decent respect for the stations and character of men, so frequent and offensive; that to speak of it with criminal levity, with my estimation of its importance, would, I submit, have been wholly inexcusable.

With Guy my “strife is mortal!” I detest the badness of heart and profligacy of principle his work betrays.—With him, therefore, I have no compromise. From invading the reputation of others, I will drive him back to defend his own. But there are points in relation to the other

\*\*\* [The “Rev. Peter Pindar” (John Wolcot) is named in the note to l. 1 of the poem. W.]

## THE DUN COW

"*Dramatis Personæ*", where I may have advanced incorrect statements on erroneous information. If I shall find that I have been any where guilty of injustice, I will acknowledge and correct it "with the candour and in the spirit of a gentleman".\* Indeed an officious intermeddling disposition, or importunate delinquency, compelled me to introduce some, who, bad as they are, are too good company for Mr. \* \* \*. If they feel awkward in making their debut, let them console themselves with the virtuous shame which shews they are not in their proper place.—*Erubuit: res salva est!*†

### THE DUN COW

A.

(a) HE, who,—unwarn'd of dysentery,  
Hath largely quaff'd immortal Perry,  
And 'ere the birth of rosy day  
To Cloacina groped his way:  
There bending low, downcast and pale,  
Barely preferr'd his naked tale—  
He, only, who hath made wry faces,  
Can tell how sad the Rhymester's case is;  
Whose flippant fancy, rankly loose,  
(b) Must, will squirt filth and void abuse! 10

B.

ΦEY (c) who such dirty strains  
will buy?  
The (d) same may love thy ordure,  
Guy!

A.

Lay though I be,—to keep the farce on,  
I'll be as nasty as the Parson;  
Like him relate the tale obscene,  
And, (e) tho' I lie, indulge my spleen.  
Should censor C—l—I never smirk, (f)  
Nor R—g—r read and praise my work,

Nor (g) the ram Deacon call it fine,  
Nor Joey shrug and say—divine!

B.

Are there not those whose abject souls 21  
No virtue awes—no shame controuls?  
Who, foes to love, and peace, and joy,  
The bliss, they cannot share, destroy?  
Sure if there be, who purge and prate,  
Or sycophantic Magistrate;  
Or friends obsequious and civil  
Who hug, and wish you at the Devil,  
And stay among you, tho' they hate you,  
To quiz, and, when they can, to cheat you; 30  
Or miching, living-seeking sinner,  
Who bagg'd a corporation dinner,  
And sent twain litigants away,  
And kept their (h) duck—his own good prey;  
Such if there be,—and such there are,—  
Why smoke the wig of Doctor P—rr?  
And not at once these rogues exhibit,  
Dangling on literary gibbet?

\* ["with . . . gentleman" quoted from "Porridge Pot", Second edition, p. xxi. W.]

† [See Terence, *Adelphi*, iv. 5. 9. W.]

(a) [For the author's foot-notes a, b, &c., see notes at end of the volume.]



## EARLY POEMS

### A.

Nay! had he chosen themes like these.  
 I had not warr'd with Sotades! 40  
 Not that he rose, with critic rage,  
 To tear the Della Cruscan page;  
 Nor though he chose to "mow and mock"  
 The servile, imitating flock.  
 Or should he paint the birds and hares  
 That line his worship's hall and stairs,  
 Which giv'n or cheaply sold,  
 Lout's trust is—  
 'Twill curry favour with the Justice,  
 Or thou who, "*fœnum*" hast "*in cornu*," (i)  
 Meek child of grace, should he adorn you, 50  
 Your pious toil, as red as life,  
 To satisfy the Taylor's wife, (k)  
 And with what holy warmth you strove  
 To fill her full of heavenly love;  
 If such his quarry,—pen of mine,  
 Thou hadst not urg'd the rapid line!  
 Then if he would, in Nature's spite,  
 For dull discourse, dull satire write,  
 He might, for me, unreck'd, pro-long,  
 Thro' many a page, his vapid song; 60  
 And shew us, when his toil was done,  
 The loathsome fœtus of a pun.

### B.

What would you have?—a doubtful flow  
 Of gentle censure, soft as snow?—  
 Sweets—that the lips of beauty lent  
 To balm the breath of compliment?

### A.

Pshaw!—let us leave this fiddle faddle  
 To tongues that lisp, and brains that addle!  
 To praise, or censure, give a tone  
 Distinct, emphatic, and its own.  
 Oh! inter Scythas Anarcharsis! 71  
 For, W-th-p, other sage there scarce is—  
 The courtly thought—the polish'd line—  
 And grace, and ease, and strength be thine!  
 Then, where yon towers, in stately pride,  
 O'erhang broad Avon's silver tide,  
 In taste and liberal feeling trace  
 The lineal worth of W-rw-ck's race!  
 For him the painter's art display'd  
 Light, softly true, and mingled shade, 80  
 And many a harp's mysterious swell  
 Confess'd who felt the tuneful spell.  
 Oh! of too rich and warm a heart,  
 To tamely play a prudent part!  
 Where'er (l) you turn—how deep a mine,  
 What wealth, in Nature's joys, is thine!  
 Grandeur for thee on mountains lone  
 Has fix'd his dim and dreary throne;  
 For thee majestic forests wave,  
 And damp-drops glisten in the cave; 90  
 The gully thine and thine the linn,  
 And its hoar water's deaf'ning din,  
 And summer gales that, fresh'ning, blow,  
 And streams that warble as they flow.—

72 W-th-p [sc. Dr. Winthrop a physician at Warwick. W.]

## THE DUN COW

B.

So! you *can* praise!

A.

And love to pay  
To slighted worth the tribute lay,  
With generous zeal to vindicate  
Well-natur'd W-bb from Poet's  
hate!

There, where yon branching  
elms are seen,  
And the neat cottage peeps be-  
tween, 100

He lived—and, innocent of ill,  
No (*m*) satire wrote—prescribed  
no pill:—

Calm was his soul, and free from  
strife,  
One sabbath morn his whole of life.  
No tear but tears of joy he drew,  
No sigh but sighs of blessing knew.  
Such was the man:—and such a  
heart

Is worth all Archimedes' art!  
Take then,—the nine atonements  
owe—

My votive lays spontaneous flow!—  
To virtue just, wherever seen; 111  
—In R-d-ng, though a “mob-  
bled Queen,”

Or cheering B-lch-r's dark decline,  
Or, D-n-l, gilding age like thine!

B.

But Guy's explicit sure, and close;  
Methinks he's giv'n some a dose!—

A.

Aye! he has planted—'tis a nailer!  
A blow i' th' eye o' W-lls's taylor,  
And here and there, in's mending  
fit,

Giv'n Nature's self a back-hand  
hit. 120

But be ye squab or be ye gawky,  
Mathias (*n*) will not tomahawk  
ye,

And manly Gifford's (*n*) biting pen  
If (*o*) not the writings, spared the  
*men*.

B.

Their's was no petty borough  
squibbling,  
Spurting, and spattering, and fib-  
bling.

Their basis truth, sublime their  
cause,  
And high their guerdon of applause.

A.

Right! and, heroic Guy, for thee,  
That seatless stool *thy* mitre be;  
That seatless stool which thou hast  
sung 131

Henceforth drop manna on thy  
tongue

Within 't all hollow!—Spleen and  
Hate

And Envy on thy slumbers wait;—  
Still rail,—but fix't is now thy  
lot—

Thy Pegasus is gone *to Pol*.

And now I take leave of Guy and his ephemeral writings for ever.  
And should this little work, in one single instance, counteract the mis-  
chief he laboured to produce; should it soothe one feeling he disturbed,  
or relieve one pang he inflicted; the time and attention I have been able,  
perfunctorily, and at intervals, to give to it, will not have been mis-  
applied.

98 W-bb [The Rev. Elias Webb, Dr. Parr's “much esteemed neighbour”. *Biblio-  
theca Parriana*. W.] 113 B-lch-r's [Belcher, a Birmingham printer, worked for Dr.  
Parr. W.] 114 D-n-l [The Rev. Daniel Gache, Vicar of Wootton Wawen, died in  
1806. Dr. Parr's Latin epitaph bears witness to their close friendship. W.] 118 W-lls's  
[The Rev. Edward Willes of Newbold Comyn, son of a chief Baron of the Exchequer. W.]

## SENILIA

THE pieces included in this section were among the deplorable writings the publication of which led to the aged poet being heavily fined for libel and breach of agreement. The case, tried before Mr. Baron Channel and a jury in 1858, was reported in *The Times* of August 26, in that year.

### THE MOTHER

[Published in *The National Magazine*,  
1852.]

UNNATURAL mother,  
Who've hastened to smother  
Whatever is fairest and fondest in  
child;  
In Hell's bitter water  
You've plunged your own  
daughter,  
Nor have wept when she wept nor  
have smiled when she smiled.

When sorrows assail you  
Who then will bewail you?  
The true and the tender for ever  
is gone.  
Unnatural mother! 10  
Ah, never another  
Will love you or mourn you as she  
would have done.

### DEDICATION OF A MODERN IDYL

#### TO CAINA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

OF Hell and Heaven we Poets hold  
the keys,  
Admitting or excluding whom we  
please.  
Thou puzzlest me: I know not what  
to do,  
Or which the safer gate to let thee  
thro'.  
Here from the Angels thou wouldst  
pluck the wings,  
There would the Devils wail their  
broken stings;  
The Prince would abdicate his  
ancient throne

Defiled by thee, and leave the  
realm thy own;  
Between thy roomy teeth the  
scorpion breed,  
And revel on thy tongue the  
centipede. 10  
Live, Caina, live! go, bear the  
mark of Cain,  
But never raise thy branded brow  
again.

### THE MODERN IDYL

#### THE KERCHIEF CARRIED OFF

LADY: OLD WOMAN: POLICEMAN

[Published in 1858.]

OLD WOMAN. These, madam, may  
perhaps be jokes  
Innocent in you gentlefolks;  
But tradesmen take it very ill  
If we from counter or from till  
Sweep inadvertently away  
Some shillings: there's the devil to  
pay!

LADY. What means the woman?

OLD WOMAN. Nothing more  
Than what you've heard about  
before.

LADY. Speak plainly.

OLD WOMAN. Well, if speak I  
must,  
Words sour as verjuice, hard as  
crust, 10  
Have at you! Be upon your guard!  
Seldom I strike, but then strike  
hard.

You're, who're a lady, should  
despise  
Such very petty larcenies,  
When somehow your wide sleeves  
might catch  
A diamond pin, a seal, a watch,

## SENILIA

And gentlemen are never hard on  
Ladies who curtsy and beg pardon.  
But, if it is the same to you,  
I would have back my *pink-and-blue*. 20

LADY. I never set my eyes upon't.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN. The  
Lord ha' mercy! what a front!  
That shilling which she tried to pass  
At the next baker's show'd less  
brass.

LADY *to* OLD WOMAN. I'll bring  
you to the County Court,  
You wretch! you shall be ruin'd  
for 't.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN. She threat-  
ens me. Police! police!

POLICEMAN. Madam, I charge  
you, keep the peace.

LADY. I am half mad with rage  
and grief  
That you should lend her your  
belief. 30  
Thieve! O my stars! thieve! sir!  
what! I?

And if I tried, I could not lie.

OLD WOMAN. Hark!

POLICEMAN. Keep your tongue  
within your teeth,

If you have any.

OLD WOMAN. Few, i' faith!  
A single one of hers would do,  
To set me up a score or two.

POLICEMAN. I know you both.  
My good old crone!

What, in God's name, can *you*  
have done?

OLD WOMAN. Ask her what *she*  
has.

LADY. Will you hear  
What *she* would say? what *she*  
would swear? 40

POLICEMAN. Why are you grin-  
ning like a cat,  
Mother?

OLD WOMAN. And can you ask at  
what?

Those are the very words the  
Jury

Applied to *her* (I do assure ye)  
Last winter, when she fenced a  
lie

With files of well-drill'd infantry,  
Where some were belted, some  
were sasht,

But not a soul of them abasht.

LADY. Now I declare to God . .

POLICEMAN. Pray don't!

Or He may think it an affront. 50  
Ten times you've made that  
declaration

Since I have been upon the station.  
At our most gracious Queen's  
expence,

Thousand and thousand miles  
from hence

Some have been sent for change of  
air

By swearing; so mind what you  
swear.

In my home practise there are  
some

The better for diaculum

Across the solids; there I mean  
Where ladies loom through crino-  
line. 60

I've known it call'd for by postil-  
lions,

Never by such as ride on pillions.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN. I wonder  
what all this can mean.

I am quite ashamed of you.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN *aside*.  
Between

Ourselves, it may in part refer  
To many, but comes home to *her*.

POLICEMAN *to* LADY. Shame,  
madam, might (and well be-  
come)

Like charity, begin at home.

OLD WOMAN, *after pondering*.  
Well now! I really could believe  
She then swore . . but one's ears  
deceive. 70

## SENILIA

POLICEMAN. Now can not you  
arrange the matter

Without this devil of a clatter?  
Mother! you know as well as I  
Ladies require apology.

OLD WOMAN. Well; I am willing.

POLICEMAN. Make it then,  
And never break the peace agen.

OLD WOMAN. I would not steal,  
were I a thief,

One's fifteen-penny neck-kerchief.

POLICEMAN. Hold hard!

OLD WOMAN. I will; but I must  
say

She is a blessed thief . . . 80

POLICEMAN. Heighday!

OLD WOMAN to LADY. Madam, the  
worse might not be meant;  
So you are partly innocent.

You little thought it was but  
cotton,

And not worth half the one you've  
got on.

But, if it is the same to you,  
I should like back my *pink-and-  
blue*.

LADY. Hard usage! Once you  
call'd me good.

OLD WOMAN. I would stil do it if  
I cou'd.

Large once, and bright too, was  
the moon,

She dwindled and got dimmer  
soon. 90

LADY. Nonsense! Let us make up  
the matter.

POLICEMAN to OLD WOMAN. Don't  
look so desperate doubtful at  
her.

OLD WOMAN. A drop . .

LADY to POLICEMAN. Now tell me  
what she said.

OLD WOMAN. Flour without wet-  
ting won't make bread.

LADY. I'll think upon it.

OLD WOMAN. But don't think  
I'll go without my *blue-and-pink*.

## TO CAINA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

At the cart's tail, some years ago,  
The female thief was dragg'd on  
slow,

And the stern beadel's eager whip  
Followed, the naked haunch to clip.  
If no such custom now prevails,  
Is it that carts have lost their tails?  
Rejoice, O Caina! raise thy voice,  
Not where it should be, but rejoice!

## PORTRAIT

[Published in 1858.]

THY skin is like an unwasht  
carrot's,

Thy tongue is blacker than a  
parrot's,

Thy teeth are crooked, but belong  
Inherently to such a tongue.

## ADVICE RECEIVED

[Published in 1858.]

ON perjurer and plunderer turn no  
more,

But leave the carrion on the ken-  
nel-door.

## THE PILFERED TO THE PILFERER

[Published in 1858.]

MOTHER PESTCOME! none denies  
You were ever true . . to Lies.

So the Father of them all  
Helps you up at every fall,  
Putting money in your pocket,  
Showing armlet, showing locket,  
Showing where you lately found  
That poor nurse's lost five-pound.

Pay me down the debt you owe  
For such praise as few bestow. 10  
I can never take for this  
Tottering teeth and slobbering  
kiss;

## SENILIA

Teeth, to say the least, as long  
As another woman's tongue;  
Some athwart like wind-mill sails,  
Others fitter for park-pales:  
Kiss as foul as muskets are  
After the Crimean war.

I will tell you briefly what  
I just now am driving at. 20  
Tho' you've made her pale and  
thin

As the child of Death by Sin,  
When you've done with Caroline  
Bid her for a night be mine;  
You shall have her all the day  
Following, to repeat our play.

Whether you do this or not,  
What is done is unforget;  
Fate for you shall sheathe her  
shears,  
You shall live some hundred years.

### CADMUS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CADMUS! if you should want again  
Some dragons teeth to sow the  
plain,  
Haste hither: one old woman has  
A bushel in a pan of brass.  
Mind! do not throw the foam  
away,  
Keep it to kill the birds of prey.  
Its virulence excels the might  
Of hellebore and aconite.

### ONE LIBIDINOUS AND SPITEFUL

[Published in 1858.]

So fierce and vengeful who was  
ever known?  
The very Scorpion of the Torrid  
Zone.  
Spite had reduced her long ago to  
dust  
But the best half was found dis-  
solved in dust.

III 217.22

### CANIDIA AND CAINA

[Published in 1858.]

CANIDIA shared her prey with owls  
and foxes,  
The daintier Caina feeds from  
letter-boxes.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 206.]

A SAGE of old hath gravely said  
Man's life is hung upon a thread  
\*\*\*! the cheated tradesmen hope  
That thine may hang upon a rope.

[Published in 1863, p. 222.]

DARE ye, malicious rogues, deny  
My reverend friend's rare piety?  
He on his knees implored his Maker  
To grant success against the baker,  
And force him, should he be un-  
willing,  
To change (as given him) a bad  
shilling.

Wrath makes the wisest indiscreet.  
The baker threw it in the street,  
And, what his neighbours thought  
was mad,  
Gave a good shilling for a bad. 10  
When throughout Bath this tale  
was told,  
Many more spectacles were sold,  
And touchstones were in such  
request,  
Tradespeople fought to get the best.  
That shilling (for pure brass sounds  
clear)  
Sounds hourly in the Reverend's  
ear,  
And people, as they pass, remark  
The scene of action at Green-park.

[Published in 1863, p. 222.]

IF to the public eye we show  
In Tribsa half the crimes we know,  
Her lawyer by the purse will seize  
us  
And make his client rich as Croesus.



## NOTES

### POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

P. 1. To NEÆRA. Although in the 1846 ed. "Ianthe" is substituted in l. 1 for Neæra it need not be assumed that both names refer to the same person. There is no proof that Landor and the "true Ianthe" (Sophia Jane Swift) had met as early as 1800, and the alteration made in 1846 may be an example of the indiscretion confessed and deplored in lines now printed on p. 382. It is significant that in his manuscript list of "poems to Ianthe" Landor wrote: "cancel the whole of *Thank Heaven*".

P. 8. ODE TO A FRIEND. A copy of the Ode was sent by Landor to his sister Elizabeth in a letter postmarked Nov. 17. 1834. Firenze. The variants from the December 1834 text are as follows: 18 heart] soul *MS.* (*as in 1835*). 20 critics] outcries *MS.* ll. 23-6 *not in MS.* 27 loost . . . or] heard the call, and *MS.* 29 Grasmere] Grasmere's *MS.* 44 Tivoli] Fiesole *MS.* (*as in 1835*). 49 Pelasgic] Pelasgina *MS.* (*as in 1835*). Forster in *Landor: a Biography* (ii. 257) gives an extract from the same letter but wrongly dates it Nov. 24. The extract should follow, without break, another, rightly dated, on p. 256. Forster also quotes 28 lines of the Ode from the wrongly dated letter and 20 lines from another letter posted, he says, on December 1, 1834. The variants in the longer quotation are noted above; the shorter quotation has no variant from the corresponding lines in the 1835 version.

Between ll. 30-1 of the 1834 version edd. 1835-1846 have twenty-four lines as below:

#### VI.

And live, too, thou for happier days,  
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's lays  
Have heart and soul possest:  
Growl in grim London, he who will;  
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,  
And swell with pride his sunburnt breast.

#### VII.

Old Redi in his easy chair,  
With varied chant awaits thee here, [there, 1837-1846]  
And here are voices in the grove,  
Aside my house, that make me think  
Bacchus is coming down to drink  
To Ariadne's love.

#### VIII.

But whither am I borne away  
From thee, to whom began my lay?  
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;  
I stept aside to greet my friends;  
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,  
I know but three or four at most.



## NOTES

### IX.

Deem not that time hath borne too hard  
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,  
Leaving me only three or four;  
'Tis my old number; dost thou start  
At such a tale? in what man's heart  
Is there fireside for more?

Between ll. 54-5, 1835-1846 have twelve lines as below:

### XIV.

Here can I rest [sit 1846] or roam at will;  
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,  
Few come across me, few too near;  
Here all my wishes make their stand;  
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;—  
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

### XV.

Yon vine upon the maple bough  
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;  
Away her venal vines the wise-man [wise man 1837, 1846] sends,  
While those of lower stem he brings  
From inmost treasure vault, and sings  
Their worth and ear [age 1837-1846] among his chosen friends.

P. 23. TO ANDREW CROSSE. See *Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician*. [By his widow], 1857, where this poem is given in full but without the following note printed in 1846:

1. 16 \* Among the noblest of Wordsworth's Sonnets (the finest in any language, excepting a few of Milton's) is that on Toussaint L'Ouverture. He has exposed in other works the unmanly artifices and unprofitable cruelties of the murderer who consummated his crime by famine, when the dampness of a subterranean prison was too slow in its operation. Nothing is so inexplicable as that any honest and intelligent man should imagine the heroic or the sagacious in Buonaparte. He was the only great gambler unaware that the player of *double or quits*, unless he discontinues, must be loser. In Spain he held more by peace than he could seize by war; yet he went to war. Haiti he might have united inseparably to France, on terms the most advantageous and the most honourable, but he was indignant that a black should exercise the functions of a white, that a deliverer should be his representative, and that a delegate should possess the affections of a people, although trustworthy beyond suspicion. What appears to others his greatest crime appears to me among the least, the death of D'Enghien. Whoever was plotting to subvert his government might justly be seized and slain by means as occult. Beside, what are all the Bourbons that ever existed in comparison with Toussaint L'Ouverture? His assassin was conscious of the *mistake*; he committed none so fatal to his reputation, though many more pernicious to his power. If he failed so utterly with such enormous means as never were wielded by any man before, how would he have encountered the difficulties that

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

were surmounted by Frederick of Prussia and by Hyder Ali? These are the Hannibal and Sertorius of modern times. They were not, perhaps, much better men than Buonaparte, but politically and militarily they were much wiser; for they calculated how to win what they wanted, and they contrived how to keep what they won.

P. 25. "I pen these lines." In *The Blessington Papers*, 1895, this poem forms part of a letter to Lady Blessington, 11 July 1836. In the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929, it is headed "To R." (? Rose Paynter) and printed at the conclusion of the postscript to a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked "Bath, Jy 21, 1839".

P. 62. A HEAVY FALL. The "Lucilla" here (in 1792) is of course neither Landor's sister-in-law (see p. 6), born 1797, nor Lucy Lynn (see p. 42), born 1820.

P. 113. TO A PORTRAIT PAINTER. Writing from Bath in or about 1808 to his sister Elizabeth Landor said: "I believe I am more in request here than I have ever been—not for myself—we are not like wine, improvable by age—but for Frolick and Favorite and Lanthony. But Frolick and Favorite look prudent—and Lanthony is jealous of every thing I *could* admire.

"I dare not repeat within those hallowed walls, nor shall I repeat the same sentiments in any other that are hallowed, what I am going to write below."

[Here follow the verses with variants noted on p. 113. Frolick and Favorite were the writer's carriage horses. He adds:]

"In short, the [?heart] has had her picture taken. It is not half so beautiful as she. Langdon has only failed in two pictures. This is one."

[The name of T. Langdon, miniature painter, 37 Milson Street, appears in a Bath guide, c. 1819. Although the verses as printed in 1831 were among those headed "Ianthe" the portrait may not be the one mentioned in another poem (see p. 115: "I sadden while I view again"), which is thought to be by Horace Hone, and certainly does not look like one of a married lady, aged about twenty-five and the mother of two if not three children. Forster in *Landor: a Biography* quoted part of the letter to Miss Landor, but not the allusions to the verses and the portrait.]

P. 118. TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDÈ. Writing to his sister Ellen from Fiesole (letter postmarked Nov. 2, 1829), Landor said: "The Countess de Molandè is come to Florence. Perhaps tho you may never have heard that the dearest of all the friends I ever had or ever shall have, Mrs. Swift, accepted the C<sup>ie</sup> de Molandè for her second husband. He died about two years ago, and the succession was disputed by many, but the only two any thing like competitors were the Earl of Bective and the Duc de Luxembourg. . . . She has told him, it would be better for both parties to be absent from each other for one winter, and to consider the matter a little more calmly. . . . I have advised her to accept him, as adding a fresh splendour to her lovely daughters. . . ."

After other remarks Landor gave the first eleven lines of the poem as published in 1831.

P. 119. TO IANTHE. The manuscript printed in Nicoll and Wise,

## NOTES

*Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, was sent to Lady Blessington with a letter postmarked Bath, May 27, 1838, in which Landor said: "I may as well transcribe some verses I wrote this morning—in answer to a letter from Vienna." The lines follow, variants from *The Examiner* version being as shown below:

Between ll. 6-7 the 1895 version has six lines:

Formerly you have held my hand  
Along the lane where now I stand,  
In idle sadness looking round  
The lonely disenchanting ground,  
And take my pencil out, and wait  
To lay the paper on this gate.

8 thoughts] thought 1895.      Between ll. 18-19 the 1895 version has two lines:

Suggesting to our arms and knees  
Most whimsical contrivances.

19 Untoward] Unsteady 1895.      25 haste] come 1895.

P. 130. "I would not leave my ant-hill seat." In his letter to Lady Blessington, postmarked "Bath, Jy. 21, 1839", and first printed by Dr. August H. Mason, in the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929, Landor included four poems: "What News", "I would not leave my ant-hill seat" (p. 130), "Words adapted to a Russian Air" (p. 275 and, in a postscript, "To R." ("I pen these lines upon that cyphered cover": p. 25). The poems were offered to Lady Blessington for *The Book of Beauty*, but none of them appeared in it. 'Ant-hill seat', in connexion with Bath, is perhaps to be explained by Sydney Smith's pun: 'You have an aunt at Bath; yes, everybody has an aunt at Bath—a perfect ant-hill' (Sir Henry Taylor's *Autobiography*, i. 184).

P. 137. JUNE '51. The late Sir Ernest Godwin Swifte, a grandson of the Countess de Molandè, found it recorded in his mother's diary that the Countess died at Versailles on July 31, 1851, after seventeen hours' illness. Sir Ernest, then a boy of twelve, and his mother reached Paris the same evening, and his mother saw the dead body the next day. The diary says: "The poor Countess was not much changed and even still the 'lines where beauty lingers' [Byron, *Giaour*] existed." At great trouble the corpse was taken to Ireland and buried on August 19, in the family vault at Lionsden, co. Meath. It was also stated in the diary that Mr. William Richard Swifte was the only one of the Countess's children who was with her when she died.

P. 144. A SONG. Landor sent this in a letter to his sister Elizabeth written at Pulteney House, Bathwick, not long after his marriage, but with nothing but "Friday morning" for date. The song, he said, "was written when I first had thoughts of going into Ireland, and when I was (as we all of us are some time or other) so foolish as to be in love". He also sent a translation in Italian as more "proper for music". The allusion to "thoughts of going into Ireland" is interesting as another poem ("The Dreamer's Tale", ll. 30, 31, page 143) may be taken to show

## POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

that he really went there in the hope of seeing Ianthe after her marriage. Forster quoted a few words from the same letter, but nothing about the song; while he was certainly wrong in supposing that the letter was written a year or two before May, 1811.

### OCCASIONAL POEMS

P. 189. BRIGHTON 1807. Verses something like these may be found in "Inconsistency", p. 377.

Forster's biography does not throw any light upon the place and date of this poem.

P. 208. PISA and AT ARNO'S SIDE (and see ii. 417). 'The king (in a farm of his near here) breeds & uses camels. There are about 80 of them—nice old beasts. It has been going on since the Medici. Such an odd fact to stumble upon in a country walk.' Bishop Gore, from Pisa, 1888 (*Prestige, Life of Charles Gore*, 1935, p. 90).

P. 233. ON MAN. Writing to Landor in 1824, Wordsworth referred to this quatrain, saying: "It is a singular coincidence that in the year 1793, when I first became an author, I illustrated the same sentiment precisely in the same manner." See Wordsworth's "An Evening Walk", ll. 27-32.

P. 256. UNDER THE LINDENS. In 1855 there was an introduction to the verses:

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER

The dryness and bitterness of politics may sometimes be relieved, if not quenched, by a temperate draught of poetry. Among the many verses which I had cast aside and forgotten are these. The season reminded me of them, and I recovered them from the possessor. As nobody will think them worth claiming, I need not add my signature.

P. 271. TO ONE ILL-MATED. These lines were quoted by Lord Houghton in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869, p. 236, as having been written in November 1863, too late for insertion in *Heroic Idyls*, &c. The poem "To one unequally matched", on p. 367, may be contrasted with this.

P. 272. A PASTORAL. John Kenyon told this story, in a somewhat different form, to Mrs. Andrew Crosse. Landor, on his honeymoon, was reading his own poems to his wife, when suddenly she rose, exclaiming: "Oh, do stop, Walter, there's that dear delightful Punch performing in the street. I must look out of the window."

P. 293. PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO. Portions of the footnote in which these verses occur in the 1829 ed. were transferred in 1846 to another Conversation. The transferred passages include the following remarks:

"The first time a whole Christian population was ever sold openly by another Christian people to the Mahometan was by England, on the thirteenth of March, 1817. On the ninth of May at sunset the British flag was struck from the walls of Parga."

*Works*, 1846, ii. 395.

## NOTES

P. 297. "Here I stretch myself along" (footnote). The poem by Redi is as follows:

Una vaga pastorella,  
Che due lustri appena avea,  
Semplicetta, scinta, e scalza  
Stava l'ocche a guardar sotto una balza  
E mentre alla conocchia il fil traea,  
Lieta così, canterallar solea:

S'io son bella, son per me;  
Non mi curo avere amanti,  
E mi rido de' lor pianti,  
De sospiri, e degli oimè

Per uno grembo di bei fiori  
Mille amanti io donerei,  
Che con tanti piagnistei  
Han l'appalto de i dolori.

Dolce cosa ognor mi pare  
Con Lirinda, e con Lisetta  
Lo sdrajarmi in sull' erbetta  
D'un bel prato, e merendare.

E il più bel piacer del mondo  
Far sul prato a mosca cieca,  
Ed al suon d'una ribeca  
Far saltando il ballo tondo.

Guancial d'oro, scalda mano  
Son trastullo a me gradito:  
Pigli pur chi vuol marito,  
Io non ho pensier sì strano.

No più volte udito dire,  
Che il marito cuoce il grifo;  
Onde sempre avrollo a schiso,  
S'io credessi anco morire.

P. 300. TASSO AND CORNELIA. In the dialogue Tasso reminds his sister of verses she wrote when a child:

*Tasso.* . . . you caught the swallow in my curtain, and trod upon my knees in catching it, luckily with naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

*Cornelia.* I do not recollect it.

*Tasso.* I do.

Rondinello! rondinello!  
Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.  
Cosa fa se tu sei nero?  
Rondinello! sei il primiero  
De' volanti, palpitanti  
(E vi sono quanti quanti!)

Mai tenuto a questo petto,  
E perciò sei il mio diletto.

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

P. 314. CORINNA TO TANAGRA. In her letter to Cleone sent with this ode Aspasia says: "the exterior of the best houses in Tanagra is painted with historical scenes, adventures of Gods, allegories and other things; and under the walls of the city flows the rivulet Thermodon."

*The following note on l. 2 is printed only in 1859 ed.:*

Greek authors have recorded that the houses of Tanagra were painted on the outside. In like manner there were many in the towns of Tuscany. There was Massa *la dipinta*: and within our memory some beautiful paintings have been effaced in Florence. Opposite to the Porta Romana was the front of a house adorned by the hand of Giovanni da San Giovanni. Probably the decorations of Tanagra commemorated heroes or demigods or illustrious citizens. Landscape, as rural scenes are called, was little cultivated before the time of Titian, whose background to his Peter Martyr is sublime.

P. 368. WISHES. The same reflection is found in an imaginary conversation where Vittoria Colonna says: "Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears."

P. 379. SATIRE ON SATIRISTS. Forster's account of provocations that led to the writing of this pamphlet in verse was inaccurate. According to him a review of "Pericles and Aspasia" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, if not the chief incentive, had largely helped to exasperate Landor. The review, however, came out in 1837, the first part in the March number of the Edinburgh magazine, the second part a month later. Since the "Satire" was in print early in December, 1836, Landor could not have known about the review when he was writing his poem. Sir Sidney Colvin, while accepting Forster's statement that Landor was annoyed at the review, made things worse by saying that the "Satire" was printed in the autumn of 1837 and that in the summer of the same year its author and Wordsworth were present together at the first night of Talfourd's "Ion". (Landor: English Men of Letters series", 1881, p. 170.) It was on May 26, 1836, that the two poets saw Talfourd's tragedy produced at Covent Garden.

But perfectly clear evidence is not wanting to show how the Satire came to be written and how Landor's feud with *Blackwood* began. Writing to the future Lord Houghton from Clifton on November 26, 1836, Landor said:

The worthies of Edinburgh have been attacking me. I never read a number of *Blackwood* in my life. This was told the Editor who has ragged me in some passages which were sent to me. Within next month you will have a copy, not of my answer for I answer no man, but of a satire on these people and others somewhat better.

Forster may never have seen this letter but he had received another in which Landor, writing on October 29, 1836, said: "the splendid things you have written of me"—for which see *The Examiner*—"have aroused, it seems, the choler of *Blackwood*." The allusion to *Blackwood* in both letters can easily be explained. In the Edinburgh magazine there had been a series of sketches entitled "Alcibiades the young man". Landor referred to them in his Satire, ll. 88-9. To the chapter published in September was appended a letter to him beginning:

"Our dear Sir, In one of your many clever monopolydialogues, developing under a plurality of names the uniform material of a very peculiar idiosyncrasy . . ."

## NOTES

This by itself would be more than enough to excite Landor's wrath, and neither what follows nor other shafts of wit aimed by Christopher North at the same target need be recalled to prove that both Forster and Sir Sidney Colvin had overlooked the real origin of his quarrel with "the Edinburgh worthies". As for his onslaught on Wordsworth, the best commentary can be found in Crabb Robinson's letter of protest. This should be read in Dr. Edith Morley's "Correspondence of H. C. Robinson with the Wordsworth circle" (vol. i, p. 326); the earlier version edited by Dr. Sadler being without two or three notable sentences.

Seven passages = 104 *ll.* in the *Satire* were reprinted without Landor's notes among "Miscellaneous" poetry in his *Works*, 1846, where they are given in the order and with variants as shown below:

### CCLXXVIII

#### LETTER-LAND

*ll.* 32-5 of 1836 ed. Slave merchants . . . Cain. Heading added in 1846.

### CXVI

*ll.* 149-56 *Satire* I never . . . my blow; *ll.* 72-81 Well you have . . . Peter Porcupine; *ll.* 92-121. Honester men . . . sorest upon Scots; *ll.* 167-200 Byron was not . . . sweet the praise. These four fragments were reprinted in 1846 as one separate poem but with a row of asterisks after each. Variants from 1836 *ed.* are:

114 party-colours] parti-colours 1846.	176, 178 Shelley] Shelly
1846. 181 romantick] romantic 1846.	183 lagged] lagg'd 1846.

### CCCXVI

#### TO AN AGED POET

*ll.* 311-12 But, O true . . . friend defy; *ll.* 340-55 Think timely . . . see the last. Two fragments reprinted in 1846 as one separate poem. Heading added in 1846, variants as below:

311 But] Why 1846.	312 goatskin] goat-skin 1846.	340 , for]
(for 1846. few,] few) 1846.	343 gathered] smitten 1846.	346
prince . . . in] peer's and pauper's are 1846.	347 cannot] can not	
1846. wou'd] would 1846.	350 in] from 1846.	352 sate] sat
1846. 354 thro'] through 1846.		

Writing to Lady Blessington on November 24, 1836, Landor said: "My satire cost me five evenings beside the morning (before breakfast) in which I wrote as much as you have about Wordsworth." This may account for his autograph manuscript of *ll.* 236-41 and 284-9 of the 1836 *ed.* published by Nicoll and Wise in *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. The two fragments are there transposed and the following variants occur:

237 weary . . . tumbled] tiresome Duddon's ever troubled 1895.	238
The Grasmere] Lo! Grasmere's 1895.	those sylvan] these tranquil
1895. 239 And . . . on] For cities, 1895.	240 , at Philpot's] and
portly 1895. 284 thee] you 1895.	285 (such . . . phrase), the]*]
(as you say) per 1895, asterisk and note being omitted.	287 prudential]
reluctant 1895. 289 venture . . . thrown] hazard . . . throwing all your	
own stuff 1895.	

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

In a copy of the *Satire* given to him by its author, Joseph Ablett wrote two passages which Landor may have wished to insert in a revised edition. The first passage was marked for insertion between ll. 63–4 of the 1836 text, l. 63 being made to end with a comma instead of a period. The last four lines of this manuscript addition, which is given below with context, repeat with slight variants, ll. 316–19 of 1836 *ed.*; and these, where they appear in the printed text, Ablett deleted:

MS. Addenda

(i)

[Pickt every horse-fall, empty every ear,  
For Grey, and Grey's keen covey, settled there. 63]

The hardest in the mouth, the sorriest hacks  
Neigh loudest in political attacks.  
To patriots out of practice, out of place,  
The little not disaster is disgrace;  
And heavy clouds o'erhang the nation's gin  
Until they, under Providence, get in.  
At scarlet robes perhaps they vainly sigh,  
Yet wear they the black cap . . . for Poetry.  
If guilty wretches they must ne'er condemn,  
Why, then the innocent shall serve for them.  
If from their grasp are sheathed the fatal sheers,  
They can make many wretched, many years.  
Where Hope, with smile like Hebe's holds the cup,  
They bid a crown of worm wood drink it up.  
Youth's rosy fingers their chalkt knuckles cramp,  
And their foul breath blows dimmer Age's lamp.  
What would they give to drive a Collins wild,  
Or taunt a Spenser o'er [on 1836] his burning child. [! 1836]  
What would they give to drag a Milton back  
From heaven, or cord a Shakspeare on [to 1836] the rack!  
[To such the trembling verse-boy brings his task, 64]

(ii)

In his copy of the *Satire* Ablett also wrote, for insertion between ll. 71–2 four lines which were published with slight variants and as a separate poem in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838. For the printed text see vol. ii, p. 384, and for the variants, ii. 543.

P. 387, l. 285. So long as this was oral, and merely oral, however widely disseminated and studiously repeated, it was discreet to leave it uncastigated; now it has found its way into print; a thing inevitable, sooner or later.

Nevertheless he has thought worse poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, yet worth borrowing and putting on.

The author of *Gebir* never lamented when he believed it lost, and never complained when he saw it neglected. Southey and Forster have now given it a place, whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honester and more decorous if the writer of the following verses had mentioned from what bar he drew his wire. Here they are both.



## NOTES

I have seen

A curious child, *who dwell upon a tract  
Of inland ground*, applying to his ear  
The *convolutions* of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, *in silence hushed*, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard, *sonorous cadences!* whereby,  
*To his belief*, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; *and there are times,*  
*I doubt not, when to you it doth impart, &c.*

EXCURSION, p. 191.

[Book IV, line 1130 et seq.]

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the Sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.  
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polisht lip to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

GEBIR.

The words in the *Excursion* markt by italics are certainly *not* imitated from *Gebir*; and it is but justice to add that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem. [L.]

P. 389. To the *Satire* Landor appended the following prose, which, like the poem, was never reprinted:

### EXTRACT OF A CRITICISM ON THIS SATIRE

*From the (Not-Gentleman's) Magazine.*

"HURRAH! boys! Our staunch Scotch terriers have drawn the old savage beast out of his hole at last. We told you so. We shall have rare fun with him. Start him, huntsman!

"Hold a moment! hold hard!

"Gentlemen! if you please, half-a-crown each to the huntsman!

"Thank you, Sirs! Now off with him.

"*For eaters of goose-liver.'*

"Ay; for eaters of such a dish, this is really dainty. Here we have not only the liver, but head too, with all the brains it ever had in it. We will singe it a little, and it will be as good as a haggis.

"We have said enough of both the poetry and the prose of Mr. Landor. Nothing can so plainly exhibit his incurable blindness as his losing his way towards us in so clear a daylight. If he had remonstrated with us, quietly, with due submission, and a little at a time, month after month, it would not only have answered our purpose, but would also have helped him, by however slow degrees, into popularity. He does not deserve it, and he never shall have it now. We could have told him fifty ways by which he might have pocketed his five hundred pounds in a season, as others do who (except in spelling) are little better than himself. *Mum* now; *mum* say we; *mum* for ever.

## A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS

"We have brought him down from the ideal: we have got him into the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Booksellers will do wisely in not engaging him about anything. Indeed there is no danger of their burning their fingers with this firebrand. There are ashes enough over it to keep it as much from burning as from shining. It is said indeed that he is such an old-fashioned pedant, and conceited incorrigible prig, that he will accept no engagement, and he will write to please himself. If so, he must make up his mind and his mouth to dine by himself too. To prove on what a quagmire he builds his foundation, no two readers agree on his merits, when even two can be found to agree that he has any. The pedant says he excels (if the word may be used where there is no excellence at all) in representing the characters of the Greeks and Romans. We ask now, whether he has done it with the sportive fidelity of a Cruikshanks? or whether not rather (in the attempt at least) with the unworthy artifices of a Raffael and a Flaxman? Now we call this mere flim-flam: and we are ready to demonstrate from it his utter ignorance, of nature, of art, and of antiquity. We can tell him (for we know more of these matters than he or his grandmother, with her cracked spectacles, her singed garter, and her broken fore-tooth, the only one) that Homer shews his heroes eating and drinking; and neither he nor they are the worse for it. Milton too has a pretty, though somewhat spare lunch set out for his angels. We approve of this; and we only regret that the poets, in their squeamishness, do not go on a few steps farther."

The next sentence is too strong of *Auld Reekie*.

Another paragraph.

"So much for his men. Now the ladies say that his female characters are the best-drawn: Hazlit too thought so. But are we to be guided through the nose by the Ann Dobbss and the William Hazlits? What should a creature like Hazlit know about the matter? Did he ever see Lady Jane Grey? or Anna Boleyn? or Lady Lisle? or any of the other sad sour faces, which the Chaplain Landor, in full canonicals, leads so civilly up the ladder to the block and gallows? Such criticisms as Hazlit would tell us that these women have all their own marks, and are all very different one from another. To be sure they are; and so are the dogs in the street. We should like to know what merit there is in this, belonging to the writer, or the women, or the dogs. We firmly believe he stole all his characters from some musty old books. We cannot, this month, lay our hands upon them, but we promise our readers they shall not be disappointed. Original indeed! what do the fools mean who call him so? The greatest thief is always the most dexterous in the concealment of his thefts. But we have keys, and crow-bars too, if necessary. He is the most self-sufficient wretch that ever lived: he hardly ever quotes anybody, but lives, like other bears in hard weather, by sucking his own paws.

"This is all we have time to say at present. We began with goose-liver, and with goose-liver we will end: we have not done with the cook yet: there is grease enough in his pan for another fry, and we will have it."

THE END

P. 391. BIRTH OF POESY. Beside the footnotes now printed, as in 1795, with this and other pieces in the volume, the following longer notes on the *Birth of Poesy* were printed in sequence after the last poem in Book II.

## NOTES

### NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

#### CANTO I

It is impossible to account for the origin of poetry, with precision, yet to indulge our fancy in the contemplation of so noble a theme, is at least a pleasant, if a fruitless labor.

Many have thought that Man, in the beginning of his existence used modulated sounds: and that the calmness with which the politer nations of Europe articulate their language, was unknown in very early ages. This opinion is not a little confirmed by the wonderful expression of countenance, the satisfactory repetition of similar sounds, and the universal violence of muscular action, observed in Barbarians. Their speeches, too, are delivered not only with a kind of *rhythm*, but also with abundance of metaphor and hyperbole. I speak more particularly of the Northern Americans. Customs like these are continued till refinement begins to extend itself, and till business requires a more concise method of connecting and expressing ideas. So, probably, the barbarous nations are nearly the same in character as their earliest ancestors.

It has been judged more proper to place these observations in a note, than to descant on them in the Essay; since they relate as much to *language* as to poetry. This elegant accomplishment we naturally suppose to have arisen from gratitude and adoration. Since these have been represented as the foundation of a primeval pastoral, the Reader may be led to doubt whether this kind of poetry were not invented later than the *Hymn*. But nothing is more likely than that the properties of each were originally united. Happiness makes men good as well as goodness makes them happy: though the *goodness* is almost of a negative kind, since it arises from content though it gives birth to gratitude. In the most early ages we may reasonably imagine that as there were fewer miseries, there would be less cause for resignation, less which could call to trial our acquiescence under affliction. In these ages—perhaps ideal—the invention of the pipe has been attributed to shepherds. It was an amusement to them in the seasons of the year, or hours of the day, which could not have been employed in laborious exercise: perhaps before labor was known on earth.

In the description to which the present observations allude, we have had in view that inimitable one towards the conclusion of the fifth book of Lucretius. It will be to our disadvantage to quote it, but it will contribute to the satisfaction, to the candor of the Reader.

“At liquidas avium voces imitauer ore

Et superà calamos unco percurrere labrò.”

The beginning of the *Birth of Poesy* may better be read as follows:

Celestial Muses! if to you belong  
The distant sources of eternal song:  
O say, Omniscient, say what genial clime  
Bore beauteous Poesy, what happy time.  
In beds of lotus lay the babe conceal'd  
Where Nilus deluges the thirsty field:  
From Caves unsearchable who loves to bring  
His golden harvest to the lap of Spring.

## THE BIRTH OF POESY. I

Also verse 15:

Or clad in dazzling tho' in thin attire  
Fiction persuades then baffles our desire.

[L.]

NOTE 1, Verse 137.

*Death on each blossom sheds the mist of pain;  
Death marks it for his own: then, fear it, and refrain.*

The Fabulists of Greece were fond of placing advice in addresses from inanimate things to Man. This custom is very ancient. For, the account in *Genesis* concerning the *tree of good and evil*, &c., appears on a fair examination, to be nothing more than a pleasing though indirect path to instruction. The fable teaches us how much may be lost by obeying the passions; that mankind, however, from the very creation was prone to obey them: then, in a few words of Satire, equal to the whole of Juvenal's or Boileau's, the most fatal curiosity is attributed to the female sex. The serpent, which was universally reckoned the most cunning of animals is, with great propriety, made the tempter of Eve. A beautiful apple is the seducing object. In this one instance, the Grecian poets have the advantage of supplying a *golden* instead of a vegetable one. Nevertheless, curiosity and love of splendor are, on the whole, inimitably drawn by Moses. His groupe of images is a perfect picture: so indeed are the two Grecian fables, both of which are originally his.

NOTE 2, Verse 207.

*Each fragrant beauty fails to entertain;  
A trifling loss! yet adds to female pain.*

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:  
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

OVID. [*Met.* v. 399, 401.]

The former verses are attempted from the latter, which have so often been quoted as expressive of delicate feeling. Yet, it may be doubted whether a virgin, embarrassed by the sudden appearance of such a God as Pluto, could have any immediate sensations of tenderness or regret. If Proserpine had such ideas under such circumstances, it may *then* be doubted whether the arrival of her ravisher were not an agreeable surprise rather than a scene of horror and dismay. Had the fair Captive been permitted to remain a longer time in the fields of Enna, and not to have departed but at her leisure, then might she have been represented leaving her youthful attendants, and even the flowers she had gathered, with sorrow and with tears. But amazement, uncertainty, and danger, are of a nature subversive of whatever soothes one, and whatever induces to contemplation. These objections are not equally valid when applied to Eve. Little time elapsed since the flowers around her seemed both to administer and to partake of her pleasure: but when she violated the terms on which her happiness depended, they left her a prey to shame and repentance though she ran to them as her last resort.

NOTE 3, Verse 439.

THE PALINODIA OF ORPHEUS

*This to the Just I sing: the bad debar:  
Attend, bright offspring of the Morning Star!  
Attend Museus!*

## NOTES

We have represented Orpheus addressing himself to an assemblage of young people, at a time when he had resigned all the pleasures of life which result from the fancy or the passions. Warburton<sup>1</sup> says that the *Palinodia* was pronounced by the Priest at the Eleusinian mysteries: and as such it is cited by some of the Fathers. But the *honest Fathers* may be said to have possessed at least as much zeal as information or fidelity. If it were proved that the Hierophant taught this doctrine to the initiated, no doubt could remain any longer concerning the real object of these *mysteries*. But this there would be a difficulty in proving.\* For, how few proselytes adhered entirely to those principles, yet how many were initiated. Eusebius has cited the *Palinodia* after one Aristobulus, a Jew, who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philopater, 200 years A.C. The copy of Eusebius contains the same exalted ideas as that of Justin, and mentions in addition the names of Moses and Abraham. Hence Critics have justly supposed it interpolated by Aristobulus, or some other person of the same nation. The doctrine these contain may be found in the hymn of Cleanthes, and in the poem of Aratus, both of whom flourished about the same time.

The first verse of the *Palinodia* was a caution uttered not only at the Eleusinian mysteries, but also at other great solemnities.

Instead of calling *Museus man of the Moon*, which is literal according to the Greek, we have employed an expression much in use among the most early nations. *Lucifer, son of the Morning*, was perhaps one of the *titles* belonging to Eastern kings. The king of Babylon is called so in Isaiah. The *Museus* mentioned here, might have been the pupil of Orpheus. He seems to have flourished after Orpheus, long before Homer, and a little before the Trojan war. It is he whom *Eneas* meets in *Elysium*. The poem on *Hero and Leander* is by a different author. This, though not entirely free from conceits, is very beautiful, and there is not a production of the later ages of Grecian literature which can be deemed its equal. The present valuation of it is moderate compared with Scaliger's.

NOTE 4, Verse 457.

'Twixt God and Man ten orbits intervene,  
Yet one, one only, hath his visage seen:  
One of Chaldea, from an ancient race,  
Who knew the planets, &c.

Ten orbits is an indefinite expression of superiority. Moses is the Chal-

<sup>1</sup> [See "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated by William Warburton, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester," new ed. 1838, i. 231 ff. Warburton gave ten lines of the *Palinodia* as quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius. W.]

\* So the real mysteries were not very engaging, and the doctrine not very convincing. But, why should the Fathers at one time accuse the Gentiles—as they are called—of gross idolatry, and at another quote the noble sentiments that they taught?

The priests at Eleusis enjoined the strictest secrecy; and probably not without reason. Even the Christian piety could not keep its temperament in these nocturnal and subterraneous assemblies. But the mysteries in question may more aptly be compared to those of the *Free Masons*. Such mummeries are prodigies in our enlightened days; though formerly they might have been useful to their Institutors. It is Religion whose name they have generally used—Religion, who is equally amiable and simple in herself, but embarrassed and confused by those who have embraced her. [L. Aristobulus, the Alexandrine Jew mentioned a few lines further on, is said to have lived in the reign of Ptolemy VI, Philometor. W.]

## THE BIRTH OF POESY. I

dean: so called, perhaps, from a long residence there, or in Egypt, where, like Orpheus, he had acquired the knowledge of *many mysteries*. So says Suidas. Commentators have been so satisfied that Moses is here to be understood, that, in the Latin translation they have even intruded his name. Indeed they have tolerably good authority; not only from the two tables, but from the poetical word Ὑδρογένης.

I cannot conclude this general note, without observing that many have been so absurd as to reduce most of antiquity to a Judaic origin. Hence, they have dreamed that Orpheus and David were one and the same person. There is not a period of their lives in which they resemble each other, though in their writings there is often a striking similarity. Still, the pieces attributed to Orpheus are more correct than the Psalms of David—whose ideas are thrown together in confusion, and whose compositions, though spirited, abound in such abrupt transitions, such diversity of metaphor, as are not to be found in any other Author. It would be unnecessary to point out passages in the two poets, which correspond with each other: but perhaps it may not be amiss to notice the forcible lines of Orpheus preserved by \*Aristotle. Dr. Warton introduces them into his Essay, and observes that they are much resembled by some which he quotes from Pope. Those of the former begin Ζεὺς πρῶτος γένητο.

Those of the latter,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
† Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

*Essay on Man*, i. 267-8.]

Without producing, at large, the verses of one or the other, may it be observed that, in the Greek, similar *attributes* are often repeated with small variation. This indeed happens in most ancient writings. Without enlarging a note already too long, we refer the Reader to the originals. Not having the treatise at hand, we cannot satisfy ourselves concerning a word in the IV verse—ἀρσεν—By reading Ζεὺς ἀρσέν instead of this, which is perhaps only a fault of the press, and by placing a comma after γαῖης τε the sense will be much facilitated, and the monotony which pervades the whole, corrected. If any *further* liberty may be taken, let it be to strike away the last line but two; since it spoils the connection between the preceding and subsequent ones.

\* The very existence of Orpheus was doubted by Aristotle: in the treatise Περὶ Κόσμου the verses alluded to are inserted as *attributed* to this poet. The treatise Περὶ Κόσμου formerly attributed to the Stagyræ has undergone many doubts concerning its real author. Tanaquil Le Fevre calls him *Homo Stoicus*, and puts himself in a passion to hear it called the work of this philosopher. But Dr. Warton and Berkley—who was one of the most intelligent, as well as the most virtuous, of mankind—are of a contrary opinion. [L. See Warton's *Essay on Pope*, ii. 76. W.]

† Pope and many others have made a wide distinction between *God* and *Nature*. In the present instance it happens with great propriety, because *nature* signifies not the active operative power, but the scene only where creation is displayed. The same distinction existed also among the Ancients. They imagined that the vegetable and animal world were provinces exclusively under the dominion of *Nature*: that lightning and thunder, hail and rain, whirlwinds and tempests, were sent immediately from the Gods. These fantastical ideas, under whose gloom Mankind was in perpetual anxiety, vanished by degrees before the amiable simplicity of Religion, and at last have totally disappeared at the more penetrating light of Philosophy. [L.]

## NOTES

### NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

#### CANTO II

##### NOTE 1, Verse 189.

*These were the words of Linus, &c.*

Each account of Linus's death is fabulous; he indeed appears to have been older than Orpheus and Hercules, yet by their untimely death, may be supposed to have survived them. We have, therefore, represented him lamenting their fate, in a manner, natural for one advanced in years over the companions of his youth. Hesiod is introduced as having fulfilled the prediction; though we have nothing remaining of him concerning Hercules except a description of his shield. So sweet a poet, and a character apparently so amiable, could not be passed over without a few reflections. It is hoped that the introducing of this episode has not injured the connection. Orpheus may be justly thought to leave so strong an impression on the mind as awakens it to a sense of new and future difficulties.

##### NOTE 2, Verse 287.

*Those which the sapient king of Judah's tribe,  
And Lesbian Sappho could so well describe.*

The Song of Solomon has been exquisitely translated by Dr. Croxal, and rescued from those senseless bigots who imagined that the mistress of Solomon was the *Church*. If this were the meaning of that intelligent king, we may safely question his powers in allegory: for, thus considered, it is a very contemptible composition. As Dr. Croxal has paraphrased it, few poems of the kind excel it; though the original is far from a perfect model. It is irregular, desultory, and confused, and blends together the pastoral and the drama.

The Odes of Sappho are justly celebrated; one of them is imitated here. [L. Dr. Samuel Croxal (*ob.* 1752) Archdeacon of Shrewsbury, wrote "The Fair Circassian; a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon". W.]

### NOTES ON THE BIRTH OF POESY

#### CANTO III

##### NOTE 1, Verse 11.

*Hark with what boldness great Alceus strings  
His harp, resounding in the ear of kings.*

Alceus opposed the usurpers of his country, at first with great success; but, finally, fled from a general engagement which decided its fate.

Poets, in the hour of imminent danger, may have more sudden and more violent emotions than other men, arising from the vivacity and consequent inequality of their animal spirits—or, being generally of a warm and volatile disposition, may act irretrievably from the first impulse. For, a similar misfortune befel Horace in as good a cause.—The Roman poet has no less imitated the Grecian in his odes. Heyne has noticed this, and Scaliger has treated him for it with great severity. This Critic,—who never wrote a tolerable verse himself, among the many that he published,—seems fond of degrading Genius for every small offence. But we are indebted to him for many of the Classics; whose

## THE BIRTH OF POESY. III

beauties he illustrates, at the same time that he brings their imperfections invidiously to view.

Unfortunately we have little remaining of the fragments of Alceus. If he invented the verse attributed to him, and used it in his exhortations to his injured countrymen, they must have been insensible of *harmony*, as well as of tyranny, if they were languid in the engagement. The spirited little ode on Harmodius and Aristogiton, Critics have exempted from the remains of our poet. We never sustained a heavier loss than in what he wrote, which nothing but the zeal of a barbarian or a priest could willingly have destroyed.

NOTE 2, Verse 25.

*Thine, brave Tyrteus! thine, tho' humbler lays,  
Acquired more glory, and deserve more praise.*

In the second Messenian war, the Spartans had met with many defeats: but consulting the Oracle, they were directed to apply to the Athenians for a General.

The Athenians, unwilling that Sparta should emerge from her difficulties and become again the rival of their power, sent over Tyrteus—a man of no experience in military affairs. The Spartans were now ready to raise the siege of Ithome, when, inspired with the enthusiasm of their new General, they attacked and overcame the Messenians. Little is extant of the works of Tyrteus, and the few speeches that remain are more like those of a *Serjeant* than of a *Poet*. Yet, in some places, there is wonderful simplicity; and indeed almost as much of the *ornamental* as was wanted among Spartans.

NOTE 3, Verse 310.

*With magic words Affliction he disarm'd,  
Adored the living, and the dead embalm'd.*

There are many who will object here to the rhyme; though nothing but a prejudice, received from the eye, can occasion such objection. In fact, the liquids *r* and *l* are not pronounced with their own peculiar force, as before vowels, but only tend to prolong the *a*. It was not intended to mix any *verbal* criticisms with the notes; but it was requisite to remark a disputed rhyme, since a similar one occurs no less than *thrice* in the present little volume. Besides, we have already sacrificed whole hecatombs of verses to such peevish fastidiousness.

NOTE 4, Verse 357.

*O! how shall I, Anacreon, mourn thine end! &c.*

These concluding lines are imitated from Cowley's "Elegie upon Anacreon", which is incomparably the best of his productions, though very little of an elegy.

The Author never intended the performance, which these notes elucidate, to be a catalogue of Poets. Hence the names of so many are omitted. The design comprehends only the different kinds of early poetry. Very likely some time or other may be added a fourth and fifth Canto, or perhaps only a fourth one. [L.]

P. 457. THE DUN COW. In the catalogue of Dr. Parr's library printed after his death the full title of this anonymous tract was given with a



## NOTES

note in brackets—(By Walter Landor); but the poem, though published in 1808, was not included in any list of Landor's writings till more than a century later. A few copies having at length been discovered, matter and style afforded fairly complete confirmation of the note in *Bibliotheca Parriana*. Walter Savage Landor was accordingly named as the author of "The Dun Cow" in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* and in the Bibliography by T. J. Wise and S. Wheeler of his works.

Now reprinted for the first time, the poem can be seen to be an angry retort to what its author denounced as a ruffianly attack on Dr. Parr which was published anonymously earlier in 1808 and entitled "Guy's Porridge Pot: a poem". By some people Landor was at first suspected of being the author of the "Porridge Pot". He promptly denied it and Forster, in 1869, gave what ought to have sufficed as conclusive reasons for rejecting the theory that a young gentleman who was proud and glad to be Parr's friend had held him up to ridicule. But not till it was found that Landor published a scathing denunciation of the "Porridge Pot" and its author, and that Parr's assailant replied with "The Warwickshire Talents, *alias* Guy's Porridge Pot, with the Dun Cow Roasted Whole" could Landor's reputation be cleared of a possible complicity in some nefarious plot to "smoke the wig of Dr. Parr". The only doubt then left was whether, as Landor supposed, Peter Pindar wrote the "Porridge Pot" in its double or triple shapes, or whether the discredit should be imputed to some one else.

In the first edition of the "The Dun Cow" the following author's notes and supplementary notes are printed below the lines to which they refer.

(a) See the introductory lines to that ruffian poem, Guy's "Porridge Pot":

"He, who has tried, alone, can pity  
His case who must be,—will be—witty," &c.

The hero of this lampoon, as the author obligingly and pertinently informs us, is Dr. P—rr. We are enlightened by the communication!—The attack is more than nugatory; but contemptible as it is, to that accurate scholar, the degradation of being the theme of Mr. \* of being the hero of *such* a poem as Guy's "Porridge Pot"—must be indeed extreme!

In attributing this work to that Rev. Peter Pindar, I but subscribe to public opinion, influenced perhaps by the analogous and whimsical absurdity of his title pages. And if I condemn him, I do it hypothetically.

The scene of the one, important, and complete event which he describes (*Arist. Poet.* [vi, vii]) is laid at the ancient, and memorable, and delightful seat of Mr. Greathhead (*Camden [Britannia, ii. 444, ed. 1806.]; Leland [John Leland's Itinerary, ed. 1744, iv. 2. 63.]*) The time chosen for the display of the parts and powers of Belindenus [*sc.* Belendenus] is, when, cowering — but I will not disgust my reader; let him visit Cow Lane, and, if he \*can,—for it is only sold in corners,—find and purchase and read and use my Prototype. If he chance to be one of the profound critics of this respectable Borough, he will not fail to admire the discretion of his author, who, "*materia conveniente modis*," has painted, in flowing verse, — I must again refer to the work itself.—

"Churchmen rush in where Laymen fear to tread."<sup>1</sup>

The subject, he will admit, is a notable and an inspiring one. Bayes, in the Rehear-

\* Portentous discernment! *if he can* I said, and it is already impracticable. The publisher, a demure, discreet, and goodly youth, save only that he fibbed and traduced his neighbour—mum, Guy, Quis tulerit Gracchos? &c.—the man, however, as might be expected, has, to the exceeding consternation of his patrons, cut and run.—Vale Vale dixit. [L. The Latin quotation is from Juvenal, ii. 24.]

<sup>1</sup> [A paraphrase on Pope, "Essay on Criticism", l. 625. W.]

## THE DUN COW

sal,<sup>1</sup> recommends stewed prunes, as promoting facility of composition; and an old and quaint, and excellent writer, Owen Feltham, observes of "Poetrie", that "it gently delivers the mind from distempers; he would not love it for a profession, or want it for a recreation."<sup>2</sup>

Nevertheless some fastidious or partial persons have remarked, that the ribaldry in question, where it derives no adventitious interest from local politics, is deplorably dull.—That it has the mortal disease of inherent obscurity.—That it is elaborately pert without humour.—That, characterised succinctly, it is unconnected and desultory, without fable or interest, method or precision. [L.]

(b) It would be tedious and unprofitable to rake out of the orts and offals of literature the forgotten trash of the author of Guy's, &c. *ἔβα* but not before *πενκδενθ'* "Ἡφαιστον δλεῖν στεφάνωμα [see Sophocles, *Antigone*, 120–2]—the battlement, the "præsidium" of a haunch. The regret occasioned by their loss will, *if possible*, be diminished by the reflection, that, of his numerous publications, there is not one which, rescued from the butter-shop, would have a tendency to enlarge the minds, or improve the conduct, of men. In no single instance, that I am acquainted with, has he exerted himself to cement society, or render the individuals that compose it susceptible of benevolent and liberal impressions. To inflame political animosities—to perpetuate the grounds of dispute—to incense exasperated nations and sanctify a war of eternity and annihilation—these seem to have been the beneficent purposes which "Topsy Turvy", and Mr. —'s other political trash in verse was calculated to promote. No man of feeling or intellect will palliate the horrors of the French Revolution: but it was unnecessary, and in a Minister of the Gospel, unbecoming, to aggravate the delinquency of its rulers, and insult their misery.—(See the *meagre* witticisms on the scarcity of provisions.) But while I condemn the irritating language used by Mr. —, I admit that the motives of a political writer may be at the same time amiable and mistaken. It is in his last work—in his treatment of individuals, that I perceive irrefragable proofs of habitual "uncharitableness". [L.]

(c) A leash of languages inserted in one line, has a prodigious effect. It astonishes the ladies, and displays the profound erudition of the author. An amorphous compound, too, even though adopted for the sake of alliteration, is admissible. See  
vous less, neutral, negative, &c. [L. See "Porridge Pot," p. 58.]

(d) Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi. [L. See Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. 90.]

(e) This, however, is highly poetical. *Δεδίδαχε μάλιστα Ὀμηρος ψευδῇ λέγειν* [Aristotle, *Poet.* xxiv. 9].

(f) Alluding to the complacency with which the work was, *eventually*, received; when, after a reference to some school-boy, who could construe the notes, it was at length ascertained that the C——l and his friends had escaped animadversion. The history of its appearance is singular and instructive. Much amusing coquetry took place between gentle booksellers, one courteously *obliging* the other with half the copies which he *did not dare to dispose of*; the other suspecting his new-born civility, and receiving and keeping them, *only*, till the former should have begun the sale. Such, however, was their mutual jealousy, or respective good sense, that, neither insidious visits, nor suggestions thrown out with characteristic duplicity, nor strange to tell, the *imprimatur* of son R-g-er, to whose critical inspection it was submitted—not these, nor their collective weight, could induce these stupid and obstinate booksellers to accept the work. How they could reject the *ipse dixit* that pronounced it unobjectionable—such is the ascendancy of authority over reason—I am, I confess, at a loss to comprehend. Since, with all my sincere respect for the attainments of that Gentleman, "*haud cognovi quemquam qui majore auctoritate nihil diceret.*"—Cic. [L. See Cicero, *De Div.* 2. 67.]

(g) Some of the "true Trojans", who, sauntering about and greeting each other in the market-place, pronounced this trash "UNANSWERABLE". Yet these men, crammed by R-g-er, and supported by the pert prig of a confectionary Curate, will become *Zoili* and *Aristarchi*, to do me justice—"Ille crucem tulit, hic diadema". St. Paul says,

<sup>1</sup> [See Boswell's *Johnson*: "Bayes in *The Rehearsal* is a mighty silly fellow." W.]

<sup>2</sup> [See Feltham's "Resolves", ed. 1631, pp. 217–18. W.]

## NOTES

that Deacons SHOULD BE *chaste*, sincere, and blameless; neither *great drinkers*, nor given to filthy lucre. [L. See Juvenal, xiii. 105, and St. Paul, Epist. to Timothy, iii. 8.]

(h) "Tis a good oyster—part in peace." I will not vouch for the truth of this good story; but so I heard it:—*si quid novisti rectius, &c.* [L. See Horace, *Epist.* i. 6. 67.]

(i) Horns, which are, in the East, a symbol of honour, were worn in their helmets by the early English knights: and perhaps planted there by their wives, assisted by the hierarchy. *Quis talia fando, &c.* [L.]

(k) *Quem patitur dormire prætextatus adulter*: i.e. that has just taken holy orders. "*Pudet hæc opprobria.*" &c. [L. See Juvenal, i. l. 97, and Ovid, *Mét.* i. 758.]

(l) Taste, a love of letters, and a distinguishing admiration of the elegant arts, furnish resources inexhaustible in themselves, and independent of the caprice of popular favour, and the proverbial instability of fortune. It has been well observed by one of the contributors to the Athenian Letters (a popular work, and highly valuable as a commentary on Thucydides), that a "certain nobleness of spirit is inseparable from the character of the person who cultivates the elegant arts with success, or admires them with judgement". A great degree of polish is assuredly not inconsistent with great strength of mind. [L. See "Athenian Letters", by Lord Hardwicke and others, 1781, Letter 81.]

(m) i.e. Did not destroy his neighbour's character, or impair his constitution. [L.]

(n) The two first satirists of the day—"Arcades ambo". The dignified expostulations of the supposed author of the Pursuits of Literature have procured him the prænomen of Tomahawk; indicative, I suppose, of the asperity with which he has rebuked vice and its abettors. "*Surge, carnifex.*"—It is an honour to be so stigmatised!

Seen him, however, I have, as Pope says of Sir Robert Walpole, "*in his happier hour of social freedom,*" when, less conspicuous indeed, but more an object of esteem and reverence, he gladdened the family circle;—a mild, condescending, and indulgent friend;—an intelligent, engaging, and affable companion. [L.]

(o) I allude, in these lines, to the personalities, that—what shall I say?—They, in fact, exclusively recommend the work, and constitute its only pretension to notice. [L.]

P. 462. A MODERN IDYL, with its dedication "To Caina" in contradistinction from *An Ancient Idyl*, with its dedication "To Rose", vol. ii, pp. 94–5.

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